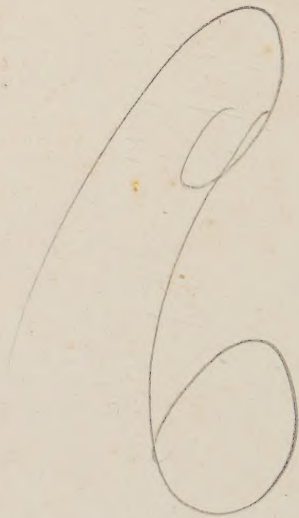


# "CLEAR ROUND!"



E. A. GORDON

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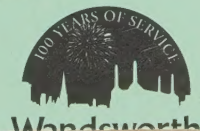


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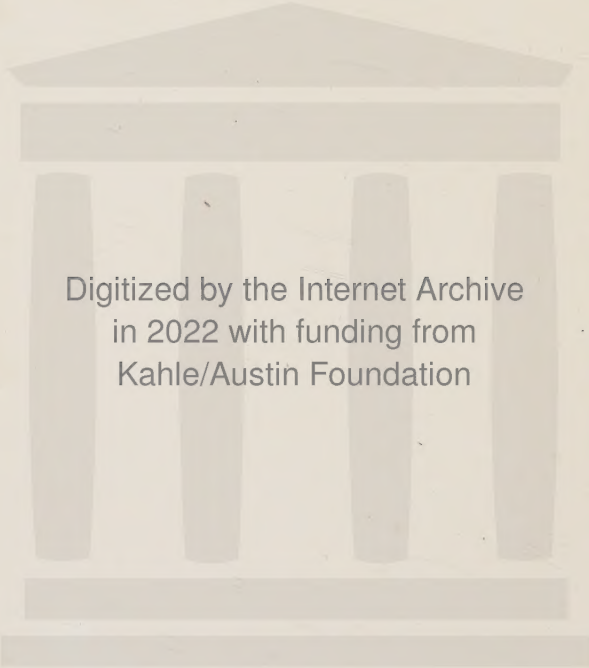








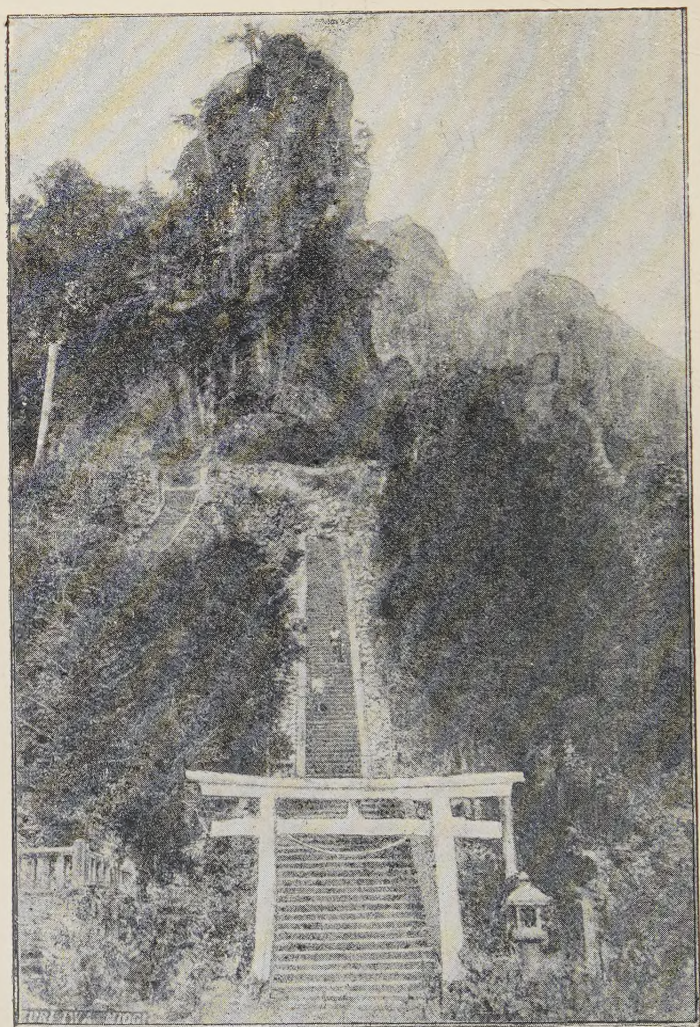
**“CLEAR ROUND!”**



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“GREAT ALTAR STAIRS THAT SLOPE THROUGH DARKNESS UP TO GOD.”

*Frontispiece.*

# "Clear 'Round!"

## A STORY OF WORLD-TRAVEL

BY

E. A. GORDON

MEMBER OF THE JAPAN SOCIETY, LONDON

"Send the child you love on a journey."—*Japanese Proverb.*

"One year's travel abroad is more profitable than study at home for five."—CHANG CHI TUNG (*Chinese Viceroy*), 1902.

"Every natural object *observed* may be a seed of science."—

C. MASON.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, MAPS,  
AND INTRODUCTORY LETTER

FROM

THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE F. MAX MÜLLER

PROFESSOR OF PHILOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY

*Limited*

St. Dunstan's House

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

SHANGHAI AND YOKOHAMA

KELLY & WALSH

1903

TO  
MARJORIE  
AND HER BROTHERS.

## L'ENVOI.

“I give you a ball—a golden cord;  
If you hold *this* firm and follow *that* close  
It will lead you safe through Earth’s tangled maze  
Till *your* feet pass through the Gates of Pearl  
And firmly stand on the golden floor:  
And your voice unites in the chorus grand  
Round the Father’s Throne in the Sunny Land  
Where the children who once, ’mid the ages dark,  
Groped with trembling hearts—*athirst* for God:  
(Yet followed that clue which was Truth for them  
Through mist and storm and perplexing doubt)  
Were led by that Father’s guiding Hand  
By unknown paths and desert ways  
To behold—unveiled—His radiant Face  
In the Kingdom of Light and Song.”

# INTRODUCTORY LETTER

TO THE SECOND EDITION

7, NORHAM GARDENS,

OXFORD,

*22nd March, 1893.*

DEAR MRS. GORDON,

Your book '**Clear Round!**' has been a great delight to me. It is a very pleasant way of travelling all round the world, without any fatigue. I read now few books except those which I am bound to read, but I read yours from beginning to end for the mere pleasure of it.

I was also deeply interested by the excellent spirit which pervades the book and which becomes more and more pronounced as you become acquainted with the practical working of non-Christian religions. I have passed through the same experience from reading the Sacred Books of the different religions of the world which you have passed through from coming into actual contact with them. Of course people will say that you have not touched on the dark sides of these religions. But why should one? There are dark sides everywhere which religions do not usually sanction, but which they have to tolerate. These dark sides do not interest me. It is the bright sides which make one rejoice, and which have to be accounted for. On that point, on accounting for the similarities between various religions, I cannot always agree with you. Every religion has its history, and their coincidences, if real, have to be accounted for either historically or psychologically. This requires of course much patient study, as you will see from the long list of the Sacred Books of the East in the little brochure I enclose. But the spirit of your book is excellent, and I hope the book may be largely read.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Gordon,

Yours sincerely,

F. MAX MÜLLER.



# INTRODUCTORY LETTER

TO THE THIRD EDITION

12, CUMBERLAND PLACE,  
SOUTHAMPTON.

*May 20th, 1902.*

DEAR MRS. GORDON,

I have read through "**Clear Round!**" with the greatest interest and pleasure. "They that sail on the sea tell of the danger thereof, and when we hear it with our ears we marvel thereat."

I think your book ought to be re-published without alteration. I should insist upon it were I in your place—"What I have written, I have written."

Readers will derive from it what is of far more value than mere geographical information. The study of it will help to mend character, and the old motto which modern text-books fail to act upon is the spirit of what you write, I mean the saying, "*abeunt studia in mores.*" There is no human element in a text-book of the period. This element would be omitted from your book if it were prepared for a "School" edition.

\* . \* \* \*

Sincerely yours,

T. G. ROOPER

*(H.M. Inspector of Schools).*



## PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION

---

SINCE we travelled around—Clear Round!—twelve years ago, strange and wonderful happenings have occurred in the history of the world.

The Chinese War in 1895 revealed to Europe's astonished eyes a nation of heroes in rejuvenated Japan, and opened up the "Hermit Kingdom" of Korea.

In the fight of the European Powers with China in 1899, the character of their Japanese allies shone out in marvellous contrast to their own boasted civilization, which scrupled not to loot the Sacred City of Peking, and do deeds of hideous barbarism unsurpassed even by Sepoys in the Indian Mutiny; whilst the Son of Heaven, the Chinese Emperor, himself, was not exempted from the indignity of being "snap-shotted" by the kodaks of vulgar-minded foreign barbarians.

Etheric telegraphy has established itself by annihilating space between vessels as they pass upon the trackless deep.

An Englishman is about to start this month, Clear Round in fifty days, *viâ* Trans-Siberia, the C.P.R. and New York, back to London.

Japanese letters are coming to us by the Trans-

Siberian line marked "*viâ* Russia" instead of "*viâ* America."

By the Calais-Peking Express the journey is made overland to Shanghai at a cost of £30 in eighteen days, and when the connexions are made by Peshawur, the capital of Hindustan will be reached in ten.

China is awaking, and her people are *hungry for literature*, and whereas 'tis only a few years since the first pioneer Japanese students came, at the peril of their lives, to Europe and America to win the coveted Western knowledge, at the present moment no less than 2,000 scions of China's noblest families, and 100 Chinese ladies are in Tokyo, sitting at the feet of Japan turned schoolmaster!

India, thrilling with new life, is in a highly plastic and formative condition.

The Suez Canal—the high route to the Indian Empire, secured to Great Britain by the far-seeing genius of Benjamin D'Israeli—is the silent water-way which an ever-increasing pilgrimage of soldiers, sailors, merchants, students, missionaries, traverse by night and day.

Egypt begins to "blossom as the rose" since the opening of the great Nile dam at Assuân by the British Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, in 1902. The railway now runs to Khartoum, at the head of the great waterways leading into the heart of Africa. There Gordon's death has been worthily avenged by a noble college erected on the very site of his martyrdom,

to which the tribes and nations from the centre of Darkest Africa will send their foremost spirits in days to come.

The dwarfs of the Great African Forest are now a well-known people. The giants, too, flourish in those mysterious regions.

Steamers ply upon the great Lakes; the train and the telegraph have invaded Livingstone's country. Uganda, the sources of the Nile, and the Indian Ocean are linked by rail. The Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River are bridged for the railway to run from the Cape to Cairo.

British East Africa has just been ceded to the Jews for colonization, thus Great Britain promotes the Great Trek of Israel (which under Zionist influences has already commenced) to that Land which GOD promised to Abraham 4,000 years ago, viz., from the Nile, the River of Egypt, to Euphrates, the Great River,<sup>1</sup> whilst Mesopotamia, under German influences, promises to be not only the granary, but, as of yore 2,000 years before Abraham's day, the great centre of the world's commerce!

The red line of British Dominion is conspicuous upon the world's map—and its electric thrill was felt when the Great White Queen died in 1901, and from the uttermost isles of the sea there was weeping for Victoria, who, being of the Royal House of Judah, was the direct descendant of David, King of Israel;—during the

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xv. 17.



Empire-tour of her grandchildren, T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York, when they visited "the company of daughter nations"<sup>1</sup> who have so marvellously sprung into being during the last years;—and also during the illness and at the crowning of her son, Edward VII., as King of all the Britains upon the Lia Fail, the Stone of Destiny, in 1902!

In the early pages of "Clear Round" we wrote with wondering admiration of the heroic travels of the Greek Perseus, the Irish Brendan, the hardy Northmen, and of Columbus, the Genoese sailor, and Marco Polo, the Venetian merchant. Since then, amber beads found in the lowest strata of the city of Lachish in Palestine (dating therefore from B.C. 3,000), and a votive tablet from Assyrian merchants of the Xth Century (translated by Oppert), thanking God for their safe return from that far country where "the Little Bear stands at the zenith" (i.e. Scandinavia), whilst cowries and an Indian shell discovered in a very ancient Swedish grave, and porcelain seals from China found at great depths in various parts of Ireland, dating back to the IIIrd Century, reveal the enterprise of voyagers and travelling caravans in bygone ages, when we have fondly pictured the whole earth as wrapped in the deepest slumber of ignorance and apathy!

Perhaps the most interesting presentation of the Old Truth in its new dress is found in the recent translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Chinese and

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxxv. 11.

Matabele—where the Pilgrim is represented as John Chinaman with a pigtail, or—as a Matabele warrior setting forth from a South African kraal to climb the Kopje of Difficulty!

The recent discoveries in Chaldea and Egypt have brought to light the most astounding facts which, disabusing our minds for ever of many vain conceits, enable us to approach the Orientals in ways impossible to our fathers, and to prove to them from the monuments that the so-called “New Truths” are in reality the oldest of the old—more ancient by far than their own most sacred ancient teachings being, indeed, heart-melodies which “from the beginning” were sung by the nations of mankind whom the Father-Mother God created of one blood for, although He moulded their clay bodies in so many varying forms, He fashioned their hearts alike!<sup>1</sup>

But for this I must refer my readers to “The Temples of the Orient and their Message,” which was written as a sequel to and interpretation of “Clear Round.”

E. A. GORDON.

*September 15th, 1903.*

<sup>1</sup> Acts xvii. 26; Psalm xxxiii. 13-15.

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And I should like to draw the attention of Teachers to the *Index* wherein the objects of interest, mentioned in the text, are specially noted, which "fireside travellers" may see for themselves at our own British and South Kensington Museums, Westminster Abbey, and in Kew Gardens.

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# "CLEAR ROUND!"

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## I.

### THE ATLANTIC FERRY.

"The hollow ridges of Ocean's roaring cataracts."

TENNYSON.

"SECURED places *Sardinian* Thursday and round."

This telegram startled me one Friday, and the next Wednesday we were off, with a "round ticket" *viâ* Canada, Japan, and China—"Westward Ho!" Little did we dream as we drove away from our bright warm home along the cold, wet, dark, midnight streets to Euston Square, what experiences we should encounter in our first steps round the world.

In the early morning we reached Lime Street, Liverpool, breakfasted at the hotel, whose corridors were piled up with huge American trunks, like the stacks of buffalo bones we should see ere long beside the railway track in the prairies of the Far West.

Another train transferring us to the docks, we soon sighted the *Sardinian* flying "Blue Peter," the flag which means "Ready to depart."

The only cheering feature was the bright October sky overhead. All else looked desperately grimy and



dirty, nor was the steamer any more inviting, with its troops of Russian and Polish emigrants swarming all over the decks.

A few minutes after noon we weighed anchor, and followed out of dock the s.s. *Cephalonia* bound for Boston.

Thinking precaution "the better part of valour," we retired to our berths, having been warned that we should get a "duster" over the bar.

And so it proved. F. bravely ventured in to dinner, but, overcome by the sight of the "fiddles," beat a hasty retreat. All night long we pitched and tossed, and next morning, aching, bruised, and wrenched, we thankfully cast anchor in the sheltered waters of Lough Foyle, waiting for Her Majesty's latest mails for Canada and Yokohama, which would come by the "Wild Irishman," *viâ* Holyhead and Dublin. We sat on deck making acquaintance with fellow-passengers, watching flocks of gulls skimming the waves, the green shores of the Emerald Isle, the distant Scottish hills, and looked with dismay across to the rolling Atlantic billows beyond.

"Sure to have a stormy passage," chimed in a harsh-voiced Yankee cattle-driver. "Such a lot of sky-pilots on board. Never knew it otherwise." And our courage just seemed to sink into our boots!

The missionaries were there sure enough, and of all kinds—Brown Brothers, Sisters of Orders Black and Grey, as well as Protestants. However, the storms came, and no mistake; but of missionaries or any other passengers we saw nothing for days and days—every one was "bed-ridden," or, in ship-language, in their "bunks."

When our pilot left at Merville, F. said to me, "Now, get down to the cabin before we start, put together all you are likely to need—beef-tea, restoratives, etc.—and lie down. We don't know how rough we shall have it soon."

Wise foresight! That was Friday, and the following

Thursday afternoon we seemed no nearer getting up. For six days and nights we never undressed, and are now so weak and exhausted we can hardly speak.

If we reach the New World, shall we have a leg to stand upon? F. sees the ocean from his perch in the upper berth, through the tiny window in the "dead-light," and says it is like glacier water, the surface flecked with foam to the horizon. In fact, he declares it resembles most the Mer de Glace at Chamounix, where the ice is all broken up into a mass of waves and mountains and valleys. Well, our cabin (or, as the Yankees call every cabin, however cramped, the "state-room") looked painfully small when we first peeped into it at Liverpool—very little "state" about it; but after the sixth day spent in beds "as little as the grave," positively unable to move, it looks large and roomy, so wonderfully do "circumstances alter cases." The steward has just announced that we made seventy miles in the last twenty-four hours, or about three miles an hour. But to listen to that poor ship's groans and creaks, to hear her engines snort and puff, and the screw whirring, tearing, and throbbing, as if in mortal agony, as she laboriously mounts each wave and descends with a BUMP into the next trough, the marvel is how she makes any way at all! And the awful crashes of the avalanches of crockery! It has rolled too much to read, so there has been nothing left to do but practise *patience*, thankful that the bromide and the stewardess's beef-tea *red-hot* with "ky-han" pepper, crisp north-country celery, and unlimited hot lemonade have saved us from more distressing trouble.

A dead human silence reigned aft among the passengers. We could only lie and think, and look at "mind's-eye pictures;" so—

First, we tried to conjure up the feelings of Noah, that old-time mariner, in his unwieldy ark, as the great waves thundered at our port-hole: so unused

as he was to the sea, yet "shut in," in an atmosphere of peaceful calm.

It was a Covenanter\* who wrote from his sea-girt prison at St. Andrew's, "I reign as king over my crosses;" and a Cavalier who sang—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage.  
If I have freedom in my soul,  
And in myself am free,  
Angels alone who soar above  
Enjoy more liberty."

LOVELACE.

Then Perseus flitted across our vision, as he sped on wingèd sandals across these northern seas unto the land of everlasting ice and confusion, "where the air is full of feathers." Brendan, the Irish saint, who a thousand years before Columbus, voyaged to the Land of the Blessed, and found a country of fair birds and grand rivers, "Brazylle." And hardy Norsemen four hundred years later, who, *via* Iceland and Greenland, reached Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. After that the early French discoverers and our own Elizabethan heroes, who crossed this stormy ocean in ships not over a hundred and ninety tons, searching for the New World;† and of Christopher Columbus—for whom an American remarked she "now began to feel quite a respect, though she had never thought much of him before!"

F. said it was no wonder that America had remained so long undiscovered with such an ocean barrier—

---

\* Rutherford. — "The thrall in person may be free in soul." TENNYSON. † Among them that fine Knight Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who amidst the "terrible seas" to the last cheered his comrades in the "Golden Hind" (40 tons) with the assurance: "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!"—till at night the lights of his little "Squirrel" (a 10 ton sailing boat) went suddenly out and the frigate was swallowed up by the waves.

“‘Whatever can be known of earth we know,’  
Sneered Europe’s wise men in their snail-shells curled  
‘NO!’ said one man in Genoa, and that NO  
Out of the dark created the New World.”

LOWELL.

Then the Pilgrim Fathers in their little *Mayflower*. And we contrasted their trials and discomforts with our comforts, as they sailed forth into the Great Unknown, in that age of Ignorance and Superstition, not knowing what horrors they might encounter.

Next, the grand Arctic explorers (whom Ronald had assured us we *might* possibly meet, but did not), and those grave Moravians, who carried God’s message to the ice-bound people in the Arctic circle. The founder of this very line of mail steamers, Captain Allan, in the earlier years of this century, sailed his little craft between Scotland and Canada. All these, dear children, lie before you, a whole worldful of interesting acquaintances for you to make at your own fireside.

By-and-by the silence was broken by a cheery voice, then a merry child ran past. Children, you know, are not unlike Cathie’s “buntious daisy”—soon crushed, but soon up again.

“Some one must be getting better,” we said, and it seemed like the hopeful glimmer Noah’s dove brought back, wrapped in that olive leaf. Then somebody struck up a Scotch reel. How grateful we were for those notes which made us feel like dancing! Following this—for is not “variety charming”?—came the “Dead March.” And by the time that little fillip had given a bright turn to one’s thoughts, some other folks felt better, and gathered round the piano, where a clear, sweet voice led a few well-known hymns—“Eternal Father, strong to save,” “A day’s march nearer home,” etc. Was Wesley’s beautiful hymn, “Jesu, Lover of my soul,” written after seeing the “gathering billows roll” on this storm-ridden Atlantic, when he visited Georgia, U.S.A., in the last century? And how many of the passengers or crew who join

in that hymn so often sung at sea, "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," know by whom it was written?—the once godless, blaspheming sailor, John Newton, whose wicked life for long seemed past redemption.

All these memories were very pleasant. It is as good to connect the hymns we sing with their authors and the circumstances under which they were written, as to link the flowers we gather with the woods and hedgerows; and then (as yesterday) the strains of tune, interrupted it may be by howling winds and raging waves, will bring the sweet words to mind, enabling us to join in heart, if not with voice, with other worshippers in this world and the next.

Another vision comes—of a Scotchwoman, who a quarter of a century ago worked in the lowest dens, long before philanthropy and "slumming" became fashionable. From small beginnings among the little match-box makers in Bethnal Green, she continued through the terrible cholera visitation, when those "three brave Catherinees," Catherine Tait, Catherine Gladstone, and Catherine Marsh, grappled with the deadly foe, and led many in the West to consider the neglected East End.

Annie Macpherson opened a refuge for cholera orphans, from thence extending her sympathies to the waifs and strays, whose condition was then infinitely worse than now. Seeing no real hope of permanently improving their condition if left in this country, and hearing of broad lands, millions of acres of virgin soil, in the New World, though seriously threatened with consumption, she undertook a pioneer voyage to Canada, and having satisfied herself of the reality of the vast opening for the un-wanted little ones of our over-populated cities, she returned to London, where (aided by her sisters) she rescued, transplanted, and settled about 10,000 children.\* Many other philan-

---

\* Ninety-five per cent. of whom have done well, the boys becoming farmers, lawyers, clergymen; her Homes extended

thropists in the large cities of Great Britain and Ireland successfully followed her example.\*

To-day F. ventured into the saloon, but soon returned, saying that our state-room was a little paradise compared with the noise there of the screw and the crashing china, and the sight of the "fiddles," which were acting as hurdles for the tumblers, spoons, and plates to jump over!

The storm grew wilder, our only comfort being that as we were with the mail-bags, the *Empress*, on the other side of British North America, was bound to wait for us. Heavy trunks slid about on the floor; perfect avalanches of coats, hats, and umbrellas fell from the pegs, and flew about the cabin. Big seas broke over the decks, green crystal waves thundered against the sides, and poured over the ship like a miniature Niagara across our port-hole. Six violent lurches at a time, in quick succession, seemed as though they must wrench out the very "spines of our backs."

Once, when the sea showed signs of amended behaviour, our cabin was suddenly darkened by a huge wave, and a sound of mighty rushing water was heard just outside our door, mingled with the shouts and shrieks of some convalescents who were sitting

---

from Quebec to Ontario, Winnipeg, and Vancouver "in the land where there are no gin-palaces!"

\* My attention has been drawn to the following lines in Lady Dufferin's "Canadian Journal," March 17, 1872:—"The ship is rolling from side to side till one's back aches... We are much better now... able to look about and find that there are a hundred and seven 'street Arabs' on board, brought out by a saint of a woman who, although very sick and miserable herself, sings to them, reads out loud, goes down into the steerage, sees them to bed, and performs many other trying offices in the most unselfish manner. Miss Macpherson pays her own passage and expenses. Each child costs £10 to bring out, and will eventually be adopted into a Canadian family, where it will have a happy home. This seems to be an excellent charity."



laughing and chatting on the "companion." You would have thought Mrs. Partington had arrived with her broom to mop up the Atlantic Ocean—such a rushing and a scurrying and calling for "mops and bookets" from the Lancashire sailors. It took about ten minutes to mop up all the water. It was a new version of "Miss Muffet"—

"There came a great billow  
And dashed down the hatchway,  
And frightened those jokers away."

We were a hundred and twenty miles out of our course away up towards "Greenland's icy mountains." F. said it was one of the mightiest triumphs over Nature to drive a ship in the teeth of such a gale.\*

Our last two days in the St. Lawrence were a delightful change—one evening a pleasant, bright little concert for seamen's orphans, and on Sunday a church service and a missionary meeting, at which a minister declared that the "great need of China to-day is men like Chinese Gordon, men of *honest lives*. For the heathen read the lives of those who do not speak. It does not so much matter what a man believes, as *how* he believes it;" and he quoted the epitaph which you may read in St. Paul's Cathedral, on General Gordon's memorial tablet—

"He at all times and *everywhere*  
Gave his strength to the weak,  
His substance to the poor,  
His sympathy to the suffering,  
And his heart to God."

---

\* In 1810 the first steamship, *Savannah*, crossed in thirty-four days.



## II.

### GOING WEST TO FIND THE EAST.

“Stepping Westward seemed to be  
A sort of heavenly destiny.”

WORDSWORTH.

How strange to find ourselves travelling so easily, so swiftly on the route that, for four hundred years, kings, wise men, brave soldiers, and gallant discoverers had yearned to find!

In 1497 Sebastian Cabot visited Newfoundland and Labrador, in the reign of Henry VII.; but in 1534 a Breton seaman from St. Malo, named Jacques Cartier, being commanded by Francis I. to find the North-West Passage, sailed up to Anticosti, never doubting that the broad Saint Lawrence river was the high-road to “far Cathay.”

We steamed through the Straits of Belleisle into the mighty Gulf of St. Lawrence on the night of Friday, October 16, 1891, between the shores of Labrador and the coast of Newfoundland. Weird and mysterious Labrador appeared in its fog mantle, caused by the meeting of the cold Labrador Stream with the warm Gulf Stream. It is one of the few countries remaining unexplored. There, last winter's cold was so intense that even the Polar bears were starved out and wandered down into the coast villages to prey upon the half-famished fishermen. In early spring, when the ice breaks, stray bears and seals are sometimes seen floating on the ice-floes. A story was told of

an Atlantic captain, who, wearied by the innumerable questions of his passengers, at last gruffly answered one who asked, "Is it always foggy here?"—"How should I know? Do you suppose I live here?" Often ships are fog-bound, and so we rejoiced that sunshine favoured us. At 6 a.m. (Saturday) sun and moon were both visible as we watched the sunrise from the deck. Indeed, it was a glorious, ever-to-be remembered day of calm, bright radiance. All the Canadians were in wild spirits as they breathed their native air. Venturing to ask, "Is it always like this?" I received the emphatic reply, "*This* is our weather!"

At the island of Anticosti the river begins, or rather ends, about 900 miles below its source in the Great Lakes; it continues salt up to Quebec, when it becomes brackish until Montreal, thence flowing fresh past the Thousand Islands\* to Lake Ontario. The rocks on the right shore are "Laurentian," *i.e.* the earliest geological formation, and extend to Lake Superior. The breadth of that mighty river I can hardly describe to you.† I was not surprised to hear that some little Canadians on board, when they first saw our English rivers, had asked, "Are those drains, mother?" On either side were forests arrayed in the gorgeous autumnal tints for which the "Fall" in Canada is so celebrated; the wondrous flaming hues of the maples, the gold and silver leaves of oaks and birches, resembled tropical flowers amid the dark sombre pine trees.

This is the Indian idea of "Jack Frost"—

"The fierce Kabibonokka  
Had his dwelling among icebergs,  
In the land of the White Rabbit.  
He it was whose hand in autumn  
Painted all the trees with scarlet,  
Stained the leaves with red and yellow,

---

\* "The Garden of the Great Spirit."

† Its total length from Port Arthur to Belleisle is 2384 miles.





FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

He it was who sent the snowflakes,  
Sifting, hissing through the forest,  
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers."

LONGFELLOW.

Mile after mile we steamed. At first the shores were so distant that we could not discern either trees or houses, but further on we saw the French settlers' white cottages. In the deep water close under the cliffs many whales were spouting, whilst in the clear air overhead numbers of sea-gulls were circling. There was a little discussion as to whether this were the "Indian Summer" (the return of the bright warm days in Autumn, which we call St. Luke's Summer), or if it were not rather Martinmas, November 11th? A lady advocated this view, basing it upon the beautiful legend of St. Martin of Tours, who, on a cold, wet, misty November day, was seated by the wayside, wrapt in prayer and meditation, and quite unconscious of the weather. A shivering beggar passed and asked for alms. St. Martin took off his own cloak and threw it round the man, who then disappeared, but instantly the sun broke forth with wondrous warmth, and bathed all nature in the lovely "golden haze" which characterizes "St. Martin's" or the "Indian Summer." The beggar, I need hardly explain, was our Lord.

We halted off Rimouski, the quarantine station, for medical inspection. All Sunday we continued steaming up the river, and it was not until Monday at noon that we sighted Quebec, the fortress key of Canada, which, magnificently situated on a rock, strongly resembles Gibraltar. The glistening Falls of Montmorenci and the Rapids above attracted our gaze; and, nearing Quebec, we distinguished the Citadel and the Heights of Abraham, in the storming of which by the Highlanders both Generals Wolfe and Montcalm were killed, when French and British fought for empire in 1759, and the Lily of France gave place to Union Jack.

Twenty-six hundred and sixty miles from Liverpool, the *Sardinian* landed us at the "C.P.R. Wharf," across which we walked to the Canadian Pacific Railway Station, where we saw large sheds filled with emigrants in all manner of strange costumes.

It is an extraordinary sensation, this first stepping on to a *New World*. I could not help picturing the arrival of the spirit on the shores of the Unseen world after death, still retaining its intense individuality and full possession of its powers and consciousness, but in the midst of beings and surroundings entirely new, and as yet unknown and untried.

Quebec is like a quaint Norman town. The first street we passed was named "Place d'Orléans." French is as much spoken on the cars as English. The refreshment-rooms are designated in French and English, and French *calèches* (antique phaetons) are in attendance at the stations. The laws are written in French; and, though the province belongs to England, the Governor of Quebec is a Frenchman. How is this? Because the entire province of Quebec is French. The villages are as primitive as any out-of-the-way villages in Brittany or Normandy. The schools and churches are French, and the Irish Catholics do not worship in the same churches as these French settlers. They are greatly devoted to France, and the higher classes send their children across to be educated.

When Wolfe conquered Quebec, and Lower Canada passed into the hands of the English, the dissatisfied feeling of the French *habitans*, as they are still called, was allayed by permitting them to retain their ancient laws, rights, and seigneurial privileges; consequently, when the English colonists in the States rebelled in 1776, and declared independence, the French settlers remained thoroughly loyal. The loyalist Americans came over the line and settled in Crown lands given them in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia (the Acadia of Longfellow's "Evangeline"). The colonies or States of New York, Ma-





QUEBEC: "THE FORTRESS KEY OF CANADA."



ryland, Virginia, Georgia, Carolina, etc. (called respectively after the Duke of York and Albany, Queens Mary, Elizabeth, Caroline, and King George I.), separated from England under the name of the "United States." The "Six Nations" of Indian tribes came over at the same time to Canada, and settled under the British flag.

The earliest settlers in Canada were French, many of them nobles from the court of Louis XIV., "le Grand Monarque," and the story of their discoveries and colonization reads like the most fascinating romance.\*

Montreal was built on the site of the Indian village Hochelaga, and called Mont Royal.

In 1642 Ville Maria de Mont Royal was founded by a little company of noble men and women, who were fired with missionary zeal for the conversion of the Indians. In three boats they ascended the river from Quebec. On landing all fell on their knees and joined in thanksgiving; raised and decorated an altar; the ladies, catching fireflies, tied them with threads into shining festoons; then pitched their own tents and bivouacked by the camp fires.

Montreal is now an immense city. I heard a lady give her address as "1287 in — Street." We did not "strike Montreal," as the Canadians say, but changed cars at a junction a few miles out, where we dined in a little wayside *salle à manger*, on *pot-au-feu* and *vagouët*. A barefooted, close-cropped baby-boy, holding up a pussie in his nightgown, while climbing the steep ladder through the trap-door, on his way to bed, looked a veritable *crâpaud*, followed by his mother, a smiling, buxom French *paysanne*; it was just like one of Goupil's photographs.

Soon after leaving Quebec we passed Champlain, called after Le Sieur Samuel de Champlain, the noble founder of Quebec and New France, who there fought

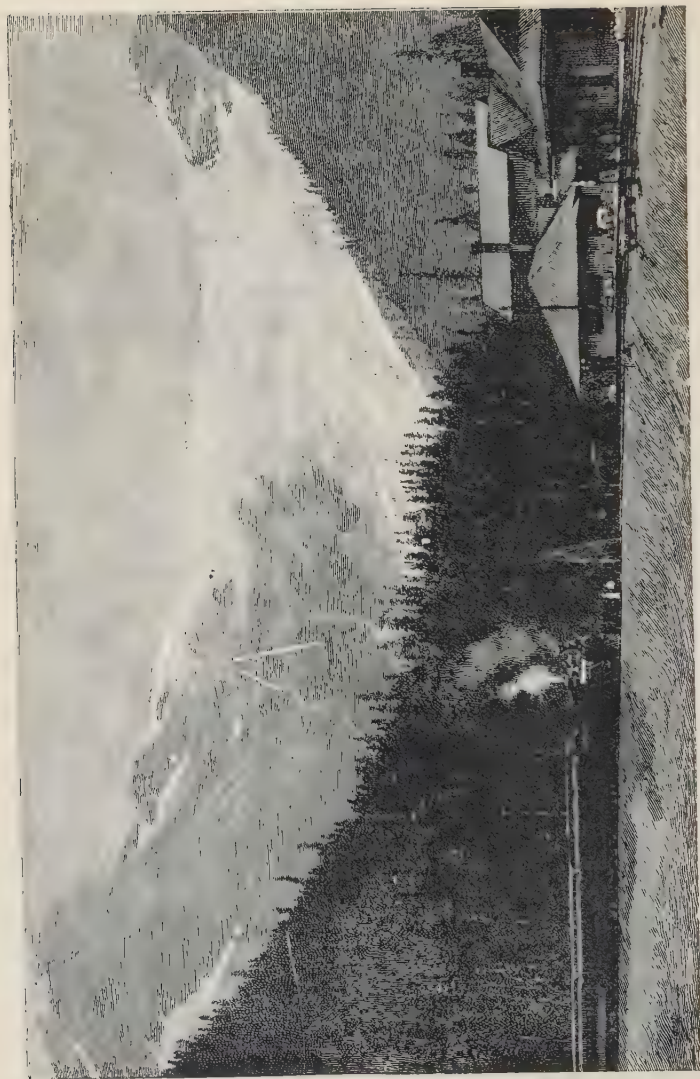
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\* Francis Parkman's "Histories" (Macmillan).

a great battle with the Indians. It was La Salle who gave to the rapids beyond Montreal the name of La Chine, believing them to be the starting-point of the western route to China. The church at Champlain has two gilded steeples, which were dazzlingly beautiful in the afternoon sunshine—golden "fingers pointing up to God"—and somehow reminded us of bells once heard high up in the Swiss Alps, on a sunny Saturday afternoon, which were ringing in the Rhone valley far below, "because it is Sunday to-morrow," the peasants said. In other villages we saw silvery (tin) spires. How lovely they must look in winter, gleaming brightly as the sun strikes them, and guiding the worshippers across the vast sheet of trackless snow! As we watched the silver trunks and goldening leaves of the birches (so like those in the Pass of Killiecrankie) we wondered whether the idea of these gold and silver steeples could have been suggested by them? At Point du Lac the river St. Lawrence expands, and, a few miles higher up, becoming nine miles wide, is called the Lac de St. Pierre, after another French hero.

Before going further, try to realize what is the length of road we have to travel over in ten days from the Atlantic Ocean. A continent the size of Europe; one thousand miles up the St. Lawrence in a ship; fourteen hundred miles in a train, by the great lakes, and innumerable smaller lakes and rivers, to Winnipeg; another thousand miles across the prairies and the valley of the Saskatchewan river; nearly a thousand more through dense forests and over giant mountain-ranges, to the coast of the Pacific Ocean, *without change of carriage*. And let us consider for a moment what the term *Canadian Pacific Railway* means; the 4,600 miles surveyed for a possible route, of which a quarter was measured *foot by foot* through mountain, forest, and prairie, by endurance of overwhelming hardships, and the patient conquest of insuperable difficulties, so that the two oceans might





"ALL ABOARD!"

Page 15.

be linked, and the Land of the Rising Sun\* be brought within twenty-one days of London.

Letters posted in Yokohama on August 19, 1891, were delivered in London on September 9.†

Think how many have desired—yes! and spent their heart's blood and treasure to see these things, which we see and take as a matter of course—yet never saw them! But they toiled, and though others have entered into their labours, both pioneers and settlers shall yet rejoice together.

Can you grasp the wonderful fact that the Dominion of Canada embraces 3,519,000 miles, and that this broad, roomy, vast domain belongs to our British Crown? "Dominion Day" is held as a grand festival by every loyal Canadian in commemoration of July 20, 1878, when British Columbia and the great North-West Territory entered into federation with Upper and Lower Canada under one dominion, that of Queen Victoria.

The train from Montreal is arriving. The gigantic "locomotive" carries an enormous lamp in its fore-front, a "cow-catcher" at its base (to turn off stray cattle from the line), and a huge bell on its back, which tolls like some cathedral bell. The guard sings out, "All aboard!" and we take our places in the palace car; in American phrase, we "*board the cars.*" How amusing it is to note the varying expressions! In Italy they call "Pronté! Avanté!" (Ready! Advance!); in France, "En voitures, messieurs et mesdames! En avant!"; in England, "Take your seats!" in South Africa, "Hurry up! Hurry up!"—a shrill whistle, a waving flag, and off.

I confess to a slight heart-sinking on entering the carriage, in which we were to be cooped up for six days and six nights (C.P.R. trains now run from Montreal to Vancouver in four days and nights in summer and five days and nights in winter); but after the first night's fatigue

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\* Since 1895 the Land of the *Risen Sun*! For Japan has become the first naval power in the East. † See Appendix I.



we got used to it, and grew fresher and fresher, till, when we pulled up at the "terminal city," Vancouver, I, for one, would gladly turn back to go over that marvellous 3000 miles again, and fix its scenery more indelibly on my memory, and see, besides, all the country we had missed during the hours of darkness!

The lofty car seats forty-eight persons, and is divided into twelve "sections." Two couches *vis-à-vis*, with a folding table between, hold four people; a long passage runs down the centre. At night, a negro porter pulls down the sloping roof, and deftly arranges beds upon that and on the lower couches, bringing out a fresh supply of snowy sheets and pillow-cases every evening; each section has closely fitting curtains buttoned in front. It is so snug, but rather stuffy should the black "boy" be fond of heat himself, for then the stove is turned on till the thermometer registers 85°.

When the curtains are buttoned, one undresses in the berth; those in the upper berths climb up by steps, and last thing shy down a small avalanche of boots. In the morning, great is the rush for the first use of the tiny lavatory. If you steal along at 5.30 a.m., thinking every one else must be sound asleep, you find a group waiting—perhaps a mother with three or four children—and Sambo quietly remarks, "You must come at 4.30, if you wish to be first!"

About 8 a.m. the refreshment car is "hitched on." A waiter perambulates the train shouting the welcome intelligence, "Breakfast is ready in the dining-car!" To give all a fair chance, he begins to cry in the hindmost car. Every one being on the alert and very hungry, a regular rush ensues, and from car to car they fly, hopping across the buffers and clinging on to the hand-rails (sometimes slippery with the night's frost), and nearly blown off by the high wind—the train rushes along all the time—through other cars, stumbling over bags, bundles,

berth-ladders, etc., past an exquisite little kitchen, with cooks in spotless caps and aprons. Sambo, who was fond of jokes, once called, "Breakfast is ready in the dining-car!" just for the fun of setting everybody flying—only to find at the last car nothing but the line in front, for the refreshment-car had not yet been attached. When we did enter it we found him standing demurely by a table (having slipped round outside the train), politely assuring some favoured ones that he had *reserved* these places for them, and so assuaging their wrath!

One evening, when fixing up the berth, he lifted some air cushions, one of which was half circular. "What are these?" he inquired. "Air cushions." "Ho, ho! I thought maybe they were *life-preservers*," adding very solemnly, "in case the train went over some of the places we are coming to."

Rather frightened, we asked more particulars, and he described the chasms we should cross with a fall of 295 feet.

The dining-car was charming. Pretty little tables at each window, prepared for two or four people, so that one could eat without losing any of the beautiful scenery; porridge of "morning glory," or oatmeal with cream, Lake Superior whitefish, and other delicacies, each portion arranged with its dainty accompaniments in tiny saucers. The meal gave agreeable opportunities for meeting people from other cars and obtaining much valuable knowledge.

New-Worlders appear to consider it their mission in life to pass on to their travelling companions all the information they possess about the scenery, country, manners and customs of the people, the best mode of doing things, etc. "We like to share anything that is good," is their explanation, and they certainly contrive to make one's journey most charming and profitable. They not only volunteer information in the pleasantest manner, but are willing to answer any number of questions. They are so intelligent

and wideawake; conversation with them seems like breathing a crisp, bracing air, which quickens all one's faculties; and one gathers quite a good store from very commonplace working people.

We met a little girl returning from a visit to England. She was only eight years old when she went over, but had such an intelligent grasp of English history, that our old abbeys of Westminster and Tintern, Sir Walter Scott's novels, and the chief pictures in the National Gallery were quite familiar to her as old friends. How different to an Englishman on our ship, who, when asked the name of some point on the St. Lawrence, exclaimed with an air of complacency, "I'm sure I don't know. I've passed this way a hundred times, and don't know the places!"

During our first night we passed Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion and the seat of Government. The Prince of Wales laid the first stone of its Parliament House. Next morning we went through golden spruce woods, and revelled in their exquisite reflections in the still lakes—ruby maples from which the Indian women make delicious honeyed syrup and maple sugar, and graceful "canoe birches," which furnish both paper and canoes. The inside of the smooth bark is delightful to write upon. It is used also for roofing, as it is absolutely watertight. Tin or zinc rusts, and iron nails enlarge the hole, but when birch bark is wet it swells and contracts the hole. Hence the Indians use it for their wigwams and canoes.

"the Birch Canoe was builded

In the bosom of the forest;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily."

LONGFELLOW.





SHOOTING THE RAPIDS IN A BIRCHBARK CANOE.

You can imagine how eagerly we watched for the *first* Indian wigwam, the first *real* canoe, the first log-cabin! At North Bay, on lovely Lake Nipissing, we saw the first Hudson's Bay store, with the magic letters "H.B.C." These stores extend across the continent, and almost up to the Arctic circle. In the reign of Charles II. the Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated under Prince Rupert, and practically owned the vast Northern Territory. For more than two centuries it carried on a peaceful trade in furs with the Indians, in exchange for blankets, beads, tobacco, tea, sugar, knives, and rifles—until 1869, when the British Government bought its rights. Not far from this district land is offered in lots of 80 acres to settlers without price.

Of this province of Ontario we heard delightful accounts. The lake is so large that for a whole day on the steamer land can only be seen on one side. On its shores fruits grow like weeds. Fancy orchards with thousands of trees bearing enormous peaches! Grapes grow in profusion. Of apples this autumn 369,880 barrels were exported to Europe.\* Winter is as charming as summer, with its clear still air, bright sunshine, tobogganing, skating, sleigh-bells, ice-yachting, snow-shoes, and—the moonlights! The snow is so dry that children run barefoot and dry-shod! Houses are warmed with hot air. One cannot transfer to paper the enthusiasm with which Canadians speak of their beloved land, nor describe their hearty loyalty to "the old country." If one speaks of annexation to the United States, they indignantly repudiate the idea. "It is the Americans who want it, not we; *they* have everything to gain, and we have everything to lose by annexation." They say, too, that though only one in ten of the emigrants settle in Canada, they are worth a hundred of those who go to the States.

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\* 89,750 in one week.



Near Sudbury are the largest known copper and nickel mines. Nickel is *the* ore of the future, and is taking the place of steel in the navy, as it does not rust and is impenetrable, for armour-plated ships.

Wednesday brought us into grander scenery. The hoarfrost lay thick on leaves and ferns and rocks. A startling mock effect of sunrise was produced by the marvellously golden larches and the brilliant colouring of the bracken set against the dark green of the coniferæ.

During breakfast came our first glimpse of the "Gitche Gumee," the Brother to the Sea, as the Indians call Lake Superior. It is the largest fresh-water lake in the world,\* embracing 32,000 square miles. Ireland could be crowded into it. So crystal clear are its waters that ninety-five feet below the surface the stones are visible, and so intensely cold that if a ship founders the passengers have little chance of life, for they are instantly benumbed. Wilder storms rage and higher waves than those of the Atlantic. Steamers on the middle of this mighty lake are a whole day and a half out of sight of land.

It receives its waters from two hundred rivers, and discharges them through Lakes Huron and Erie, over Niagara Falls into Lake Ontario, and thence into the noble river St. Lawrence.†

The railway track makes extraordinary curves along the shores of this inland ocean, skirting Heron and Jackfish Bays, through rock-tunnels resembling mouse-holes, and skirting giddy precipices.‡ Looking out, we saw our train almost in a circle, as it swept round these curves cut out of the face of the cliffs, and narrowly escaped an accident: the heavy train had to be divided and drawn separately. Not long ago some

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\* Victoria Nyanza being the second.

† The water in the American great lakes exceeds the half of all the others (fresh water) in the world, and pours over Niagara at the rate of ninety thousand millions of cubic feet per hour.

‡ The Voss Railway in Norway resembles this in miniature.



sailors, shipwrecked in Hudson's Bay, found their way along the Moose river, and arrived at Missanabie, whence they were able to take the train.

Here the colouring of the rocks is very beautiful; the deep-red granite (which is identical with the famous Scotch "Peterhead granite"), the grey mica and rosy syenite, blended with the autumnal-tinted giant bulrushes, lichens, raspberries, and blueberries (English bilberries, Scotch blackberries, and German *heidebeeren*). It is indeed a "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," a "land of the mountain and the flood,"\* and the scenery reminded us of the Highland line by Loch Luichart.

We were told that until we reached the Rocky Mountains we should find the road "most uninteresting," but—

"Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God;  
Though only he who *sees* takes off his shoes,  
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries." †

A curious feature of these Canadian "backwoods" is the innumerable black skeleton trees, caused by forest fires. In autumn the forests are often a sea of fire, whose terrific roar can be heard for miles.

Another remarkable sight is the broad rivers densely packed with logs, which have been floated down from regions far beyond, and just lie in soak till wanted. The Canadians call this timber "lumber," as it lumbers the ground, and the lumberers have been true pioneers. Listen to the Song of the Axe—

"For every silver ringing blow,  
Cities and palaces shall grow;  
When rust hath gnaw'd me deep and red  
A nation strong shall lift her head!" ‡

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\* Sir Walter Scott. † Mrs. Browning. ‡ J. V. Crawford.

The gigantic forests supply invaluable timber, and the endless rivers provide immense water-power for the saw-mills, which are busily cutting up the wood needed beyond in that thousand-mile reach of prairie where no trees grow, for firing and fenceings on the cattle ranches, for enormous bridges, and thousands of miles of sleepers over which the C.P.R.\* runs. Then there are the clearings for new farms, with the settlers' primitive log-cabins, constructed of unstripped trunks of trees, sawn across and laid together, leaving just a space for door and window; and the "frame houses" of all sizes and shapes up to the most elegant villas. These are formed of three layers of wood, having sheets of tarred paper between, and are most delightfully warm and comfortable. They can be made as picturesque as brick houses, with bow windows, turrets, gables, verandahs, and balconies.

The beavers build their curious two-storied "lodges" in the shallow water at the outlet of the lakes; they make a dam which, placing their lower floor under water, acts as a store cellar for the winter food, and the upper room as a dwelling. A Scotch settler informed us that there was "work and abundance of it for anybody who would turn to and do anything." He had himself emigrated 1,400 of his countrymen to one of the industries he started. On first coming out it had taken him ten days in a canoe to reach North Bay from Ottawa. He pointed out the beautiful blush rose tints on the rocks, and showed us those from which "asbestos is procured, which, being non-inflammable, was used in the olden days for dresses by those who passed through the fire in the Eleusinian mysteries,\* and now it is in great demand to make into felt and packing-cloths, and for gas fires." You have seen its pretty white-fringed thread running up

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\* Used also by the Romans to enwrap the corpse before cremation and so conserve its ashes. Hindu adepts prepare an oil from it with such extraordinary virtues that when rubbed over the body it becomes proof against the hottest fire; and German firemen now are dressed in it.

the front of our gas-stoves, which is never burned by the flames playing round it.

There is charming bathing in summer, besides fishing, and not far off are rich silver and iron mines.

"Thunder Bay" is protected by a "sleeping giant," called "Thunder Cape," a table mountain (like that at Cape Town), which ends the long promontory stretching out into the Big-Sea-Water. Port Arthur looks like any fine harbour on the seacoast, having extensive docks, a lighthouse, and large Clyde built steamers which were cut in half to convey them through the locks, and reconstructed to put on the lake. Here we first noticed the presence of Chinamen, in the signboard "Chinese laundry;" here, too, we observed the east-bound trains marked "Canadian Atlantic," and our own, west-bound, the "Canadian Pacific," and at the windows of the former we saw the jolly faces of several blue-jackets from H.M.S. *Warspite*.

A lady in our car, having worked with Miss Agnes Weston among sailors at Devonport, was much delighted. She told me that this mission to seamen in the Royal Navy sprang out of *one* letter written by Miss Weston to a soldier; a marine begged that one might be written to him, and by-and-by the letters were in such demand that they had to be printed. On account of their covers they were called "bluebacks," and are now, by the Admiralty's order, sent out free of postage, distributed each month by the captain of every English warship throughout the world to his crew, and are an untold good.\* From that first letter resulted coffee palaces, and numberless other agencies for Jack Tar's welfare, and the sailors have gratefully christened Agnes Weston their Sea-mother!

Curiously enough, on reaching Winnipeg, we bought a *Daily Tribune* for Tuesday evening, October 20th,

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\* 20,000 go to the United States Navy; through a "blue-back" having been given by a Britisher to a Yankee sailor in an American warship which lay alongside in Yokohama Bay.

with a paragraph headed—" *The C.P.R. is recognized by Imperial Government as a Military Route—Test to be made in December—Troops to be sent East and West over our National Highway.*" \*

At Port Arthur time recedes one hour, and is reckoned by the twenty-four hour system right away on to the Pacific. We left it at 14.30 o'clock.

Very early *Wednesday* morning we reached Rat Portage, the first station in Ontario. Our kind informant explained that the Indians give natural names to everything, and that this place is so called from a colony of musk-rats, who having their home on a creek, crossed over a streak of land to another bay, carrying their supplies to and fro. These lake animals, in winter, as soon as the water freezes, construct houses of reeds, like haystacks, on the ice, lined with moss, and grass, and stored with aquatic plants for food. They make breathing holes in the ice, covering them with reeds. The Indians, thrusting their spears through the roofs, kill and eat the rats.† One steep rock is called "The-Rock-that-the-Crow-sits-upon."

The Indians are true children of Nature. Their belief in natural forces is akin to ours in angelic ministry. A German poet (Richter) has spoken of "angel hands offering cups of honey to tired-out bees." Our Bible tells us that those holy angels are the guardians of Christ's little ones: God's ministering spirits—of whom one directed dying Ishmael's mother to a well of water,‡ another shut the lions' mouths so that they should not hurt Daniel, and yet another stood by S. Paul in the storm at sea. And the Revelation describes angels having power over the

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\* Appendix II. † Chicago, on Lake Michigan, means the "city of the skunk," and there the rats are so powerful that they have tunnelled through the marble wainscots and floors of the City Hall. ‡ See pp. 116, 117.

elements, while Daniel speaks of those who rule the destinies of nations.

A great English preacher has called these stories of the angels the "fairy-tales of the Bible."\*

"Beneath a lote-tree which is fallen flat  
Toileth a yellow ant, who carrieth home  
Food for her nest, but so far hath she come  
Her worn feet fail, and she will perish, caught  
In the falling rain; but thou, make the way naught,  
And help her to her people in the cleft  
Of the black rock.

Silently Gabriel left the Presence...

And help the little ant at entering in."†

The Indians worship God as Manitou, the Great Spirit, and retain this myth, or memory, of the Deluge. Only one man escaped from the great flood to the topmost summit of the Rocky Mountains. The Great Spirit turned his lower limbs to stone, and the waters abated. But he, being all alone, felt very sad, and prayed to Manitou for a companion. He fell asleep, and found on waking a lovely squaw (wife) beside him, made out of the rock, and to his joy his own limbs were restored to life.

"What sings the brook? What oracle  
Is in the pine-trees' organ-swell?  
What may the wind's low burden be?  
The meaning of the moaning sea?  
The hieroglyphics of the stars?  
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars?"‡

To know its Indian name is to know the nature of the locality, whether mountain, lake, or river. Steamships, they say, are the "white man's war-canoes, which move by fire and make their own thunder;" the telegraph being the "Whispering Spirit." "Minne-ha-ha," "Laughing Water," is their expression for a waterfall; "Ohio," the "beautiful

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\* Canon Body.

† "Pearls of the Faith."

‡ Whittier.

river;" "Minnesota," the "sky-coloured water;" "Mississippi" (the largest river), the "Father of Waters;" Niagara, the "Thunder of the Waters;" "Winnipegosis," the "Smile of God."

One depôt\* is called "Moosejaw," which is short for "The-Creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the-cart-with-a-moose's-jawbone!"

The Indian race has been used by the Creator to *prepare the land* for more civilized peoples; they slew the wild beasts, and their camp-fires cleared the forests. They perish of consumption when removed from their free, wild life into schools and counting-houses. They are splendid hunters, having keen scent, sight, and hearing, and know all about birds, animals, trapping, and forestry. The woman hoes and farms, but the man despises agriculture. He hunts and traps the wild animals, and brings the furs of fox, beaver, bear, marten, wolf, and the buffalo robes to the "H.B.C." traders, whose perfectly courteous treatment of the Indians† has been the secret of their success, and also of the C.P.R. meeting with no opposition from Indians in its construction, as in the case of the United States Pacific Railroad. Most of their *employés* have been French or Scotch. The early Canadian traders, *les voyageurs*, *coureurs de bois*, and *bois brûleurs*, also treated them with French politeness, and not as "niggers," which too many white people consider is the proper way of dealing with men of darker colour than themselves. Alas! the Puritan colonists in the States behaved very differently, and with hideous cruelty. "Not unfrequently, in their writings, they expressed a pious horror at the painted and heathen savages, who they thought worshipped a personal devil, and were in alliance with Satan. Having sold some of the Indians as slaves a terrible war of extermination followed. A

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\* Station; pronounced by the Yankees Dee-po.

† They employ 60,000 Indian hunters.



Major Mason gives an instance of the dealings of the Christians with the heathens. The wigwams were surrounded, and the thatch fired: 'and indeed such a dreadful time did the Almighty let fall upon their spirits that they would fly from us into the very flames.' In fact, the Puritans, though guided by no visible pillar of fire, appear to have believed in a Divine mission of extermination as thoroughly as the Hebrews. The red savages were greater nuisances than the bears or mosquitoes, but happily they could be more easily dealt with. The chosen people were heartily grateful for the gift of a land that flowed with milk and honey." \*

Terrible wars and blood-shedding resulted. It is said that each Indian scalp cost the United States £100,000. The Missouri traders introduced small pox into the unvaccinated Blackfoot Indian tribes, which, with their horrible "fire-water," † killed off thousands—a fiendish cruelty only paralleled by the conduct of the Dutch in South Africa at the present day who, to the entreaties of the natives to be protected against the introduction of these vile spirits into their locations reply that, "As the Kaffirs multiply too fast, it is better to let the brandy-bottle do its own work." How thankful we felt to hear that the Great White Queen, the beloved "Mother of the Red Man and his children," protects the Indians, and forbids the introduction of "fire-water."

The squaw is the burden-bearer; she carries the kettles, and bears the papoose (baby) tightly bound in a moss-lined cradle on her back, when at rest the cradle is swung to the branch of a tree. Indian papooses are never bow-legged. She also makes frames of birch-bark, embroidered with the sweet-scented prairie grasses; and beads in beautiful patterns, the deerskin

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\* Quoted in *Times*, September 18, 1891, from "A Library of American Literature," by E. Mackay Hutchinson. *New York*.

† A mixture of rum, tobacco, vitriol, and bluestone.



mocassins, saddles, pouches, quivers, and belts for her lord.

*He* is called the "brave," and always goes in front,\* riding on the horse which draws the poles of the teepee (wigwam). As soon as children can walk, they are trained to carry. Indians are not muscular, but an accurate balance enables them to carry great loads. A broad strap placed across the forehead† and over the shoulders throws the whole weight upon the spine. Both children and dogs are loaded and walk. In severe weather, when food fails, the dogs are eaten. A man becomes a "brave," or as we should say, "of age," in a very extraordinary and painful fashion. A Sun-dance is held in the forest, at which the whole tribe assembles. The young man must drive two arrows from under his arms through the flesh of his breast without flinching. He is closely watched the whole time to see if he shows any signs of pain. The process takes twenty-four hours; and if he succeeds he takes his place in the tribe. The chief, being also a medicine man, has immense influence. In the last rebellion a loyal chief kept three tribes at peace by compelling them to remain neutral. Education is now compulsory, but parents do not like their children to be educated, for civilization makes them so weak and delicate, and when taught trades the children too often despise their parents and the old life.

Like Swiss cows the best horse in the herd is called the "bell-horse;" and is very jealous of his rights. All the other horses follow submissively and protect him loyally from the annoyance of the dogs. It is worthy of note that Herodotus describes the ancient Scythians using the same kind of vapour-bath that the Indian delights in to-day. Shutting himself

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\* In old-fashioned villages English husbands are still called "Master!" and precede their wives into church.

† Like the creels of Edinburgh fishwives.





"DARK BEHIND IT ROSE THE FOREST.

up in his teepee, he pours boiling water over red-hot stones, and steams himself.

The canoe is made of bark, stitched with juniper fibres, the seams and crevices being caulked with resin from the red-pine tree. Some tribes fashion both canoes and wigwams out of deerskins. To the Indians, trees, rocks, and water speak in living tones.\*

Their legend of Hiawatha was embodied by the great American poet, Longfellow, in a beautiful poem describing the peace message or evangel from the Gitche Manitou (the Great Spirit), and His promise to send them, who were so torn by war and strife, a Prophet, a Deliverer, a suffering Saviour, Who should bring peace and heal their quarrels, teaching them to live as brethren. How He came and gave them the maize (the bread of life), how that Corn must fall into the earth and die, in order to bring forth fruit,† and of His mighty conflict with Nahma, the King of Fishes, I must leave you to read for yourselves in that wonderful poem, and compare it with Our Lord's words, that as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so should the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.‡

But I know you will love this poet's description of the boyhood of a little Indian child.

"By the shining Big-Sea-Water  
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.

Dark behind it rose the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
Rose the firs with cones upon them;  
Bright before it beat the water,  
Beat the clear and sunny water,  
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,

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\*Appendix III. †St. John xii. 24 (see p. 116). ‡St. Matt. xii. 40.

Safely bound with reindeer sinews;  
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
 'Hush, the Naked Bear\* will get thee!'  
 Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
 'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!  
 Who is this, that lights the wigwam!  
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam?  
 Ewa-yea! my little owlet!'

Many things Nokomis taught him  
 Of the stars that shine in heaven;  
 Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
 Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;  
 Showed the Death-Dance† of the spirits,  
 Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,  
 Flaring far away to northward,  
 In the frosty nights of Winter;  
 Showed the broad, white road in heaven,‡  
 Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings  
 Sat the little Hiawatha,  
 Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,  
 Heard the lapping of the water.

Saw the fire-fly Wah-wah-taysee,  
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
 With the twinkle of its candle  
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes;  
 And he sang the song of children,  
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him:  
 'Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
 Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
 Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
 Light me with your little candle,  
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!'

When he heard the owls at midnight  
 Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
 'What is that?' he cried, in terror;

'That is but the owl and owlet,  
 Talking in their native language,  
 Talking, scolding at each other.'

Then the little Hiawatha  
 Learned of every bird its language,

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\* The Great Bear. † Aurora Borealis. ‡ The Milky Way.

Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How they built their nests in Summer,  
 Where they hid themselves in Winter;  
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
 Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.'

Of all beasts he learned the language,  
 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How the beavers built their lodges,  
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
 Why the rabbit was so timid,  
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
 Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'

Then Iagoo, . . .  
 Made a bow for Hiawatha;  
 From a branch of ash . . .  
 . . . the arrows,  
 Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers.

Forth into the forest straightway  
 All alone walked Hiawatha  
 Proudly, with his bow and arrows,  
 And the birds sang round him, o'er him,  
 'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!'

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,  
 Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,\*  
 In and out among the branches,  
 Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,  
 Laughed, and said between his laughing,  
 'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha.'

And the rabbit from his pathway,  
 Leaped aside, and at a distance  
 Sat erect upon his haunches,  
 Half in fear and half in frolic,  
 Saying to the little hunter,  
 'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'

Our Scotch acquaintance (a Presbyterian) enquired if we knew the story of the French missionaries, who, more than 250 years ago, ventured up the St. Lawrence in Indian birch canoes, and making their way through "the Wilderness" by the Ottawa river, across Lake Nipissing, down the shores of Georgian Bay, the

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\*Tail-in-air.



chain of Great Lakes, Thunder Bay, and the Red River, found their way round to the head sources of the Mississippi, and traced it to its outlet in the Gulf of Mexico?

We did not, and the story of these "Black Robes" (as the Indians call them) is so thrilling and pathetic, that I must try to give you a short sketch of their self-denying labours.\*

For 900 miles they travelled, wearing no shoes, for fear of injuring the frail vessels; carrying their canoes and baggage over thirty-five portages, round rapids, and through the gloomy forests, amid wild beasts and savage tribes. Over fifty times they had to wade through currents, dragging their canoes or pushing them through dense thickets and over sharp cutting rocks and precipices.

They had no leisure to read their breviary except by the dim light of the moon or fire, and although annoyed by the ill-humour, insolence, and robberies of their Indian guides, displayed the most Christian charity and courtesy.

These were some of their rules:—

"Love the Indians like brothers, with whom you are to spend the rest of your life. Never make them wait for you in embarking. Take a flint and stick" (there were no matches in those days) "to light their pipes and kindle their fires, for these little services win their hearts. Try to eat sagomite as they cook it, bad and dirty as it is. Fasten up the skirts of your cassock that you may not carry water or sand into the canoe. Do not make yourself troublesome to a single Indian. Do not ask too many questions. Bear their faults in silence, and appear always cheerful. Be very careful when in the canoe that the brim of your hat does not annoy them. Perhaps it would be better to wear a nightcap. Remember that it is Christ and His cross you are seeking."

It has been truly said that "fervour more intense, self-abnegation more complete, self-devotion more constant and enduring, will scarcely find an equal."

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\* Read Parkman's "Jesuits in North America," and "Discovery of the North-West" (Macmillan).

This mission began in 1634 in a hovel on the river St. Charles. The missionaries' aim and motto being "For the greater glory of God," they considered themselves but instruments in God's hands, to be used or thrown aside as He willed. The Indians having no name for God, the priests called Him "He who lives in the sky," or "The Great Chief of men."

The Fathers sat on logs round the wigwam fire and ate sagonite (*i.e.* Indian corn cooked with scraps of smoked fish which tasted like the paste used for papering walls, and salt.) They brought cumbrous sacred pictures, ornaments, and vestments all the way from Ottawa, but none of the commonest necessities of life.

The few wax candles were for the altar. They read by the blaze of the fire, their eyes suffering much from the wood smoke. They cultivated a patch of ground, but only to raise wheat for the sacramental bread. Four or five drops of wine served at each Eucharist. "To convert savages," they said, "it does not need so much science as *goodness* and virtue *très solide*. The four elements of the apostolic man are affability, humility, patience, and a generous charity. Too zealous zeal burns more than it warms, and spoils everything; it needs a great magnanimity and condescension to attract the savage little by little. They do not understand our theology, but they *do* understand perfectly well our humility and our affability. Above all, it requires a sweetness unalterable, and a patience proof against everything."

Such was the spirit which animated these holy men, who laboured amid deadliest perils.

One wrote, "Should it cost me a thousand lives, if only I could assist in saving one single soul, I should be too happy, and my life very well employed. My consolation among the Hurons is that every time I confess and say mass, it is as if I were receiving the viaticum\* that day."

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\* The last sacrament to the dying.

Père Isaac Jogues penetrated from Lake Huron through the narrow straits into Lake Superior, and at Sault\* Ste. Marie preached the gospel to 2,000 Ojibbeways. Having been to Quebec for supplies, he was returning with twelve canoes up the Lac de S. Pierre, when suddenly from the dense rushes the awful war-whoop of the Iroquois sounded as they attacked the party. Père Jogues might have escaped, but when he saw the neophytes in the Indians' clutches, he could not desert them; mastering his agony, he came forward and baptized those who needed baptism. The Iroquois dragged him away and beat him senseless with their war-clubs; when he revived, tore away his nails with their teeth, and gnawed his fingers; but with his mangled hands he baptized a Huron.

After this he was driven on amid intolerable agonies, felled to the earth with blows, and, to increase the pain, his left thumb cut off by a clamshell. He and his companion were fastened to the ground with stones, the very children put live coals and red-hot ashes on their naked bleeding bodies; then they were led in triumph through three Mohawk towns, suffering in each a repetition of these cruelties. For fifteen minutes the Father hung by the wrists, so that his feet could not touch the ground; and was swooning from extreme torture when an Indian in pity cut him down. Some Huron prisoners being brought in, Père Jogues, forgetting his own anguish, took the opportunity to convert them. Discovering a few raindrops clinging to an ear of green corn which was brought him for food, with these he baptized them. Racked with suspense, and half dead with exhaustion, he lost no opportunity to baptize dying infants. His companion priest was murdered and his body flung into a torrent, where Jogues found it stripped and gnawed by dogs. In a voice broken by groans he chanted the office for the dead.

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\* *Sault*, i.e. Falls or Leap, now called "The Soo."

The Mohawks made him their slave, and in daily expectation of the tomahawk he accompanied them into the wintry forests, doing their bidding without a murmur, patiently bearing their abuse, and fetching their firewood like a squaw; *but*, when they mocked at his God and laughed at his devotions, he assumed an air and tone of stern authority and gravely rebuked them.

After incredible sufferings, he was ransomed by the Dutch and sent to France, where the queen, Anne of Austria, "kissed the mutilated hands of the slave of the Mohawks." His greatest sorrow was that his deformity debarred him of his chief consolation, celebrating mass; but the Pope, by special dispensation, restored this privilege and he returned to his work in Canada.

Another martyr, Père Bréboeuf, having exhorted his converts to patience, was scorched by the Indians, his lower lip cut away, and a red-hot iron thrust down his throat. They tied strips of bark smeared with pitch round his comrade's body, and burnt him before his eyes; then hung a collar round Bréboeuf's own neck, made of hatchets heated red-hot; but the indomitable Father stood like a rock. Next, they slowly poured boiling water over him, crying, "We baptize you that you may be happy in heaven." Yet he flinched not; so in rage they cut off strips of his flesh and devoured them. More revolting tortures followed. They scalped him, tore open his breast, drank his blood, and devoured his heart to give them courage.\*

Another martyr, Charles Garnier, who was the favourite son of a wealthy Parisian, used to walk forty to fifty miles in the hottest summer days to baptize dying Indians, when the country was infested by enemies; or

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\* A strange superstition! The Dyaks, in the Malayan Archipelago, will not eat venison lest it should make them weak and timid like the deer.

in the depths of winter through the lonely forests. He existed chiefly upon roots and acorns. French missionaries are still found in the loneliest spots, far away to the north; they follow the Indians in their wanderings and share their life; the Sisters nursing, with a never-wavering courage and devotion, sufferers from small-pox, when their nearest have fled from them.

All this, and much that I shall have to tell you about China and Japan, was such news to us (and to some of our fellow-passengers, who were themselves going out to heathen lands as missionaries), that it flashed upon us as a great and a glad surprise. We had heard much about the "Centenary of Foreign Missions," which was celebrated in 1887, but of all this marvellous work and apostolic devotion we knew nothing, although it had been going on for nearly two hundred years *before* the "Foreign Missions" originated! \* We were familiar with the names of David Brainerd and Eliot, who in the XVIIIth century toiled with great devotion among the Indians in the States, and we knew that Japan had been entered by missionaries in 1859, but we had erroneously thought that they were the *first* in the field.

In these days of larger sympathies and greater light, nothing will be gained by hiding the truth,† thinking thereby to enhance the superiority of one set of opinions, and therefore I have felt it right to withdraw the veil and give you, too, the privilege of seeing what others have done and suffered for Our Lord, with a sweetness of humility and a blotting out of self that is well-nigh unequalled, reminding one of Keble's lines—

\* Oft in Life's stillest shades reclining,  
In desolation unrepining,

Meek souls there are, who little dream  
Their daily strife an Angel's theme.  
Or that the rod they take so calm  
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm."

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\* Appendix IV.

† See Temples of the Orient (Preface).

It is undoubtedly owing to the gentle influence of these devoted Fathers that the Canadian Indians became by degrees less and less bloodthirsty, and gave no real trouble to later conquerors of Canada; and delightful is it to know that those fierce Iroquois proved most useful to the "H.B.C." in later years, as the best boatmen for the immense network of water-ways in their territory.

From Thunder Bay to Winnipeg is 600 miles, over lakes, swamps, rapids, and dense forests; and there Wolseley led his troops in 1869-70. The "Red River Expedition" was looked upon in those days as the wonder of the age, and Fort Garry in Rupert's Land, as the *Ultima Thule* of civilization. Wolseley had to convoy 1,200 men, with all their cannon and food supplies for three months; some twenty-seven times having actually to lift their canoes between lake and lake from Lake Superior, through the mazy intricacies of the "Lake of the Woods," and bear them across long portages to the Red River. It took the expedition ninety-five days to reach Fort Garry, and our train twenty-four hours. In 1886 the Canadian Pacific Railroad reached Winnipeg; and so the dream of ages was realized the North-West Passage found, but by land, not by sea.

From Rat Portage I have taken you a very long journey into the past ages, but in reality a few minutes brought us on to Keewatin, the station for the fairy-like "Lake of the Woods." I longed to jump out and pitch my tent on one of its innumerable islands. The lake measures 110 by 80 miles, and is said to have 10,000 islands, covered with heather and trees, which are invaluable for timber and the gold ore in their rocks. An enterprising Scotchman owns the lake, and out of the granite quarried on the spot built, at Keewatin, a "mammoth grain-elevator." In English this means a gigantic *lift*, which turns out daily 2,000 sacks of finest flour. It lifts the corn from the barges, weighs, and pours it into the railway waggon, untouched by human hands.



Many trucks we passed destined for the "Lake of the Woods" flouring mill.

This being the nearest point to the great rolling prairies, where rocks, trees, and fresh water are found, it is likely to become the watering-place of the future; and I can imagine no more charming "modern Venice" than those islands crowned with picturesque frame-houses, the only access being by canoe, or bridge from isle to islet. Much of the prairie water is alkaline, and its unpleasant medicinal effect often causes the beginning of intemperate habits. One can easily imagine how the prairie folk must long for pure fresh springs, instead of brackish water.

Here the lake water falls in magnificent cascades into the Winnipeg river.

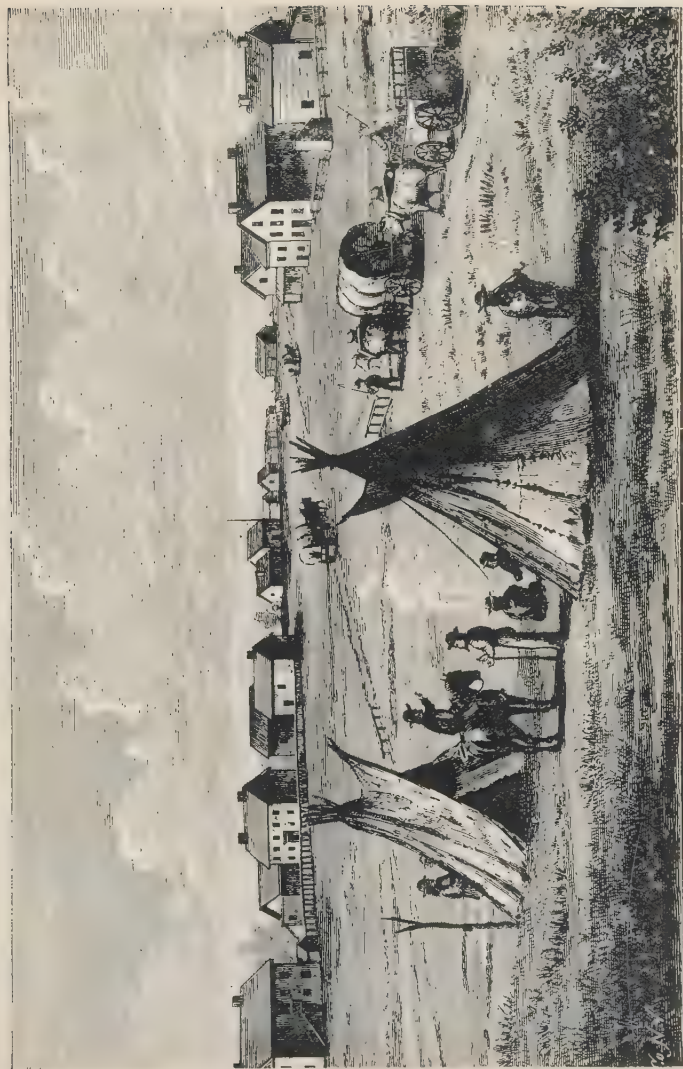
Gradually the country flattens out, the hills diminish, the trees decrease in number and stature, until even the scrubby brushwood disappears before we cross the broad, *sky-blue* "Red" River, close to Winnipeg, the "prairie city," the half-way station. As we were to spend three hours here, Sambo insisted on giving every lady, gentleman, and child a thorough good brushing, from their hats downwards, and did it as deftly as any lady's-maid. When F. declined, Sambo said, "*But for the honour of my car, sir, please!*" Was not that a comely spirit in a man whose colour was inky-black, to feel that the *credit of his car was at stake* if travel-stained, unkempt passengers should be seen emerging from it?

We drove in a "rock-away" to see the famous Fort Garry, which—"all that is left of it," a square bit of tower—is situated close to the union of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers. It is the principal post of the "H.B.C.,"\* and in the rebellion of the French half-breeds, in 1870, played a prominent part. ♪

Our driver said that when he came to Winnipeg, ten years ago, the road on which we drove was merely a trail across the prairies. It is now a very wide main street, whose side-walks are paved with

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\* "Here before Christ,"



WINNIPEG IN 1871.



wooden planks. The enormous number of telegraph, telephone, and electric-lighting wires is most striking, and must be an element of considerable danger in thunderstorms to that town of wooden shanties. But it is proposed to bury a large number of the wires underground. The City Hall is a splendid building, all four sides being equally fine. One of the chief features of Winnipeg is the number of "estate agents," whose signs hang out and block the view in true Chinese fashion. There are many Chinamen here.

Winnipeg is a specimen of the mushroom growth of the New World's cities. Twenty years ago there were a hundred inhabitants, and it was literally "the other end of nowhere" or the "back of beyond," simply a frontier trading-post.\* To-day it is five years old, and has a population of 30,000, with churches, schools, colleges, banks, and factories. There is a "Clarendon" and a "Queen's Hotel."

Steamboats ply on its rivers and lakes for thousands of miles, north, south, and west. It has twenty miles of *sidings*, crowded with cars, and ten railways radiate from it in every direction, like the spokes of a wheel. Electric tramcars whiz-past, although the roads are not yet made, but are deep in mud, like all the cities of the West. There are telephones to most houses.

The Hudson's Bay mail starts from here. The new railway will facilitate the route, *viâ* sea, for emigrants to the Far West, being 1500 miles nearer Liverpool than by New York. In winter the mails used to go on sledges, drawn by dogs, to stations north of Winnipeg twice a year, and even to outposts of the "H.B.C." on the Mackenzie River, 2,000 miles away.

Some years ago a gentleman told us that, in his distant post—somewhere near the Arctic circle—the mails only arriving once a year, he made a rule of steadily reading his English newspapers through day

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\* French missionaries penetrated here in 1618, and founded the present Mission of S. Boniface.

by day, from the beginning of the year, and never looking at the latest news—an almost incredible bit of self-restraint!

This capital of Manitoba is the centre for distributing immigrants to the farming districts, the gold, silver, and coal mines. The emigrants from our ship, who were conveyed in the colonists' cars, "stopped off" here to disperse to their new homes. Scandinavians and Germans prove the best settlers, being patient, law-abiding people, hard-working, and content to live on very little. They send home money to bring out the rest of their families. Two thousand Icelanders are settled at Winnipeg; the girls earning \$1.50 a day as "helps."

Last winter a number of successful Danes and Norwegians chartered a vessel to go back to Norway and spend Christmas in the old home. Scotch emigrants also succeed well. Of children, we were again and again assured, any number would be welcomed from eight years old, and even younger. The little ones attached to their new friends, weave themselves into the life of the country. Wherever twelve children can be assembled a free school can be demanded.

We grieved that we had not brought a supply of books for distribution, as the emigrants sent a message begging for the loan of "something to read" to beguile the tedium of the journey.

Till we saw the stupendous size of the Dominion we could not realize that "there is room for thousands upon thousands" and one feels proud to be a member of the magnificent, all-embracing British Empire.\* Every ship brings over hundreds, who are absorbed like raindrops in the ocean. It takes one's breath away to hear of the distances, to see those boundless plains, those immense rivers! "Seeing is believing" in this case; and no pen can give any idea of what that Unscaled Land is, which, with its inexhaustible

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\* See Appendix V.

riches, has only been opened up to Great Britain during the last twenty years, just when commercial difficulties, agricultural distress, strikes, failing harvests, bad climate, depressed land values, and the state of our over-populated million-peopled cities have caused the deepest perplexities to thinking, practical people.

Many people who emigrate in the steerage return in two or three years' time to Britain, to fetch their families, taking them first-class in the palace cars.

Old maps of the XVIIth century represent Central America as a vast inland sea, just as fifty years ago Central Africa was depicted in the maps as "The Great Desert;" instead of towns there were pictures of elephants.

A book was written by Major Butler so recently as 1870, under the title of "The Great Lone Land," and his map of that Lone Land is a picture of the very country lying between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, which we are now traversing, and which is rightly called the "Granary of the World;" 123,000 square miles.

Manitoba alone is larger than England and Wales; contains nine millions of acres, and yet is the *smallest* province of the Dominion, just *one square* on the chess board, as it were, and the prairie country contains not less than 300 millions of acres.

Barley is at its best *fifteen hundred* miles *north-west* of Winnipeg. Wheat and potatoes grown 600 miles north of the city took the prize medal at the Philadelphia Exhibition.

This autumn the harvest between it and Minneapolis could not be lifted for lack of human hands, and free transport was offered to all labourers, besides \$2.50 a day, or 10s. 5d. of our money.

Twenty million bushels of wheat were exported from Manitoba this year, and about fifteen millions retained for Canadian consumption.

Not far from Winnipeg, on either side of the track, the horizon is lined with ricks, farmsteads being



surrounded by twenty to forty huge stacks. This autumn, when all European harvests failed, the crops were more abundant than in any previous year. They were still being gathered as we passed, and it would take all winter to thresh out the grain from the straw. The straw is actually burned! Much of the grain cannot be garnered for want of help, and the stacks were sprouting. In order to supplement this great lack, machines are bought for £40 to £50, which will plough, mow, reap, cut, and bind the sheaves.

I hope you will not find it "dry," my simply telling you the uncoloured facts. It sounds *incredible exaggeration*. We had heard of Americans "talking tall," but after seeing only a small piece of that immense continent we no longer wonder that their ideas are large. In Chicago buildings are sixteen and even twenty-four stories high.

It is related that a Yankee was afraid to go out at nights in England for fear he should step over-board!

Sambo remarked of a returned colonist who was in the "sleeper," "He has grown *so high* he takes no notice of me," and it just explained the state of affairs.

The people think no more of a dollar than we do of a shilling, money is so plentiful.

Harvests can be reaped for twenty years without any artificial aid. The manure is all thrown away, for it would only spoil the virgin soil that lies three, four, usually nine to ten, and even up to twenty feet in depth. It is full of the phosphates required for raising the finest wheat in the world, and is the kind our gardeners most prize—"vegetable mould"—of the dark, almost black, colour of the richest wedding-cakes. It is a curious fact that there are no earth-worms on the prairies.

Nature having already cleared these vast prairies, man has only to run a plough through them and sow the seed. The very small rainfall in Manitoba just suits the cultivation of wheat. The only diffi-

culty is the lack of labourers, and the high wages they demand. This gives rise to fears that wheat from India will carry the day in the European markets, for her teeming millions of coolies are content to work for two, three, or four cents a day (finding their own food); and not unlikely, as in an old-world case, "the kingdom may be taken from" the grasping, discontented white man, and "given to those worthier" ones, *i.e.* the patient, toiling, contented coloured races of Asia and Africa. I firmly believe their turn is at hand.

To working men with families, who are able and willing to work, there seems no grander opening than this Dominion, where Government grants 160 acres to the settler, and a similar quantity to each son who is of age.\*

The prairies can be compared to nothing less than the ocean, a vast illimitable expanse. To be "lost on the prairies" is very easy, for trails and tracks are most difficult to find. The Indian trail is known by the marks of the tent poles. Ox-waggons are called "prairie schooners," and the drivers steer by the stars, as mariners did in olden times; for the prairies are practically as trackless as the sea, although thriving towns and villages are springing up. In summer the infinite space looks like a great rolling ocean, with billows of lovely grasses growing five feet high, and filled with sweetest flowers—roses, asters, larkspurs, a perfect glory of sunflowers (from whose seeds Indian women make their hair-oil), anemones,

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\* CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.—According to a Reuter telegram from Ottawa, the report of the Canadian Minister of the Interior shows a decrease in the immigration returns of one-third during last year. In his report the Minister says:— "It is unfortunate that our fellow-countrymen in Great Britain and Ireland do not realize that by the comparative neglect of Canada as a field for emigration in recent years they are allowing the choicer lands of the Crown to fall into the hands of Scandinavians, Germans, Belgians, French, and people of other European nationalities." May, 1895.

gentians, golden-rods, etc. In winter imagine what the expanse of snow must be! Before the dawn of history the ocean covered this space now occupied by the prairies. Icebergs carried fragments of the Laurentian rocks in Canada across to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

At the stations are gigantic water-tanks, in appearance like gasometers; huge furnaces reaching halfway up keep the water required for the locomotives from freezing; above is a light iron structure with flail-like wheels resembling huge sunflowers. Then come wooden fences to prevent snowdrifts forming on the line during the blizzards. The train does not pass through the most productive parts.

It seemed impossible to limit the amount of the hay crops, and one could dimly imagine the millions of cattle that might be pastured there.

At Portage la Prairie another railway line strikes off towards the great North-West. Up this line Dr. Barnardo has a farm of ten square miles, on which rough lads from his Labour Home in Stepney are trained as farmers. You will remember seeing these rough-looking cowboys at the Royal Albert Hall Festival last June. We were interested to hear that this farm supplies the dining-cars with butter.

At Brandon we again lost an hour, and changed to "mountain time." On the platform, a Salvation Army meeting was being held. In this district a Salvationist woman built a log-cabin with her own hands.

On that *fourth* evening the sunrise-like tints in the east were most remarkable; it seemed as though the prairie were on fire, or it might be the Aurora Borealis. More and more lurid the sky became, and at length the moon arose, the "hunter's moon." We understood the wherefore of its Indian name, the "Night Sun;" at the same time the great blaze of glory had not died away in the western horizon of that "Land of the Sunset."

The Rockies are still a thousand miles ahead.

On and on and on we speed, "rolling along the track," here and there seeing a lonely cabin with its glow-worm spark of light—on and on and on—ever, ever west, chasing the sun. In the morning light still nothing visible but the pathless prairie; for 200 miles not even a bush breaks the distance. We can now grasp the need for all the wood the saw-mills can supply. The transparent, *luisant* atmosphere mellowed the "land of far distances;" the light, invigorating air was so tonic, so exhilarating, we were not travelling, but flying on the "wings of the morning." Now and again a shanty with V.R. and the Imperial Crown indicated a post-office, and we noted cabins with such pretentious names as "Stanley House" and "Monarch Hotel."

Here and there a coyote\* skulked exactly like those in the picture books! The prairie chickens rose anon; large buzzards hovered overhead; then the funny little gophers† perching inquisitively beside their holes, which, with the badger burrows, make riding a little dangerous for horses. The gophers' cities extend for twenty or thirty miles.

During the *fifth* night we passed, in the province of Assiniboia, Bell Farm, which embraces *a hundred square miles*. The furrows on it being four miles long, to plough one out and another returning is half a day's work for a man and a team. Then comes Qu'Appelle,‡ the site of an Anglican bishopric and Indian mission. Near Moosejaw, the watercourses are discernible by the alder bushes. On we fly across the yellow prairies which surround the turquoise lakelets like golden settings. This part is called the "Regina Plain," and Regina is a flourishing city, with a lieutenant-governor who rules over the provinces of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca.§

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\* The grey prairie wolf.

† Prairie dogs.

‡ "Who Calls?" from the echoes of its lakes.

§ 431,000 square miles.

Immense tracts of hay are destroyed by the prairie fires, *just for lack* of sheep and cattle to consume it. The salt lying round the edge of the lakes like snow is good for cattle.

Alongside the line are empty preserved-meat tins, linking the present with the past.

This was the ancient home of the buffaloes of which Catlin's and Ballantyne's books for boys tell such exciting tales. It is sad to see the huge skulls of these noble beasts whitening on the plains, and the immense stacks of their bones at the stations awaiting exportation as manure, to the sugar refineries, and to turn into phosphorus for matches.

At Swift Current we passed three stacks, many feet wide and high, of skulls, bones, and teeth; then large hollows, called "buffalo wallows," moist places where the shaggy beasts rolled for coolness in hot weather. Several of these were filled with snow and ice. The buffaloes have been hunted to extinction; in fact, there was once a wholesale massacre of six millions. Near Swift Current we saw Indians *en voyage*; the brave in front, riding on a pony dragging his tent poles, squaw and family following in a kind of gipsy-van. Then their encampments—pretty white lodges with a bunch of poles protruding from the top through a hole which serves as chimney and window; and a number of ponies. At the depôts, squaws crouched, with knees up to their ears, selling buffalo horns mounted as hat-racks; and the scarlet-coated N.W. Mounted police boarded the train in search of whisky.

As far as the eye reaches the track continues perfectly level, the rails laid on large wooden beams. From the names of the next stations you will guess the character of the country round us: Bush Lake, Swift Current, Goose Lake, Antelope, Gull Lake, Cypress, Side Wood, Crane Lake, Maple Creek; for here streams recommence and groves of timber. "Forres" and "Dunmore" tell of Highland settlers.

While the dining-car was "hitching" on, I stood outside on a little platform over the buffers, glad to escape from the 80° temperature of our car to enjoy the delicious breeze, and the pleasure of a near view of two Indian women, one dressed in a navy blue blanket, with a red-skinned papoose on her back, dark footless stockings (like the wild Irish in Connemara), and a girl in a brilliant many-coloured blanket. Both had long straight black hair and flat heads, and wore silver bangles. The wind was so strong it blew my *coiffure* down. Luckily it grows, or it must have disappeared!

*Friday.*—Medicine Hat was reached at 18.45 o'clock (6.45), just at dark, and as the engine had to coal,\* we alighted for half an hour. Several fine stalwart Indians quite startled us in the gloaming, by marching past in single file so stealthily we could not hear a footfall, they glided by like shadows. Their blankets gave them the appearance of Roman soldiers. Under the wall stood a silent, motionless group, offering for sale buffalo horns, war-clubs, and tomahawks, but never speaking. A little English girl asked, "May I stroke them?" evidently thinking they were some strange animals!

At most of the C.P.R. stations, a large black bear is chained up, and we heard of a tiny cub for sale for a sovereign.

The name Medicine Hat is derived from an old battle between the Crees and Blackfoots, when the medicine man's hat was lost and . . . But we were in the middle of hearing the tradition when the cathedral bell of the engine began tolling, and the "All aboard!" sounded, so I can't tell you what happened.

But the people at Medicine Hat anxiously came to our train to see if a new doctor had arrived, and were disappointed to find that the only one on board

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\* Coal underlies the plains in this district.



was not destined for them. There are always two doctors at Medicine Hat, on account of the prevalence of typhoid fever.

After this we crossed the Saskatchewan, or "Rapid-flowing River," which flows for 1,300 miles from its glacier-cradle down to Lake Winnipeg. For several hundred miles steamboats ply upon it.

The "fertile belt of the Saskatchewan" embraces 65,000 square miles, of which forty-five millions of acres are richest soil. Its riches are practically inexhaustible, and as yet almost untouched. The bishopric of Saskatchewan and Calgary embraces 300,000 square miles. The Great Bear, the Pole-star, and the evening star shone brilliantly, "brightening all the Pole,"\* and from time to time jets of natural gas flared up.

During the night we passed Calgary, the metropolis of Alberta, and 3,000 miles south of the northernmost H.B.C. fort. This is the centre of the ranching district; between it and Lethbridge, the horses, sheep, and cows are numbered by millions. We heard of one gentleman who owns three ranches, each containing 20,000 acres.

This is the home of the "cowboy."

Numbers of young fellows who fail to pass "exams," in England and will not *work*, fancy it is "awfully jolly" to come out and lead a life like Buffalo Bill's cowboys in the Wild West. They imagine it consists in hunting, shooting, and fishing, sport in general, galloping around all day long on Indian ponies in particular. "Work?" "Yes, they are willing to work." "Eight hours a day?" "Well, perhaps." "What do you say to working fourteen hours?" for there is no eight hours' movement on the prairies."

First of all the cabin must be built, and next comes the everyday programme. To rise about 4.30, light the fire, prepare breakfast, go round and fodder

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\* Homer.

the horses, after breakfast put the house in order; (if two young men dwell together, then they divide the work). There is wood to be split and chopped; clothes to wash, darn, and mend; food to cook, bread to make; to ride around and tend the stock in daylight hours, and then the long, lonely evenings. Salt pork from barrels is the staple food, with potatoes. Bread is generally baked on Sunday to last four days; something else fills its place till next Sunday. A real cowboy told me this, and said he would thankfully take £100 to live in the old country, though he is a brave fellow who does his duty manfully where his lot has fallen. He wished that English boys knew the reality of cowboy life, and would believe it, and put their hearts and minds into the preparations for exams, and the daily duties at home, with half the zeal they are willing to expend in doing grooms' and herdsmen's work out West; they could then easily make their way and earn sufficient to live as gentlemen in their own land, instead of having to serve and make companions of people infinitely below them in social position and education. How strongly he urged that all boys, from the age of twelve, should be taught carpentry and farriery thoroughly, serving an apprenticeship in their holidays to an experienced workman! "For," he said, "they never can know to what shifts they will be put. Sewing, cooking, bootmaking, all most valuable to be learned. *It is easy to leave off, but hardship to begin* in a strange land." The princes of the German imperial family all learn a trade. How important it is as a part of education the lives of Chinese Gordon, Bishop Steere, Mackay of Uganda, all show.

We heard of a Kensington lady who, on the prairies, had to work for her husband and twenty men, doing the sewing, washing, ironing, cooking, etc. No help is to be had at any price. An untrained, prettily dressed English bride alighted from our car at a desolate wayside station for her new home eighty

miles off, to whom these facts came as a revelation—a rude awakening.

Canadian girls are brought up to be useful. They receive a splendid education at school, and at home a thorough training in housekeeping. When *they* go to the Wild West it is no hardship to rough it.

A Nova Scotian lady related her own experience of a mother's strictness in allowing no pleasure until the homely duty was performed, adding, "I didn't think so then, but I see the beauty of it now!" In Canada, if the cook falls ill or walks off in a huff, the family is not "thrown on its beam ends," for all the girls know how to fill her place; and so they rise above, and are independent of, disagreeable circumstances. An officer told us that, owing to his love and practical knowledge of carpentry, he had made all the furniture required in his colonial home, and when he was ordered off to other quarters, it was sold at a handsome profit.

A case came to our knowledge where (in an emergency) the little daughter of twelve had to bathe and dress the few days' old baby sister. So efficiently did she manage that her mother wisely entrusted her with money to supply its wardrobe, etc., and gave her entire charge of the infant. That girl's training proved of utmost value to her in the foreign lands where her lot was cast, in rearing her own large family. It is pleasant to add that the baby grew up equally useful.

Our cowboy friend said that the truest kindness an English father can do his son when he starts West, is to allow him no spending money, but make him work under a practical man, until, by his own economy, he has saved enough to buy a farm and gained sufficient experience to manage it. "To buy a farm *without the experience* means Ruin."

Another point upon which he spoke most emphatically was, that whatever a young man does in England, out West he *must* make up his mind to

forswear *drink* in any form or quantity, and never to touch a card; and this not upon religious grounds, but as a common prudential safeguard.

At daybreak on *Saturday* we reached the foot of



Old time ox-waggon crossing the prairies.

the Rockies, which only a few years ago it took six weeks to reach by "express," or three months in the cumbersome old ox-waggon.

The "Rocky Mountains," the "Kingdom of the West Wind," the "Bridge of the World," the "Mountains of the Setting Sun," such have been their various titles. They were discovered in 1742, by the French Chevalier de la Verandreye.

Indian tradition says that the "Shining Mountains" were thrown up in order to drain off the water after the Deluge, and that on the other side lie the glorious shores of Paradise. They have an amusing legend about the Creation. "In the beginning the Great Hare was on a raft surrounded by animals; no land could be seen. Anxious to create the world, the Great Hare asked the beaver to dive for mud, but the adventurous diver floated to the top, fainting. The otter also tried and failed. The musk rat then offered himself for the perilous task. After remaining a day and a night beneath the water, he reappeared, floating on his back, to all appearance dead, with his paws fast closed. On opening them a grain of sand was found in one, and of this the Great Hare made the world."

Some say that the tortoise offered his back as the foundation for the sand to be laid upon.\*

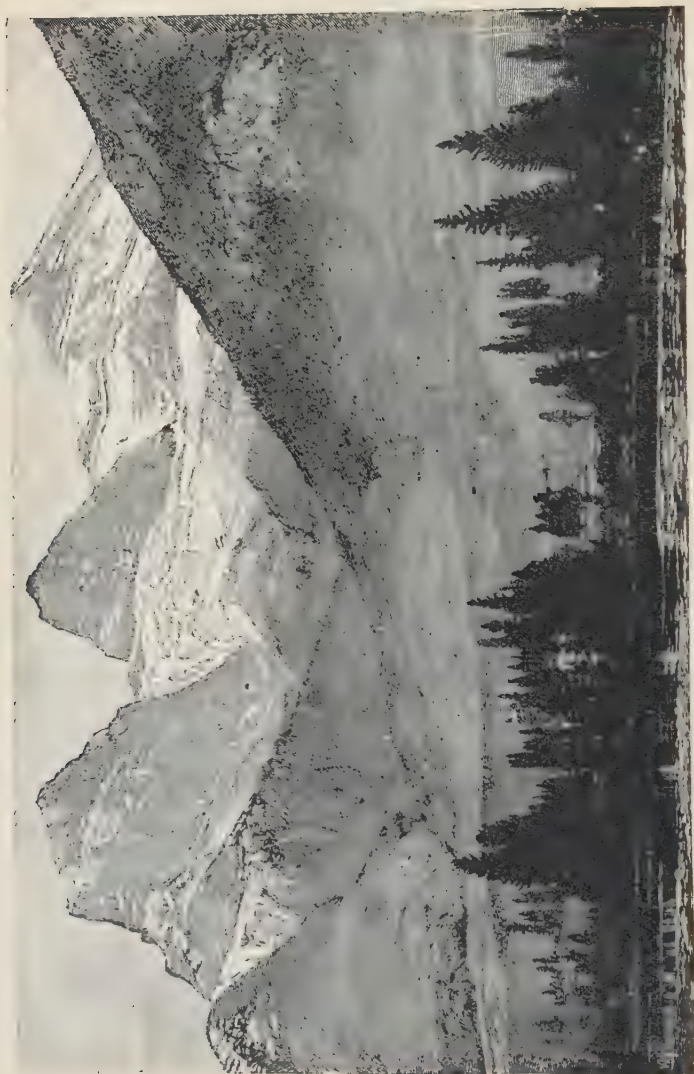
The "castellated mountains" dawned upon us in the grey morning light amid the mists. Their towers and pinnacles, and exquisitely tender colourings of grey and blue, red, green, and yellow, form the limestone, sandstone, and shale strata, and precipices 5,000 feet sheer down, were very imposing. Then the huge moraines projecting far beyond the hills, which show how busily "Madam How has worked with her ice-plough."† One is awestruck at the first sight of those giants, at the awful silence in these solitudes, broken only by the rush of cataracts and the roar of our own train. How one longed to tarry and listen to the story of those hills!

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\* Japanese emblem of longevity:—a stork standing on a tortoise. † Charles Kingsley.







"AWE-STUCK AT THE FIRST SIGHT OF THOSE GIANTS!"

Banff Hot Springs is passed, a very lovely place, with beautiful excursions round, one of which is to Lake Louise, where the glaciers are indescribably grand—"finer than anything in Switzerland."

The rain cleared off ere reaching the summit of the pass, 5,296 feet high, the mountains towering 3,000 to 4,000 feet above that. A large signboard, with stand and letters formed of trunks in log-cabin style, and the words "The Great Divide," looks so like an hotel or shop advertisement, so out of place *there!*\* It means that this is the top of the great watershed which divides the continent into the Atlantic and the Pacific slopes. The Rockies are the *backbone* of North America, as the Andes are of South America; they extend 5,000 miles from the Arctic circle to Mexico. Just fancy being drawn and pushed up to the top of the Rockies by two mighty engines!

Close by there is a clear, quiet lakelet, another of those wonderful "small beginnings" which one loves to trace out in their grand developments. It sends forth two streams. One, the "Kicking Horse," flows down the Pacific slope, and joins the Columbia river; the other becomes the Saskatchewan, whose waters find their way into Hudson's Bay, near the Polar Sea. "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full," said the wise man.

From Hector we descend through the narrow precipitous gorge of the Kicking Horse Pass, † beside its yawning chasms, while the river plunges madly far below, till it broadens out into the beautiful Wapta Lake. Our descent is to the base of a stupendous mountain, from which a glacier of shining green ice, 800 feet thick, hangs directly overhead. On the face

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\* The "Dog Mail" used to travel by the network of waterways across this portage before the C.P.R. came.

† In 1857 this pass was declared by the Government Surveyor to be "impassable even for horses, and *the time for ever gone by* to effect a communication through British Columbia with the "Pacific Ocean!" (cf. pp. 76, 287).

of Mount Stephen a giddy little tramway, high in clouds, runs to the silver mines.

Now we notice the dampness of the Pacific slope from the rank vegetation and luxuriant mosses clinging to the rocks and to the gigantic trees.

Breakfast at Field amid the resinous perfume of the pines is perfectly delicious. We sign our names in the visitors' book (for the benefit of future friends passing this way), and then get into the "observation car" for the sake of better views. The snow-fields are just entrancing in their dazzling whiteness, and the effect of the mists rising from the valleys and nestling to the sides of the mountains ethereal. A solemn calm, hush, and all-pervading stillness.

We never saw anything like these mighty rock-terraces—broad ledges on which the snow lies thickly, where it finds no resting-place on the steep faces of the frowning cliffs. We enjoyed watching the polished rocks and the gradually retreating shrinking glaciers, also, tracing "the tree-line" from the thin border-line (not far above us, and) just below the everlasting snow, gradually increasing and developing till the trees unite in one vast sea of verdure, from all sides descending or ascending till they melt into a dense billowy green ocean, embosoming the mountains and hiding the naked rocks their tops crowned with snow and ice, their feet bathed by a silvery river. Glaciers clung to the towering peaks on every side, the hill-sides were riddled by avalanche tracks; while we swung round the curves at a terrific pace, our engine looked like a fiery serpent rushing us through endless chains of mountains, raising the echoes by its hoarse whistle, and leaving legacies of cloud-wreaths from its steam. Could Watt, the discoverer of steam power, and Stephenson, the originator of that toy-like "Puffing Billy" (in South Kensington Museum), but have seen this fiery monster, this iron high-road through the inaccessible wilderness to the Far East—how amazed they would have been! Oh, the omnipotence of "littles!"



NIGHTY ROCK TERRACES.



Then came the Otter-tail Mountains, stretching away and away in twenty-eight peaks to our left—marvellous, ever changing views, bewildering one by their sublime beauty; one bit of which scenery one would come miles to see, and here every inch for hundreds of miles surpassed imagination.

And thrilling above all and through all came the overwhelming truth, “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.”—“His hands prepared the dry land;” the song of Moses, “Before ever the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and sea were made, Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end;” the Creed of the Church Catholic—“I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth!” “A *faithful* Creator.”

The Wapta is joined by the Beaver-foot river, near the mountains of the same name, to the south-east, and then we plunge into the narrow cañon excavated by the Wapta, crossing and recrossing the river on the narrow ledges of rocks, which rise perpendicularly for thousands of feet, almost shutting out the sunlight. The desolation was intense; no sign of life, man or beast or bird—only one solitary “whisky jack.” At Palliser we noted a large hut plastered all over, and thickly banked with mud—this was to store dynamite safely for blasting purposes.

One Indian tribe call themselves the “People of the Beaver,” and believe that the rapids and cataracts on the river were caused by dams made by their “great ancestor the father of all the beavers.”

At “Golden,” where there are gold mines, we emerge into sunlight, and follow the course of the Columbia river, between the Rockies and a new range of superb mountains—the Selkirks.

A lake in the district is called the “Bears’ Paddling Lake.” Bears come down to drink, and in trying to cross the river one was seen nearly drowned. The Columbia river is a beautiful opalesque colour. The Selkirks were bathed in a deep plum-coloured bloom,



owing to the darkness of the spruces mantling their sides. I lost count after forty-five to fifty peaks. The fact is there are mountains packed behind mountains, chains and ranges crowding upon each other; for British Columbia is *a sea of mountains*, and we cross four ranges, viz. the Rockies, Selkirks, Cascades, and Golden. A gruesome sight was a little graveyard containing half a dozen graves. It had no outside walls, but each tomb was surrounded by a high palisade to keep off wolves and bears.

Some Indians in British Columbia cremate their dead; others leave them unburied, covered with a blanket, and surrounded by all their property, which is never touched.\* Some tie them in a box and hang it on a tree, with the scalps they have taken, the canoe, skin of their horse, gun, blanket, and food to serve them in the happy hunting grounds whither they have gone.

Some useful cures were mentioned—Take a match to remove a cinder from the eye; to gargle is better for thirst than drinking; again, to paint the eyes in a half-inch circle with a charred stick is a protection against snow-blindness.

The Selkirk range, clothed with dense forests, is a magnificent panorama—a fellow-traveller said it was "the Himalayas in miniature." † Ahead are dazzling vistas of snow-clad Rockies as far as the eye penetrates. This is a splendid country for all kinds of sport. At Donald a notice-board announces that we are 2,445 miles from Montreal, and 458½ miles from Vancouver; also that "two girls are wanted at the hotel—wages \$20 to \$25 a month" (£5 to £6). Time again recedes one hour and becomes "Pacific."

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\* Except by white men. A tribe in the Malayan Archipelago place their dead with all their treasures in a boat, and send it out to sea; should any dare to touch it he is at once killed.

† The Himalayas are more than twice as high, ranging from 18,000 to 29,000 ft., and are more covered with snow, stretching in a semicircle of 500 miles to far Thibet.





BRITISH COLUMBIA PINES.

Crossing the Columbia we go through a deep narrow gorge, formed by the Selkirks and Rockies crowding down together and forcing the river between them, and enter the Selkirks by "the Gate of the Beaver river." The Beaver is pea-green, from the glacier mud it brings down, boiling, eddying, surging, foaming, tumbling, and bounding at last impetuously, like the waves of a sea, in its frantic haste to join the Columbia river.

We went out on the platform of the last car at this point, Sambo thoughtfully providing a camp-stool, and for 138 miles rode at the back of the train amidst the most wondrous scenery imaginable. We enjoyed it through and through, and never expect to live out such another day! Every turn brought some fresh unthought-of development of beauty. As the train slowly climbed the mountain side, the shining Beaver wound ever further below us like a silver thread amidst the dense primeval forest. Blue smoke curled now and then from some unseen wigwam. Again the decimated forests, with charred hollow trunks, strewn the hillsides like spilled matches, the work of forest-fires kindled by engine-sparks, signal-fires, or the lightning, which is severe in the mountains. Picture, if you can, the colossal cypresses, cedars, and Douglas firs,\* the enormous roots of uprooted giants, trees hoary with dense fringes of grey lichens. One by one snow-peaks appear, and gradually unveiling, reveal their superb beauty. Magnificent trestle-bridges† span the roaring torrents, which are fed from the ocean of ice above. A spot beyond Cedar Creek so impressed

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\* So called from a Scotch horticulturist, and measuring from 150 to 300 feet, by ten to forty feet, which furnish masts and spars to the largest vessels. A specimen is in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, (533 years old) on which the principal events in English history during its life are inscribed. It was 140 when Columbus discovered America. A flagstaff at Kew is aged 250 years.

† One containing 1,500,000 feet of timber.

the navvies with its loveliness, that they named it "The Surprise."

"Rolling along the track," we turn up Bear Creek, and cross over Stoney Creek on "the highest bridge in this world," at the dizzy height of 296 feet. Each bridge has immense barrels filled with water, a pail suspended on a log of wood over each, and hose running all along, ready for fire. A watchman guards the ends, and patrols the bridge after every train. Chinese navvies are busy, their pigtails wound round their heads while working. Their tents are of double thickness. But for Chinese labour, it would have been difficult to build or work the railway. They make the best workmen, are clean, orderly, patient, diligent people, content to work for low wages, and live on rice and vegetables. "*Can do*," is the Chinaman's motto.\* The root of the American grudge against them appears to be that they spend no money in America, but save all they can earn to take back to China, leaving, however, their good works behind them in the solid shape of buildings, roads, and railways.

Then we run through forty-two snow-sheds of varying sizes. There is an outside track for summer use; in winter the train passes through sheds specially contrived, with guiding shoots and barricades, to break the descent of the avalanches. These tunnels are made of massive cedar-beams, dove-tailed and most ingeniously bolted and fitted into the rocky mountain-side, in such wise as to bid defiance to the Snow-king.

The way narrows, leaving barely room to pass between two glorious Titans—Mount Macdonald (which rises perpendicularly one and a quarter mile sheer into the air above us) and the cathedral-spired Hermit Mountain. Still further on is an unmistakable pyramid,

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\* Our "King" comes from the old word *Könning*; i.e. the man who *can do*, or "the Able-man."—CARLYLE.







“AN OCEAN OF SILVER ICE.”

called "Kheops." We feel, after seeing this stupendous pyramid of Nature, that the "Kheops" of man in Egypt will pale.

Now we cross Rogers' Pass, 4,275ft. in altitude. Previous to its discovery by Major Rogers in 1883, no human foot had penetrated it. The silence of these vast solitudes can be *felt*.

After Selkirk summit, the train suddenly descends swiftly at an alarming rate, rushes outside the one-mile shed overlooking the Illicilliwaet Valley, and pulls up opposite the great Glacier of the Selkirks. The majesty of this ocean of silver ice is inconceivable. S. John must have had one such in mind when he wrote about "the great White throne." The Mer de Glace from which this flows is 300 square miles.

At Glacier House we were supposed to stay fifty minutes, but suddenly the cry rang out, "*All aboard!*" The train glided off as we were struggling up into the cars, and almost left us behind. There was no warning bell or whistle. It was the *last* train across with the mails; if we missed it we should have to wait a month at Vancouver for the next steamer to Japan!

Down dashed our fire-horse, curving and doubling by the "Loops," along the Illicilliwaet ("Rushing Water"). Grizzly and cinnamon bears live on these slopes, revelling in the delicious cranberries and raspberries that abound amid the undergrowth of rhododendrons and London pride. Bears' forelegs being shorter than their hind, they escape pursuit by turning somersaults downhill and rolling themselves into a ball.

In descending we enjoy matchless views of the huge pyramids. They play hide-and-seek, appearing and disappearing. Sometimes four are visible at once, sometimes only one; but long after we have given up all hope of seeing him again, Sir Donald\* looms out,

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\* Called after Sir Donald Smith, who first laboured for the H.B.C. as a clerk for seventeen years in the wilds of Labrador—the present Lord Strathcona.

growing more and more majestic as we recede, and, like a gigantic snow sentinel, fills up the head of the valley. Glaciers abound, but finally the twin mountain Mackenzie (united by an immense snow-field lying between its shoulders) and a beautiful peak, "Clachnacoodin,"\* wind up the mountain labyrinth just after we emerge from the Albert Cañon,† where the river eddies 300 feet below, narrowed into a channel of 20 feet. This cañon is very marvellous; the surging, turbulent water scoops and cleaves and excavates its own way through rocky cliffs and frowning precipices, the train running along a mere shelf above it.

Nature's three great excavators, *i.e.* navigators or navvies, are Fire, Water, and Ice. These great rivers cannot overflow the steep gorges when swollen by the melting snow, so they must either ascend the hillside or deepen their own channels. This is how they quarry out the rocks.

In winter six or eight locomotives are employed to drive the huge snow-ploughs. The engines are wrapped in heavy sackcloth, to preserve the "engineer," *i.e.* driver, from the cold.

Bears bury themselves under the snow, leaving only a small invisible breathing-hole.

The surging cascades are unlike anything in Europe. The volumes of water bring down large trees and boulders, which form a deadlock at the bottom of the waterfalls.

And now in the afternoon light the foliage is so lovely; the browns—rusty-brown, golden-brown, bronze—the reds and yellows of every shade, touched by the Frost-king's wand, who, Midas-like, turns trees, ferns, and mosses into gold; in friendly rivalry of the quartz stones streaked with *real* gold. Then, reluctantly, we returned *inside* the car.

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\* After the great washing stone at Inverness, N.B.

† Pronounced *canyon*, *i.e.* a mountain gorge.

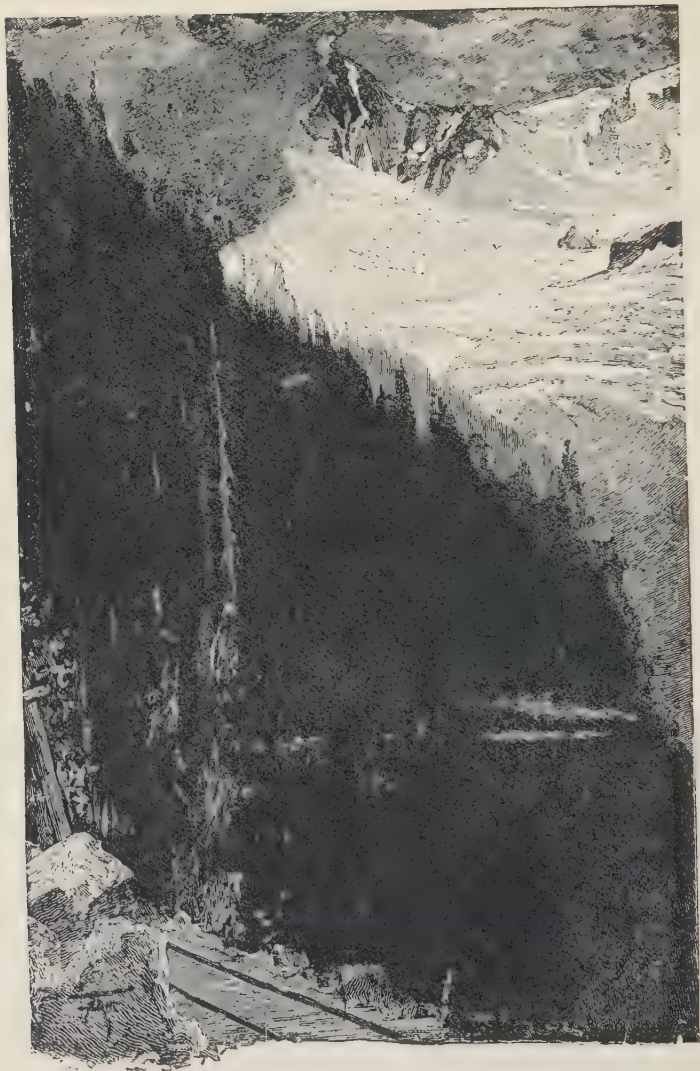


"A GIGANTIC SNOW SENTINEL."









SKIRTING GIDDY PRECIPICES.

One of these practical Canadians kindly explained to me the mysteries of home-dyeing with forest leaves and mosses. She said, "It is very simply done, and very effective. If you never have to do it yourself, you can tell some one else who is obliged to do it."\*

Our sixth and last night *on* the train.

By the light of the moon we plunge into another sea of mountains, first the Gold Range, then into the heart of the Cascade Range, through the cañon of the Thompson river, with its terrific chasms and dark fir-girt precipices. Weird and eerie it is to look down through the moon shadows into the depths of that turbulent river, and by the light of our gigantic lamp see the winding track skirting the extreme edge. Very slowly and cautiously the engine creeps over bridges watched by sentinels.

Never had I seen the mountains in the moon so distinct (11,000 feet high). The heavens quivered with millions of living jewelled lamps, apparently within touch—

"Showers of jewels—

Rejoicing in their flamelets seemed the heavens."†

It was beautiful to think of their grand choral harmonies as they revolve round the Sun—

"For ever singing, as they shine,  
The hand that made us is Divine."‡

Golden-belted Orion with his club strode across the heavens, as a giant warrior about to set foot on the mountain-top, "watched for ever" by the Great Bear § —

"Whose stars are never wet in ocean." \*\*

Dawn revealed the wild scenery of the cañon, where the Fraser and Thompson rivers unite. Chinese encampments were visible, where they sift gold from the silt, washed down by spring floods from the

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\* See Appendix VI. † Dante. ‡ Addison. § Homer. \*\* Dante.

quartz rocks; and rock platforms with Indians spearing salmon. After breakfasting at North Bend, where one sees a huge Indian idol, rough-hewn from a trunk and rudely painted, we entered the cañon of the Fraser. The Fraser, having collected 800 miles of water, has broadened out into over a quarter of a mile. At the cañon this vast volume pours through a chasm fifty yards wide, as if the enormous cliff-walls had been violently rent asunder, and burst open by the escaping waters. The depth is nearly 500 feet.

At Yale, splendid apples were presented to us, with an apology that they were not as large as usual. They measured fifteen and a half by thirteen inches, the size of an infant's head!

Just a century ago, a Scotchman, having crossed the Mackenzie river (which bears his name, and of which the first English bishop was consecrated in December, 1891), explored through the Rocky Mountains *viâ* the north bend of the Fraser, right on to the Pacific Ocean, leaving this inscription upon a rock at Dean Inlet, written in vermilion and grease—"Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, July 22, 1793." He crossed the continent in a canoe manned by Indians. There, oddly enough, he met the re-discoverer\* of Vancouver Island, Vancouver, who was one of Captain Cook's sailors (1778). Another Scotchman, Fraser, traced the whole of its thousand-mile course in a canoe in 1806, and gave the river its name. A lady told me that it takes her husband nine to ten months to come round in his sailing vessel from Halifax, *viâ* Cape Horn, to Vancouver, and before the C.P.R. was opened, it occupied the same time to come across from Montreal by land. But New Worlders think nothing of distances. I asked her, "Is your home near Halifax?" "Oh yes! *quite close!* About a hundred miles. It takes me seventeen hours by sea." And we met many Americans

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\* Juan de Fuca was the first, 1592.



"A SURGING CASCADE."



who spoke (just as if it were an everyday occurrence) of having crossed the Atlantic twenty, thirty, and even more times!

Canadians value our common ivy immensely, and cultivate it as a greenhouse plant; little Robin Redbreast and Westminster Abbey seem the chief objects of interest to Americans when they visit the "old country."

Across the Fraser river, we could see the trail along which, in the "gold fever days," thousands passed to the sandy bars to search for the golden grains, which the river brings down from mountains 400 miles away. Though some were successful and "made their pile," hundreds lost health and everything in the wild race for wealth. But through these miners British Columbia was opened up, its mountain ranges pierced and made known to the world. *They* laughed at the difficulties which caused others to despair. "B.C." (formerly New Caledonia), previous to 1858, was known only to the Indians and Hudson's Bay fur-traders. Explorers, surveyors, sportsmen, farmers, followed in the track, but the miners were, as Seneca said, "the best pioneers," the advance guard of civilization.

Crossing the Fraser on a long bridge, we observed cranes and the water crammed full of salmon, large numbers of which lay dead along the shores. Trying to ascend the falls higher up, the strong current swept them back on to the sharp rocks and killed them. The river here flows through well-wooded plains to which the spurs of the Cascade Range descend, and is immensely broad and smooth. Sinking to rest like a tired child after a wild storm of passions, it is the image of perfect peace, reflecting the rainbow-tinted foliage as in a mirror.

Far in the distance, seventy miles away in the United States, the magnificent snow-clad Mount Baker rises 13,000 feet above sea level, (one thousand feet higher than the Peak of Teneriffe). The mainland



of British Columbia, or the Pacific Province, is about 700 miles long by 500 broad, with a superficial area of from 330,000 to 350,000 square miles.

Lord Dufferin, when Governor-General of Canada, described the coast-line as being unparalleled.\*

A more magnificent outlet for our fishing population could not be imagined than the whole coast-line of British Columbia. Burrard Inlet is land-locked, and accessible at all times to vessels of all sizes.

Numberless varieties of fish swarm in the rivers and lakes—at least five species of salmon, besides sturgeon and trout; herrings in such teeming myriads a boat can hardly row through; oolachans, or candle-fish. Big game for sportsmen—grizzly, black, and brown bears, panthers, lynx, elk, deer, etc.—abounds.

The climate is like Devonshire, the Japan Current's influence extending far into the interior.

The exports of British Columbia exceed her imports, although she is only five years old.

Whilst education is provided for all, high schools are formed in any city on the successful passing of a limited number of pupils at the entrance examination. The city bears one-third of the cost, the Government the rest.

The root and grain crops give a fabulous yield of bushels to the acre; turnips, *e.g.*, reach 40 lbs. in weight. There are inexhaustible supplies of iron and coal; while lead, copper, silver, gold, platinum, besides other valuable ores, are plentiful.

The limitless forests having been locked up for centuries are now available. Only five years ago Vancouver consisted of a few huts in a primeval forest. The rails for the C.P.R. had to be brought round from London by sea, a voyage of seven months. *Now* trains laden with the teas and silks of China and Japan, and the tinned salmon from the Columbian

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\* See Appendix VII.





"SEVENTY MILES AWAY."

rivers, are going in such numbers, that a second line of railway is essential to compass the traffic *via* the Crow's Nest Pass.

With real regret we drew near to Vancouver, where the white *Empress* lay awaiting us in the Burrard Inlet, having crossed that immense New World from east to west in six days, and arrived at our destination "*on time*," i.e. "punctual to a minute," or rather seven minutes *before* the advertised time, 13.30 p.m.; and within an hour the ship weighed anchor, and we had to start without three pieces of baggage, notwithstanding the check system! Crowds of Chinese were



Off in search of Nippon!"

shouldering the baggage and mail-bags; the cries "Any more for the shore?" and "Haul the gangway ashore" rang out, whilst pig-tailed China boys rushed about furiously beating gongs, to strike terror into the evil spirits before putting to sea; the "siren" whistled in an excruciating, unearthly manner; the inlet looked its calmest—most "pacific;" and we were off in search of Nippon, the "place where the sun

comes from," 4,330 miles away! The last shore sight was typical of these *fin-de-siècle* days—as the cables were slipped a little girl on the quay unstrapped a Kodak from her shoulders and photographed the *Empress of India*.

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NOTE.—As the experiences in the next chapter may terrify some timid travellers, it is only fair to add that a Chinese missionary who followed us three weeks after assured us that during the whole voyage the Pacific was like a mill-pond!

### III.

## THE OCEAN OF GREAT PEACE.

"The frog in the well knows not the great ocean."  
*Japanese Proverb.*

"ARE you going around—*clear* round?" asked a cheery American passenger; and taking a fancy to the expression, we made a note of it, and of another like unto it—"planet-pilgrims," which sounds ever so much better than "globe-trotters," for those who "circumnavigate this planet!"

Then came a whisper that "Pacific" was a misnomer—the ocean should have been called "the *Terrific*;" and we laughed and hoped that it was a malicious joke meant to frighten us, for were we not steaming along for four hours continuously to Vancouver Island in the calmest of lake-water? But it proved "ower-true," as later on the stewardess accurately described that treacherous sea as having "such a *kick* in it." The name "Pacific," or "Ocean of Great Peace," was given by Magellan, the first circumnavigator in 1520, who, after sixteen months of storm in his voyage round the world, came through the Straits of Patagonia and discovered this ocean.

In those placid waters we saw an immense whale, which looked like an inverted boat performing a somersault. Said a foreigner to me, "I hear a vale vos seen taking his valk near Vancouver." It sounded quaint, but some weeks later we read in Charles Dar-



win's life that whales *did* walk in the olden time, and that the remains of legs (the hip, knee-joint, and some muscles) are still to be found tucked away under their skins, proving that the whale was once a shore-loving animal, but, becoming more aquatic in its habits, its hind-legs, like the many toes on the horse, disappeared. In like manner teeth in the embryo of the whalebone whale, evidence that in the remote past whales had teeth.

A French historian, M. Michelet, paid this high tribute to the whale's service to civilization: "Who opened to men the great distant navigation? who revealed the ocean and marked out its zones and its liquid highways? who discovered the secrets of the globe? *The whale and the whaler.* It was the whale that emancipated fishermen and led them afar. It led them onward and onward still until they found it, after having almost unconsciously passed from one world to the other."

Victoria was reached at nightfall. Every one speaks of it as a delightful spot. Here we "mailed" our last home letters.

We had twenty-two missionaries on board, and 320 Chinese labourers returning with their "pile," besides a Chinese corpse or two, which had been boiled down, or mummified.

Contractors have to pay £10 capitation tax for every Chinaman who lands in British Columbia, and undertake to ship all who die back to China.

On the *Empress*, most of the crew and all the stewards are Chinese. The latter are especially good. So clean, quiet, respectful, and thoroughly honest. Everywhere we heard the same character of the Chinese—a sober, hard-working, frugal, industrious, reliable people; hated by saloon-keepers because they are sober, and by the lazy whites, whom they prevent from earning exorbitant wages in return for a minimum of work. The Chinese work day and night, and are content to live upon a few cents.

A banker told us that such a thing as a defaulting Chinaman has never been known, and that men trusted with sums as large as £2,000 go into the interior of China to trade for two or three years, and never fail to return. They belong to a guild which pledges itself to pay back any deficits.

However old they are, you call them "boys," and a China boy will keep one's state-room in as perfect order as any maid.

Their appearance is most solemn and dignified when waiting in their long blue blouses, square caps, and long pigtails, with roomy silk trousers tucked into their thick white-soled boots. They look altogether comical when these tails are curled round their heads for work, as a housemaid tucks up her skirt to scrub. If a "boy" wishes to insult his master, he waits upon him like this. The Chinese passengers keep in their bunks during the voyage; a most curious sight to see them all packed in tiers! The rough weather prevented our going down to see them. The first fine day the Chinese steerage was fumigated with sulphur, in order to compel them to turn out into the fresh air; and we watched them playing cards and dominoes, cooking food, and eating with chopsticks on their deck.

On one occasion some quarrelled, and they flew at each other's faces with their long nails like tiger-cats. A sailor said that the Chinese grow their nails on purpose to tear each other's faces in fight; but this is not so. Long nails are considered a sign of good birth, and so prized that nail-shields are worn to preserve them.

We were shown a set of five silver shields, one for each finger; they were two inches long, and when on the hand looked like eagle's claws. Long nails indicate that their owner does no menial work; but if he is obliged to work, the little finger-nail is usually left long, to show that though he works it is from choice, not necessity.

When one asked the "boy" to bring some raisins, being unable to procure them he returned with figs, saying something not quite intelligible. Seeing this, he then pointed to the figs, exclaiming with delight, "*P-i-g-s!*"

Sealing is a great industry in these northern seas; in the Pacific Ocean the seal nurseries are on the Prybiloff Islands. In the Atlantic the young are born on inaccessible *icebergs* off the coast of Labrador; the mothers nurse the cubs during twelve hours, and for the next twelve hours leave them alone while they go fishing. Meanwhile the icebergs drift about\*—no one can tell in which direction they will float. But with unerring wisdom these 300,000 seal-mothers return to their 300,000 babies, often sixty miles away from the spot where they were left. *How?* no one can tell.

We passed a dead whale, and saw many albatrosses. On October 28, a splendid Aurora Borealis was observed.†

"To the doorways of the West Wind,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces  
Sinks the sun."LONGFELLOW.

On All Saints' Day we crossed the line of the 180th meridian, and here we *dropped a day*. This must be the point where the Far East and the Far West meet, where the sun sinks and rises, and where time begins.

"Who push'd his prows into the setting sun,  
And made West East."

TENNYSON.

You know the ancients thought that if only near enough one would hear a *fizz* as the sun sank into the ocean!

\* The "Wandering, or Clashing rocks" of Homer's "Odyssey" "which close on ships." A similar legend was known in Mexico.

† The same date as the great earthquake in Japan.

“Like a red and burning cinder  
From the hearth of the Great Spirit  
Fell into the western waters.”

LONGFELLOW.

Being Sunday, the commander arranged that we should take Monday as the *dies non*. Returning to America one gains a day at the same spot. Don't you think that this is a more important “line” than the equator?\*

Having described our experiences on the Atlantic so fully, I will not enter into details about the “roaring forties;” suffice it to say they were truly *appalling*. Day after day we were forced to remain in bed for safety; one lady spent her time writing farewell letters to those at home (it did not occur to her where they were to be posted!).

Hardly any passengers were about, and they got quite low-spirited and morbid for want of companionship. “Gale, half-gale, right through a cyclone, edge of typhoon,” such was our log almost the whole voyage, for we “met a travelling Typhoon!” Port-holes and skylights smashed, the lifeboats' stanchions broken, an iron door burst off its hinges, and the boat-swain's ribs stove in. Poor fellow! it was too rough to set them till we reached Japan.

Long heavy swells are a peculiarity of the Pacific, making deep valleys between the waves, which vary from 150 to 200 feet from crest to crest.

Humanly speaking, but for our magnificent ship we could never have weathered such wild storms.† The Chinese burn incense sticks, and scatter little paper-prayers to the gods of seas and storms. On our third Sunday, the captain read the Thanksgiving collect in the “Form for those at sea,” at an impressive service within the beautiful saloon. Most of the passengers gathered, and it was curious to see the Chi-

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\* Appendix VIII.

† The first steamship crossed the Pacific in 1836—the *Beaver*.

nese faces pressing against the windows all around us, to hear the singing.

Twice during this fortnight we ventured on deck, and with chairs tightly lashed by life-lines in long rows we managed to enjoy the breeze.

And what congratulations after the storms! what knitting up of severed friendships! Said my foreign friend, who had suffered to a ghastly degree, "Ven I even look at a *mar*-ine picture I am *seek*, ven it is vell done."

Being calmer, we had a concert, with recitations and thought-reading, to cheer us up on the last Saturday. That really delightful sea-song, "We all love Jack!" must be heard amid the sounds of rushing waves, as the huge steamer cleaves them asunder, to understand the charm of its swinging chorus, in which everybody joins;\* and the "God save the Queen!" which is never so heartily sung as at sea.

On this occasion we were first astonished by the excruciating sounds of Japanese singing, which convulsed the whole company.

In going round the world, ships take the northern circle, as it shortens the distance by 400 miles in crossing to Japan, and 700 miles to China, and so we found ourselves "*going north to find the south.*" We were within sight of the Aleutian Islands, and "close to Kamtschatka" (that is, about 300 miles off), and not far from Behring Sea; so the winds were bitterly cold. As Behring Straits allow very little ice to pass out, there are no icebergs in the Pacific.

Ships from 'Frisco take the southern circle *viâ* the Sandwich Islands to Japan, 1000 miles longer.

The temperature of the sea is taken every four hours, by drawing up some water in a bucket, to test the

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\* "For his heart is like the sea,  
Ever open, brave, and free,  
And the girls must lonely be  
Till the ship comes home!"

currents, and ascertain the presence of icebergs, fogs, etc. (In the Persian Gulf divers bring up *fresh* water from the springs in skin bottles.)

On November 7 the water was found to be 11° warmer than the air, showing that we were in the "Japan Current," which flows from Formosa past the Bashu Islands, Eastern Japan, east of Siberia, into the Sea of Okhotsk; the main current bends south of the Aleutian Islands towards the American coast, and is called the "North Pacific Drift," while the lesser part flows into Behring's Sea. Numbers of Japanese junks have been drifted across by the Kuro Shiwo to America. Traces are found of this in Alaska, and it is surmised that the high state of civilization and the wonderful Sun temples, found by the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, are traceable to the same cause. This Current is recognized by its striking restless, vibrating movement, and increased temperature. Under a cloudy sky it is grey, but in sunshine it is a deep dark blue-black colour, whence its name, "Kuro Shiwo" ("black current"). It is the equivalent of the Gulf Stream on the Atlantic coasts, which emanates from the equatorial current; rising in the Gulf of Mexico, it flows round by the American coast up to Newfoundland, and away to Western Europe.

The "Observations" are taken by the captain on the bridge daily at noon, the course being marked on the chart, and the clock set; but for many days we had no sun by which to take observations. Here is a specimen of our ship's log—

OCTOBER 29, 1891.

|            |            |
|------------|------------|
| Latitude:  | 51°32' N.  |
| Longitude: | 155°32' W. |
| Course: N. | 86°39' W.  |
| Distance:  | 359 miles. |

On November 4 we only made 170 miles.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Note to New Edition*—Since we went "round" a



telephone has been established from Halifax to Vancouver; and a line of splendid steamers plies between Vancouver and Australia, *via* Honolulu and Fiji; thus bringing these important colonies into touch. Canada's summer is Australia's winter so, while they can profitably exchange apples, onions, butter, eggs, and potatoes at these seasons; Canada can give to Australia fish and lumber in return for her tropical fruits, wines, tobacco, and hides. Ere long, too, a Pacific cable will still more closely link these distant climes.

"It must be brought home to you that your trade is the world, and your life is the world, and not England," said CECIL RHODES, whose habit of "*thinking in Continents*" was derived from his continual contemplation of TABLE MOUNTAIN, and of the country lying beyond the WORLD'S VIEW in the Matopo Hills.

## IV.

### FAR EAST;

OR,

#### THE COUNTRY BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

"It is mental oxygen to look upon and breathe in a unique civilization like that of Japan."—GRIFFIS.

IN my last letters you read about the Sealed and Empty Land, which has been opened up so marvelously during the past quarter of a century to the English race. Across the tempestuous Pacific still more wonderful events, occurring during the same period, have revealed to the world at large not only a sealed land, but a Sealed People.

Nippon, the "Morning Land," or the "Empire of the Sunrise;" its monarch the Mikado, the "Child of Heaven;" Tennō, or son of the "Sun-goddess;" his badge, the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum, or sunflower; his dynasty, the oldest upon earth, reigning in unbroken line for over twenty-five centuries; and its people——? the quaintest, smallest, most cultured, amiable, gentle, polite, refined, clean, sunny-tempered, on the face of this earth.

Chinese civilization first entered Japan through the warrior-empress Jingō, who made a peaceful conquest of Korea, "the land of Morning calm," 660 years B.C. But the knowledge of Japan's existence did not reach Western ears until the close of the XIIIth century A.D., when, in 1295, as Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, stood on the shores of the Yellow

Sea, he was pointed eastwards, and told that at the sun-rising there lay a great island-kingdom, named Zipangu, whose people were highly civilized and fabulously wealthy, and had thrice bravely rolled back the tide of Tartar invasion. It was for the discovery of Zipangu that Columbus (and the other explorers of whom you lately heard) yearned to find the path across the western seas. Europeans firmly believed that Providence had hidden Zipangu from mortal eyes behind a veil of impenetrable cloud.

Ser Marco Polo wrote such a wonderfully interesting, and minutely accurate, history of his travels, that it became of inestimable value in stimulating others to geographical research. It led the Portuguese Vasco da Gama to discover the route to India round the Cape of Good Hope (1498), besides kindling the passion for discovery in the Italian Cristoforo Columbus. And his description of the fur traders in the Land of Darkness fired the English Prince Rupert with the scheme which resulted in the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company. Pinto also, who first heard of Zipangu in China, actually sailed to it in 1542, and was instrumental in introducing Christianity. When Pinto reached the coast in a junk the Japanese wrote in Chinese characters,\* on the sand, the question, "Wherefore dost thou come?" and a Chinese on board replied, "To trade with you." The descriptions he published were so marvellous that the stay-at-homes considered his name Mendez as synonymous for "*mendez*," a liar!

An English pilot from Gravesend, in the time of Shakespeare, found his way to Japan, and, though a prisoner, was treated in the most romantic way by the ruler, and made into a *samurai*, given great honours and a Japanese wife. He taught the Japanese

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\* To this day the two peoples can communicate by means of the Chinese characters, when they cannot understand each other's speech.

to make ships, and is now worshipped as a hero. Pilot Street, in Tōkio, is still called after Will Adams.

In 1624, under the usurping Shōgunate, all foreigners (except the Dutch and Chinese) were banished from Japan, and an edict promulgated, ordering the destruction of every ship larger than a junk, to prevent the Nipponese sailing on the open seas and coming in contact with other nations, whom they called the "foreign barbarians," just as the old Greeks designated all foreigners;\* much as the Egyptian Pharaoh called himself the "Sun of the Barbarians," and spoke of the millions of Asiatics "for whom God's face is not white;" and, as you remember, the Jews called all who were not of Israel "Sinners of the Gentiles," or *heathen*.

For 250 years the country remained sealed, during which period it was death for a Japanese to leave Japan or introduce foreign literature or customs; but at last, in the providence of God, *through the sperm whale*, the Morning Land was unveiled. In 1853 warships appeared in Yedo Bay, off a small fishing village (now Yokohama), and Commodore Perry delivered a letter from the President of the United States, demanding the release of some American *whalers*, and that Japan be thrown open to commerce, and announced that he would return next year for the reply. A curiously prophetic ballad had been sung up and down the country for a few years previous to the occurrence—

"Through a bleak sky of cloud and rain,  
The Black Ship ploughs her way,  
An alien thing of evil mien,  
Across the waters grey.

"Down in her hold there labour men,  
Of jet black visage dread,  
While, fair of face, stand by her guns  
Grim hundreds clad in red.

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\* See the opening words of Herodotus.

"With cheeks half hid in shaggy beards,  
Their glance fixed on the wave,  
They seek our Sun-land at the word  
Of captain, owlsh grave."

The Japanese thought that the Western barbarians had power to tame a volcano, and utilize its power in moving ships by steam.

One Sunday in the next year Perry returned with seven warships and anchored in Mississippi Bay, astonishing the natives by his peaceful demonstration. Divine service was held, and the Old Hundredth psalm rang out over the waters. Frightened by the American black ships, Japan at last opened her doors and permitted foreigners to settle in certain ports, *e.g.* Yokohama. Perry brought with him many valuable gifts, including a telegraph, a train for which a circular railroad was constructed, on which the miniature train rushed round at twenty miles an hour, to the intense delight of the Japanese, and a sewing machine.

Nine years later, the second Japanese embassy to Europe left in an English man-of-war, its object being to induce the Powers to consent to postpone the opening of other ports. In 1864 the embassy returned delighted with all they had seen. Some of them exclaimed, "Not the foreigners, but *we* are the barbarians!" This gave dire offence to the authorities, and they were dismissed from office. One daimiō urged that "as there were five great powerful continents, all the Japanese together could not drive out the foreigners!"

Civil war broke out, the Shōgunate was overthrown, and Mikado restored to the rights of his ancestral throne in 1868. In 1871 he showed himself to his subjects, having hitherto always been invisible and considered as a divine being; but not until 1891 did he appear in public with the Empress. Japanese time dates from his accession, Meiji, the era of enlightened rule.

In 1876 all edicts against Christianity were revoked,

and Sunday adopted as the official holiday, instead of the fifth day. Schools were opened; railways, telegraphs, and electric lighting introduced; the army, navy, and postal service re-organized; vaccination made compulsory, and the coast encircled by light-houses. Embassies and consulates were established in Europe and America; a constitution was given to the country, an Imperial Diet opened in 1890 (answering to our Houses of Parliament). Fourteen of its three hundred members are Christians, and out of three names submitted to the Emperor as Speaker of the House of Commons, he selected the one at the head of the list, who is a Presbyterian.

To this strange land we drew near, full of expectation, one lovely Sunday morning. The sun seemed long in rising, as we watched the golden clouds around his birthplace. On our right arose the white cliffs of Nippon, crowned with green forests or emerald rice-fields, which reminded us strangely of old England's southern coasts. Between us and the land there were quaint boats, *sampans* filled with yellow-tinted fishermen, naked but for short blue tunics and kerchiefs round their brows, who stood aft to scull their boats. Further along, the horizon was covered by a lovely cloud of—

“Snow-white wings

Pointed up to heaven, fanning the air with eternal pinions,”\*

which proved to be the square white puckered sails of the junks. F. thought that Isaiah's words, “Ho, to the land shadowing with wings!”† might apply to this land of Sunrise. As we passed they kept on the other side of the Current, which showed very distinctly, flowing like a dark river between us.

Arrived off Yokohama, we landed in a steam launch. As we gazed our farewells on the gallant ship, and marked the damage wrought on her by the cruel

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\* Dante. † Septuagint version, “sails.”



storms, an American remarked, "Why, she is quite a boat!" and proceeded to tell how little she had ever expected to see dry land again, and that when things were at the worst, she "just thought of her hired servant John, working quietly around at home, and wished that she were John!" The Custom House was at the end of the wharf, and during the baggage examination we had abundant time to look about us. All was so strange, so unlike anything we had ever imagined. First, the men crouching upon their heels; next, women and children, the exact facsimiles of those on the fans and porcelain, each bearing a burden on their back in the form of a placid, contented, moon-faced, almond-eyed baby; then the coolies, trundling immense American trunks as easily as bandboxes, piling them upon light trollies to the number of twelve and fourteen, and finally drawing them off single-handed. As each passenger was "through," he or she mounted into the queerest possible carriage. Picture something between an enlarged perambulator, a diminutive hansom, and an etherealized bath chair, and you have a "jinricksha," or "man-power" carriage.\* A real "pull-man car," to which a bare-legged brown man harnesses himself, and rushes off like the wind, whisking round corners, through crowds without collisions, seemingly quite indifferent to the weight, whether it be a young lady or a stout old gentleman; the only apparent difference is that Europeans have a "'ricksha" apiece, and the natives ride two and even three at a time; their vegetarian diet being supposed to make them lighter than the carnivorous occidentals.

One fairly screams with laughter to see them racing in long lines, for in Japan "'rickshas," people, cattle, and horses all go in Indian file, and are rarely seen abreast.

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\* Invented by an American sailor who was on Commodore Perry's ship, and introduced at the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

Our turn came to be whirled off with our trunks. The first sign to attract our attention was that of a *tattooer* to the young Princes of Wales. Yokohama Station is a fine building, and two things struck us — the book-stall, with its supply of handkerchiefs, towels, and hats for travellers' needs; and next the waiting-room table, on which no less than *twenty files* of Japanese and English newspapers were lying; a great advance on European stations. Having to wait a considerable time for a train, we were interested in scanning these over, and reading about the great earthquake which had recently occurred in the south of the empire. You will like to read the description from a Japanese paper under date October 30, 1891:—

“The most mournful and horrible informations reached us with reference to the earthquakes. The Naniwa Spinning Mills were nearly broken into pieces; fourteen lives being *pressed to death*, and twenty-five wounded. In Ogaki fifty houses were brought down, and in Nagoya city 9,495 houses were crushed down, 2,560 persons hurt, and 1,018 souls departed, and in Gifu and Ogaki almost all houses were shook down, then took fire, and numberless people perished. Thousands being left homeless, calling for help!”

This earthquake is the severest since 1854; ten thousand people perished, and the accounts are very terrible of their intense sufferings and shattered homes. The shocks continued for weeks. Fearful sounds were heard in the sea, and the roaring boom of cannon, or prolonged thunder, underground, unaccompanied by shaking. Hot springs became unbearably hot and ejected boiling mud. Hills were depressed, and valleys cast up; huge fissures opened in the earth, and people were swallowed up alive. Fires broke out, pursuing the fugitives even up the hillsides, and, in their anguish, they threw their dead into the flames. Notices were fixed to the houses, stating how many had been crushed to death within. Three hundred were at a temple in the early morning, for a harvest thanksgiving service (*matsuri*); the roof fell in, and not one escaped; 4,000 feet subsided on the side of

the great mountain Fuji-yama. A new lake was formed, 3,000 feet in size, and, strange to say, a *tai* fish was caught in its fresh waters.\*

This earthquake is believed to have originated in the Pacific Ocean (*terrific?*). Japan is a new country and has not yet cooled down. All its hills and mountains are volcanic formations; no remains are found of the Glacial or Ice age.

Dusk prevented our seeing much of the landscape between Yokohama and Tōkio; the train ran through rice-fields, and the straw sheaves presented an odd appearance strung along fences, on hedge-tops, and up the trunks of trees! The names of the stations are in Japanese and English. At Tōkio the clatter of innumerable clogs as the passengers alighted and trotted along the platforms seemed the most curious half-musical noise we had ever heard. Every one wore spotless white socks, *tabi* (foot-mittens), coming above the ankle, digitated like pigeons' feet. Four toes go into one division, the great toe or "foot-thumb" having a place to itself. Between these a string passes to secure the wooden clog, which is supported on two rests (sometimes adorned with tinkling bells), and adds from one to three inches to the stature of the diminutive people, whom the Chinese call the "Dwarf Nation," and some Westerns have aptly christened "the *diamond* edition of humanity," whose average height is five feet.† It is ludicrous to watch the Celestials stalking about in sky-blue raiment, with pig-tails reaching to their heels, and an air of vast superiority to the little Japs, just like

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\* *Tai* (bream) is the choicest fish in Japan, always present at bridal feasts, etc. Its eyes are considered such a delicacy that the proverb runs: "The stepmother never gives the eye of a *tai* to her children!"

† A celebrated warrior was nicknamed "High Clogs" (*Kohéda*) by his companions, for from boyhood he wore unusually high clogs, the Japanese synonym for "riding a high horse" and arrogance.

Gulliver amongst the Lilliputs! Wise-looking Chinese clerks, wearing enormous horn-spectacles, are employed in all the banks, because of their extreme honesty. (They are also employed in our Indian Mint.)

Tōkio covers an area as large as London. Its streets are lighted with coloured Chinese lanterns; but electric light, trams, and omnibuses surprised us in the midst of the "other world" surroundings. One half the population was engaged in carrying the other half, either in "rickshas" or on their backs. "*Great fleas have lesser fleas upon their back, and so ad infinitum.*" It is said that one never laughs so much in one's life as in Japan, and I quite endorse it.

I never realized that the enormous empires of Japan and China (that is, the *half of Asia*,) are dependent for the illumination of their darkness upon the paper Chinese lanterns we see at Cremer's toy-shop in Regent Street!

Reaching the Teikoku (Imperial) Hotel we found its lofty halls exquisitely decked with festoons of chrysanthemums and the flags of many nations, including "Union Jack" and "the Star-spangled banner," blending with the Japanese rising Sun, a huge red ball upon a white ground.\* The decorations had been left up for a week after a ball given by the Prime Minister in honour of the Mikado's birthday, and were perfectly fresh, being arranged in long bamboo-stems full of water, notched at intervals. I counted forty-five blooms the size of large oranges on one plant, but heard of some in the Mikado's garden covered with 328 and even 700 blooms, all differing in kind and colour, and of a jinricksha made entirely of immense *kiku* blossoms. It is impossible to describe the beauty of the chrysanthemums. There are some 200 varieties, and each florist has different specimens. They grow to an immense height, some almost touching the ceiling,

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\* "No longer a wafer upon a sealed empire," said Mr. Ito in 1872—now the Prince Bismarck of Japan.

and their circumference is very large. For some minutes before reaching a nursery garden we passed cart after cart laden with lovely plants, all drawn by coolies.

The garden (as small as an ordinary back-yard) was filled with plants having long paper labels attached, with their names in Japanese characters. These names are very picturesque, *e.g.* "Fisher's lantern." The buds were enveloped in paper, choice specimens being supported by a frame on which stood a ruff of paper, while others were protected by an overhanging paper bell.

The Japanese are great at gardening, and give such individual attention to each blossom that they obtain wonderful results.\* I asked if it were true that they help the buds of delicate flowers to open by gently fanning them, and was assured that they do so in the case of choice flowers. We chose several plants to send to England, and a few days later received an ark-shaped chest containing the roots securely packed in mud. The flowers were also brought to assure us that those we had selected were in the package; sometimes the entire plant is brought, and the flowers cut off in the purchaser's presence. Quite a number of poor peasants were gently touching and fondling the flowers.

No matter how humble the little home, it is brightened by a vase with at least one flower, or spray of autumn leaves. Their arrangement of flowers is always lovely, such harmonies of form and colour! There is no stiffness, for they try to imitate nature. Even in the shop-fronts flowers are visible in some corner, so that seller, goods, and flowers appear as though they were fixed up for a picture. A young girl was seen tending a vase of chrysanthemums in the midst of the desolating

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\* And perfection lies as much in the plant which produces but *one* enormous blossom as in that which counts its blooms by hundreds.

earthquake ruins; whence she came no one knew. And we passed a country lass coming into town with a bundle charmingly poised on her head, resting on a straw crown, and upon it a small branch of mandarin oranges as if to give an accent to the picture. The Japanese delight in dwarfing pine trees into odd fantastic shapes. We saw ancient trees, which (as they are centuries old) should have been monarchs of the forest, dwarfed into pots one could carry in one's hand.

It is marvellous what man can do if he has the mind for it. I examined a tree in process of development. Almost every twig was tied with fine thread, and "bent in the way it should go," illustrating forcibly the old saying, "Bend the twig and shape the tree." What infinite patience this must need! Believing that even leaves and flowers have souls,\* they train them according to their several idiosyncrasies. There were many sweet little plants, such as a single daisy, a bit of moss, or tiny fern, in pots no bigger than one's thumb. At Nikkō we saw a gigantic *Cryptomeria*, which Iyémidzu used to carry about in his palanquin over two hundred years ago.

At the Dangozaka Chrysanthemum Show a live bird was pointed out as the *original crane* (cranes are emblematic of Japan), as well as a realistic tiger, composed of chrysanthemums of all sizes, from "bachelor's buttons" upwards—his striped tail, which stood angrily on end, was formed of variously coloured twigs. Representations of various historical scenes, and tableaux of life-sized waxen-masked men and women, were formed of growing chrysanthemums trained over a bamboo frame.

Before our Gregorian calendar was adopted, the Japanese reckoned the seasons by the flowers. Their first month is called "*Spring-awakening*," because in

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\* Amongst the Indians of New Caledonia "Soul" means fragrance:—the breath of the flower.—*Max Müller*.



February not only Nature awakes, but outdoor games and festivals recommence. March is the "*Awakening of the Insects.*" Then come the Plum, Peach, and Wild Cherry; but the trees don't bear edible cherries, and are only cultivated for the sake of their blossoms.\* The entire population turns out to honour the flowers, and write poems, tying them to the branches.† Shakespeare says, "There is a man haunts the forest . . . ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind." § This habit of composing little poems is sometimes rather amusing. On one occasion, when the British minister's wife left for Europe, the Empress presented her with the versicle, "Why does the *grey goose* fly home to her brood?"

The Japanese term for picnic signifies "to go out and see the flowers;" and a proverb runs, "Flowers are better than dumplings."

Next the Wisteria: this flower grows to such perfection that its clusters often measure four feet long. After this the Iris. You may recollect that the Greeks gave this name to the rainbow; and when I saw a picture of a bed of Japanese irises, I felt how appropriate it was—such a *radiancy* of exquisite colours! *Ayamé*, or Iris, is a pretty girl's name.

The American Indians have a beautiful fancy that heaven exists for animals and flowers, as well as for mankind. Besides the Milky Way, which is the path for souls, \*\* there is a "Way of Dogs" in the sky, and—

\* "What is the spirit of Japan? It is as the scent of the wild cherry blossom in the dawn of the rising sun."

*Japanese Poem.*

† Japan is called the "Poem Land." Their equivalent for our "thereby hangs a tale" seems to be "thereto make a poem!" Poems are inscribed upon fans and umbrellas.

§ *As You Like It.*

\*\* Herakleides, a Greek, held that the Milky Way was the dwelling of *unborn* souls; So Wordsworth:



"In the eastern sky the rainbow.

'Tis the *heaven of flowers* you see there;  
All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and perish,  
Blossom in that heaven above us."

LONGFELLOW.

Iris was the messenger of the gods, and her emblem the rainbow. Buddhists expect a Pure Land of the West, called Amitâbha, a paradise of the loveliest gardens, flowers, and birds, where hunger and thirst are removed by pure, cold, tranquillizing, and nourishing waters, which flow over its golden sands. The pavements are precious stones, the pavilions jewelled; the trees sing in chorus. Does not that remind you of the old Latin hymn in its English dress—

"Jerusalem the golden  
When sunset's in the west,  
It seems thy golden portal,  
Thou city of the blest;"

and of the scenes described in the Revelation, which Bunyan's Pilgrim saw as he drew nigh to the City?

The Lotus month follows. All images of Amida, the great Buddha, rest upon a lotus-throne. It symbolizes perfect purity; for, though its roots are in the mud, its flowers, coming up at different heights in unsullied loveliness, represent the varying stages of the soul-life. With us the water-lily is a like emblem of Holy Baptism: "buried therein with Christ, and rising to newness of life." Then comes the Maple festival, when even "the harvest-moon turns red, because its maple trees are autumn-tinted." November is dedicated to the chrysanthemum, and in its honour (as well as in

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God Who is our home."

that of the cherry-blossom) the Empress gives a garden-party. Unfortunately, we arrived just a day too late for this. It is said that the Japanese do not care for red camellias, as their heads tumble off in a way that brings the old beheading days too painfully to mind.

The flower-seller's baskets are a perfect picture. From a "heavenly balance pole" across his shoulders a set of shelves is suspended, covered with plants, and to each of its four corner poles vases are attached made of a joint of bamboo, filled with water, branches and flowers. The lamp-seller, with his basket full of cheap modern lamps, is also quite a sight—a XIXth century edition of Aladdin. The huge blue crows seem as though they must indeed be Indian "Kah-gah-gees" ("king of ravens"). I never heard such sepulchral-toned caws.

Houses are chiefly one-storied. They differ utterly from all our ideas of architecture. Built of grey Quaker-coloured wood, their entire fronts open to the road, but are closed in at night by wooden shutters; or, in cold weather, by latticework covered with transparent rice-paper, which admits all necessary light; so there are no windows. Here and there panes of glass are used; often these are glazed, to give the effect of paper. Japanese "Peeping Toms" wet their fingers, dab them on the rice-paper, and apply their eyes to it, instead of their ears to the keyhole! Such tiny doll's-houses they are! One must stoop low in passing through a door, for fear of knocking one's head. Our coolies, whisking the 'rickshas round, laid the shafts down in the doorway of a bookseller's. One step, and we were inside the store. To our surprise, we found "Murray's Guide," which we vainly tried to obtain in London, being told that the "new edition would not be out till Christmas." Here it was in Japan! The mystery was soon unravelled. The book was written, printed, and published in Yokohama, and had not yet reached England.

Dining in a Japanese house, we wished greatly for the gift of shrinking which "Alice" possessed "in Wonderland." We felt so gigantic, so huge, so clumsy.\* Some Japanese ladies suggested that, being so tall and pale, we must find them very small and their colour strange? We assured them that, compared with other English people, we were of very medium height, but that our gracious Queen was much smaller than M. With quite a sigh of relief, one remarked, "Then it is no disgrace to be small!" F. said, "No, indeed! Our English proverb says that the best goods are packed in the smallest parcels." So they replied that that was a very nice proverb, and F. seemed always to know how to say the right thing! They made many interested enquiries about our children. On entering, we exchanged our shoes for sandals (as dirt must not be brought into the house), walked along a narrow passage to the steep, rail-less ladder staircase, and with difficulty succeeded in mounting, and at the same time keeping on our sandals. The houses consist of four corner-posts in a framework of wood, surmounted by a thatched roof. The rooms are shut off, or thrown into one large hall, simply by sliding along paper panels, which serve for walls. When these are thick (as in the best houses) it is a very comfortable plan, and superior to our hinged doors. The floors are covered with mats (*tatami*), delightfully soft to the tread, as they are laid over thick hay and fit quite closely. The size of a room is reckoned by the number of mats it holds. In an alcove there is a slightly raised shelf, with one flower-vase; on the wall above, a single *kakemono* hangs. This is a long scroll, on which is sketched either a picture, poem, or proverb, such as, "Buddha does not like to see you bad," or, "Human eyes look down from heaven: do nothing sinful;" and is changed according to the season, dress and all

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\* Europeans' fair hair and large arched noses terrify the children; cf. p. 153.

being arranged to harmonize. Large, thin, square velvet cushions are placed on the ground, and every one goes down "in sections, like a camel" (as an American remarked), first kneeling on their knees, then sitting back on their heels, which are crossed behind. At the door maidens with hands reaching to their knees, bow low, touching the ground with their foreheads, before advancing with the *hibachi* (a brazier or fire-box), to place beside each guest. Over its hot ashes (like an Italian *scaldino*) we warm our hands, or light the elegant tube-pipe. With equal ceremony the tiniest tables and dishes are brought in. While we eat the maids kneel in the centre, anticipating every want. A paper napkin is provided, and also a piece of paper in which to wrap any sweetmeats, or whatever one can't eat, and slip into the pocket of the wide *kimono*-sleeve, for the children at home. Two soups, plates of raw and cooked fish, vegetables, pickles, bamboo, seaweed, soy, most picturesquely arranged, the leg of a stuffed snipe poised in air surmounting the other delicacies. Stewed eels, rice, and soy is the favourite dish of Japanese gourmets. "*Saké*," a weak spirit made from rice, is served in narrow-necked blue-and-white china bottles and tiny cups. Oranges, persimmons, sugared maple-leaves conclude the banquet. We feel as if we were in the nursery, playing at a make-believe dinner-party. Instead of breakable plates and dishes, lacquer trays, or boxes, of many forms are used; and the porcelain cups hold just three birdlike sips of tea or *saké*. Everything looks so pretty, so dainty, ranged in a circle on the floor; for nothing is cleared away. The Japanese keep on pecking at all the different dishes. When we rise we fear to stand up, lest we should smash the fairylike arrangement. Of the food, let me say, it was lovely to look at, but impossible to swallow! The chopsticks were not so unmanageable as might be supposed; but the lowly posture became something akin to

torture before the banquet closed, and in pity they produced chairs for the foreign ladies, pieces of wood being nailed between the legs to prevent the fine matting being torn. The window looked out on to a miniature garden at the back, with stone lanterns.

After dinner singing and dancing-girls came in to amuse us. The music was very weird, the singing still more excruciating, accompanied by the twang-twang of a stringed *samisen*. But, the *geishas*, we think, ought to be exported to England to teach the "physical-culture classes." Their dancing is indescribably graceful, hardly moving from one spot; they manage their fans quite wonderfully, every movement is so full of grace. A few days later we were presented with a Japanese newspaper containing an account of this party.

We went twice to the theatre, leaving our sticks amid piles of clogs. All the parts are taken by men, as it is not considered right for women to act. We saw the prince of actors, Danjuro, who is called "the Henry Irving" of Japan. The play was a living picture of the days of old Japan, illustrating the manner of court-life, the courtships, battles, besides an Embassy in quaint Korean costumes bringing tribute to the Mikado. Very marvellous were the costumes, the rich brocades and gold embroideries being extremely handsome. We were amused to see that, no matter how angry the actors were, they were never surprised into springing to their feet, as we should do, but remained calmly squatting on their heels. On remarking this to a Japanese, he said that it resulted from the teaching of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, who advised people to *calm down when irritated*—to sit down and think over it.

Madame —— showed me a quaint bit of carved ivory representing a man caught in a wedge. As he cried for help, he unconsciously kept on hammering at the screw, and so made matters worse; the Japanese moral attached thereto being, "*Don't tighten*

*the screw, i.e. don't aggravate your condition by impatience.*" \*

The people make quite a business of the theatre. The play begins early in the morning, lasts till 11 p.m., and continues for a week. The matted floor is on a gentle slope; no chairs, but the space is chequered out into spaces like sheep-pens to hold four persons; on the dividing boards the attendants constantly trot with *hibachi*, pipes, refreshments, boxes full of steaming rice, and teapots with cups attached to the handles.

Between acts the children in the audience run about, play hide-and-seek under the curtain, at the imminent risk of setting the whole place on fire; for, though made of flimsiest cotton stamped with gaudy advertisements, it flutters to and fro within an ace of the footlights. The supernumeraries are exceedingly funny. Clothed in black, like "familiar" of the Inquisition, they present nothing to the audience but a sight of their heels, and most deftly creep on all fours in and out amongst the actors, remove the scenes and tidy up whilst remaining almost invisible.

One scene represented the condemned cell, which was of the flimsiest wood; the Japanese sense of honour apparently sufficing instead of iron bars and chains. Receiving a farewell visit from his wife and child, the prisoner, overwhelmed with grief, gave vent to the strangest cries, sobs came out with slate-pencil-like grates through the back of his throat and nose.† The tiny child wailed out "Papa," in a shrill treble voice, wiped each eye alternately with the long-sleeved *kimono* (I notice this is the mode in Japan, to silently weep and wipe), and clutched his father's *kimono* to

\* Another proverb runs, "Time and patience! With these even mulberry leaves will become satin." Again, "After victory tighten your helmet;" *Anglicè*, Don't whistle till you are out of the wood.

† When the Japs wish to be very civil and pleased, after a few words, they suck in their breath with a peculiar low whistle, say, "*Hai, hai*," and rub their knees up and down.







IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS ONLY ONE FUJI.

Page 93.

prevent their being parted. The men spectators were visibly affected, and frequently wiped their own eyes with paper handkerchiefs.

In another scene a mother with her little girl, was turned out-of-doors and left to starve. A cruel man roughly beat both with a broomstick, felling them to the ground. A tight cord bound the mother to a tree, but the child was free, and it was very pretty to watch her tender devotion in brushing off the snowflakes as they fell, and trying to hold up an umbrella over her mother. Being too small, she appeared much distressed; but, a bright thought striking her, she ran into a house close by for a stool, on which she stood, looking quite triumphant at her success, and held up the shade until, overcome by fatigue she fell fainting off her stool into the deep snow.

The snowstorm was very realistic, squares of torn paper being let fall from above. At each side of the stage sat the "chorus," singing and playing in a pretty little box, about the size of a Punchinello show. Danjuro rode on a large white horse made of *men* to the stage through the audience. He mounted it in Japanese style on the right side.

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The Imperial palace is surrounded by wide moats and high walls, made of enormous stones placed together without mortar. Fantastically twisted "pines of Japan" overhang the walls. Diminutive soldiers guard the entrance, looking exactly like tin soldiers mounted on toy horses.

The soldiers dress in a mixture of Prussian and French uniform. They are very brave, plucky fellows, and the Japanese nation has never been conquered. But I read in *Choya* \* that

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\* (A Japanese newspaper.) Beef at three halfpence a pound from Australia will supply this new demand now the new steamers run.

"One must eat beef and drink milk in order to make a strong body; vegetables, leaves, and salt are inefficient. The Japanese patriotism will not suffice for their weakness and small stature. The Western guns are too big, and the American horses too large for Japanese soldiers. The East Indians, though fighting desperately and determined to die for their country, were forced to surrender to the English, who were strong enough in body to combat even with demons."

One great reason for their small stature is that, owing to being constantly, in infancy, tucked on to an older child's back, and always kneeling on the floor, their lower limbs cannot develop. Both nerves and muscles shrink, so that their bodies are long, the extremities small, and legs often badly bowed. One wonders what spinal troubles this burden-bearing brings to the ever-patient, sweet-tempered little girls? As soon as they can walk a doll is strapped to their back, and when a little older a living baby mounts them pickaback, and rides all day long. I noticed a child staggering under the weight of another who could only have been the next in age younger, as its legs hung almost to the elder's heels. Another, knocked down in a crowd, could not rise under her burden, and when F. lifted her up, the poor little creature's eyes were full of tears. When Baby is restless, Sissie patiently moves from one foot to another, hushing him by a movement from her waist; when sleepy he closes his eyes, and, laying his fat little cheek against her shoulder, takes his nap. Should it be cold weather he is tucked inside her *kimono*, and a large wadded square is put like a cape on his back. A quilted pad tied on to the outside of his hands, fastened by a ribbon between the fingers, serves as a glove. The mothers carry the tiniest babies; grandpapa's services are sometimes in requisition, but seldom a father's or brother's. I rarely heard a baby cry, and never saw one with a baby-comforter, teething-pad, "bottle," or any such atrocity in its mouth to suck; yet they seem perfectly happy and content, allowing mother or sister to work around in the

house or field, while they cling on like young monkeys and need no attention. The sisters run about gaily, playing battledore, ball, or other games, and when nursed, Baby does not compel his mother to sit down, but is moved round and rides in front, while she walks about as usual.

The mother hoes the field, or sculls a boat with Baby strapped on, and one marvels that his neck is not dislocated by her sudden jerky movements. His dear bright little brown eyes take such intelligent interest in all that happens. To my mind a Jap baby is the most kissful of beings. It is dressed in a bright rainbow-coloured *kimono*, just the same shape as those of its parents. These clothes are made much too large, and being of good durable material, last for years, as it grows *into* them. Japanese children never wear white, it being the colour of mourning. Come rain or shine, Baby's little bald head has no cover or parasol to shade it from the sun's fierce rays. They say this is one cause of the prevailing ophthalmic disease in Japan; certainly the number of cross-eyed, squinting people is remarkable, and large numbers of children die from sun-stroke. Modern fashion introduces woollen birettas, such as Italian babies wear, knitted in the gaudiest Berlin wools. I saw one made in seven colours—yellow, peacock blue, rose, brown, scarlet, green, and violet. Under the chin a square coloured bib is tied. On Sundays children's cheeks are rouged. Babies' heads are shaved in many patterns—three tufts of hair, like a French poodle's; a single topknot tied with coloured paper; a half-moon fringe of hair turned either to the back or front; a circular hole in the centre, with the hair drooping all round. It struck me that this latter mode (which, being the most general, is probably the most popular) was taken from the beautiful Fuji-yama (the beloved sacred mountain of the Japanese), for the snow lies on it in exactly the same form. Metal tickets are attached to babies and little children in case of being lost.

Women's hair is arranged so elaborately that they can never do it themselves. One sees poor women coiffing each other, but ladies employ a hair-dresser twice or thrice a week, and sleep on a lacquered wood pillow (an elegant edition of a Kaffir pillow) to prevent ruffling it. The fantastic bows of hair are quite stiff and glossy with camellia-oil cosmetic, and fastened with artistic pins; a flower spray daintily fixed completes it. The older married women blacken their teeth, which gives their mouth an extremely ugly appearance; when they laugh it looks like a black, yawning chasm. Fortunately the custom is expiring.

Nothing annoys the Japanese more than to praise any of their old customs, most of which are infinitely preferable to those of New Japan. "Should you wish to flatter them, go into raptures over a tall smoky chimney." A Japanese arrayed in European attire is positively hideous. And yet in eight seconds you will count as many different kinds of hats surmounting and spoiling the effect of their own charming costume. The men are very fond of wearing billy-cock hats, wide-awakes, and deerstalkers; Inverness coats over their *kimonos*, and a Turkish bath towel tied round the neck in place of a comtorter. Parisian dresses make the ladies absolutely insignificant, whereas a woman in her own quiet dove or puce-coloured *kimono*, tied up with the rich beautiful broad-bowed satin "*obi*" (sash), has a dignity all her own, and looks perfectly bewitching. We were not sorry to hear that the craze for European clothes is dying out, and that Nagoya merchants who, three years ago (when the craze was at its height) laid in large stores from America, have been ruined, owing to the decreasing demand leaving the stock on their hands. Personally, we thought that Western ladies might do worse than adopt the simple hygienic, comfortable, durable, and most artistic dress of the Japanese.



On wet days the yellow, varnished paper umbrellas impart quite a cheerful aspect to the landscape, as though the sun were shining; they are very large and have the effect of a golden aureole encircling the head. Fans are carried as sunshades, and I noticed a man driving in a jinricksha holding up a pot-hat between himself and the sun, leaving his own head bare!

Very early hours are kept in Japan. The Emperor gives audience from 7 a.m. It is proposed that Parliament should meet at 10 a.m. instead of one p.m. At the hotels one can always obtain breakfast from seven, without ordering it overnight—most convenient for travellers. We were asked to see the Empress pass to open the Charity Hospital Bazaar at 9.30. The imperial landau (though surrounded by an escort of Lancers) was not half as grand as an English nobleman's coach. The Empress wore European dress. She takes the warmest interest in her subjects' welfare, visits the schools and hospitals, and presides over the Red Cross Association. The proceeds from this bazaar were, by her request, applied to the Earthquake Fund, instead of to the Charity Hospital, which she herself founded.

The ladies of the nobility held stalls. A few years ago this would not have been tolerated, for merchants (*heimi*) were looked down upon as a degraded class. Even to learn arithmetic, for a *samurai*, was counted disgraceful. Dear little children, accompanied by *amahs* in native dress, were buying toys; the girls wore gay *kimonos* down to their heels, but a tiny brother, in an Inverness coat and French cadet's gold-braided cap, looked a perfect little fright.

After this, we drove to the Shiba temples, the burial-places of the ancient *shogūns*, or Viceroy. They are situated in beautiful groves of fir trees, called *Cryptomeria*, and the peculiar green twilight in these woods is very lovely. Camellia trees grow thirty feet high, and of the same graceful shape as birches; their pink-and-white flowers resemble wild roses. The

temples, with immensely large wooden roofs, are an enlarged form of the primitive Japanese hut. Even the palaces follow the same pattern. Within the massive bronze doors are floors of red and black lacquer polished like glass, exquisitely fine soft matting, golden pillars, bronze tables, vases and incense-burners of priceless worth, but no altar or image is visible. In these temples the deceased eminent men are worshipped, for the Japanese are hero as well as ancestor worshippers. In Hiōgo, for example, the man who reclaimed the harbour from the sea is worshipped, while at the tombs of celebrated artists, aspiring students hang their paint-brushes!

*Kwankōbars* are made like a maze, and one wanders endlessly through the labyrinth of books, porcelain, toys, clothes, household utensils, pictures, screens, *etc.*, but finds no egress except by continuing right on to the end. There is a good bazaar at Uyeno Park, and others at Yokohama and Nagasaki; they are always worth visiting, for the goods being offered at "fixed prices" one is saved all troublesome bargaining in an unknown tongue. Every tradesman and school child has a *soroban* (a frame of beads such as we use in infant schools), which is their ready-reckoner. The Japanese count up to ten, and then say ten-one; ten-two, up to twenty, which is two-tens, two-tens-one, *etc.* To us this sounds slightly confusing. They have no notion of reckoning on their fingers; in France or Italy a peasant will instantly put up so many fingers to tell one the price, but only once could we make a Jap understand this method.

We next went to a Shintō temple. It contained an immense circular looking-glass, and one chair, on which the worshipper sits, contemplating himself and reviewing his life. The mirror reminds him that his heart is as visible to the god as his face is to himself. Over the entry hangs a rope with straw tassels and strips of paper, representing cloth-offerings to keep out evil spirits. All over the East, in ancient days,

people tore off bits of their clothing as a reminder to the gods of their prayers. Paper in these utilitarian days has taken its place. These ropes are put before all houses at the New Year. The entrance is through an immense archway of three wooden beams, called *torii*.<sup>\*</sup> Its appearance, like a double cross, recalls the words in the *Te Deum*: "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers." Some say it was the perch for the sacred fowls, who in olden days used to announce the dawn by crowing:

"This is the cock that crowed in the morn,  
And waked the priest all shaven and shorn."

Others say it means to "pass through" and "to dwell." The word is certainly not unlike our "door" and the German "*thür*," and I could never see one without thinking of our Lord Christ's words, "*I am the door.*" Close by the *torii* stands the *mitarashi*, a large cistern of water protected by a roof. Here the pilgrim washes his hands and rinses his mouth before praying, and hangs up a blue-and-white towel inscribed with his name and address as an offering. Prayer is not accepted from a dirty worshipper. This reminds one of the Greek "lustrations," the laver at the Jewish tabernacle, and the font in Christian churches. Have we not a proverb, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" and is not the converse equally true—"Dirt is next to the devil"? There are two enclosing fences which again resemble the curtains round the tabernacle, and the "wall" in the parable of the Good Shepherd.

In Scotland an ancient custom called "fencing the table" is still observed on Communion sabbaths.

An immense alm's-coffer, measuring four feet wide by four feet deep, stands at the foot of the staircase which ascends to the temple.

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\* Pronounced *toree*, see frontispiece.

It was touching to observe a very poor man and woman each throw in a copper coin (ten of which make a *sen*, equal to our halfpenny), reverently close their eyes, clap their hands before folding them in silent prayer, while they "stood afar off" for a few moments and then quietly walked away. It was our first sight of *heathen* worship. We thought of the publican commended by Our Lord, who dared not lift his eyes up to heaven, but "went down to his house justified rather than the other," and of that woman who, casting her two mites into the treasury, "cast in *more* than they all."

"This simple shepherd's prayer  
Came unto Allah's ears clearer than yours,  
Nathless his ignorance, because his heart—  
Not tongue, nor understanding—uttered it."\*

Near Kamakura we remarked a hill surmounted with a shrine, and covered with flagstaffs growing taller and taller, on which fluttered strips of paper prayers. The temples, too, are usually approached by long flights of steps, like Solomon's Temple or Jacob's ladder. We remember Mrs. Booth (of the Salvation Army) telling a congregation about a poor ignorant countryman, who, being very anxious about his spiritual condition, climbed a steep hill, and having heaped up a pile of stones, stood on them, and stretching himself to his full height, shouted at the top of his voice, "O God, hear me!" The speaker observed that, though we might smile at the man's ignorance in thinking he could thus get nearer to God, Himself hath said it is the heart He looks at.† How often, in England and on the Continent, one sees churches perched on hill-tops.‡ Many Japanese temples are built amid magnificent pine groves. We know that our Gothic cathedral aisles are a copy of the

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\* From "Pearls of the Faith."

† Cf. the exhortation in our Prayer-book: "Lift up your hearts."

‡ "Temples of the Orient." pp. 196-199. etc.

old German forests wherein our ancestors worshipped God, and I cannot help thinking there is some far-away link, some dim memory of that evergreen Tree of Life, which was lost in Eden, but is restored to man in the last verses of the Revelation.

The Shintōists, being nature-worshippers, have many gods. They deify the spirits existing in fire, air, water, stones. Fisherfolks pray to the North Star; as those at Naples to Mary, the old Egyptians to Hathor, Star of the Sea.\*

Their principal goddess is the sun, from whom Mikado is descended. The sun is the symbol of Light fighting with darkness; health *versus* corruption; and a promise was made to the Jews that the "Sun of Righteousness should arise with healing in His wings." When He came He said, "I am the Light of life." So that, although in the twilight, we feel sure these souls are groping and feeling after God; and that the dust and forgetfulness of centuries have gathered upon these memories of the promises once given to mankind.

"An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."†

Think we that the Father of spirits doth not hear? As Dr. George Macdonald expresses it, "You know it takes a long time for a child to know its mother. It takes everything as a matter of course, till suddenly one day it lifts up its eyes and knows that a Face is looking at it." Long before the Pentateuch was written, Job, the Arabian patriarch, said, "Though worms destroy my body yet shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and not a stranger."

"In all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
And in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,

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\* There is a similar church at Hastings used by fishers.

† Tennyson.

For the Good\* they comprehend **not**.  
 And the feeble hands and helpless,  
 Groping blindly in the darkness,  
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness,  
 And *are* lifted up and strengthened." †

Dr. S—— said: "When I was a little boy on the southern shores of Japan, very early in the morning I used to take a little bamboo pail on the end of a pole down to the sea, and fill it full of salt water. Then I would turn to the rising sun and say a prayer, and muttering prayers all the way home, I would sprinkle the salt water in the house to keep off evil spirits. In towns they sprinkle salt instead."

He also informed us that Japanese children look out for the hare in the moon, standing on his little hind legs and stirring Japanese rice-cakes. Some say it is the White Rabbit stirring the elixir of life. We had great fun in looking for the hare in the great golden moon, which shone down into Mikado's moat, and saw him distinctly; but our friend said it was very curious he could always see the hare when in Japan, but when he was in America, somehow it was the man in the moon! The Indians have this funny thought about it: little Hiawatha—

"Saw the moon rise from the water  
 Rippling, rounding from the water,  
 Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
 Whispered, 'What is that, Nokomis?'  
 And the good Nokomis answered:  
 'Once a warrior, very angry,  
 Seized his grandmother, and threw her  
 Up into the sky at midnight;  
 Right against the moon he threw her;  
 'Tis her body that you see there!'" †

The Japanese call the Milky Way the "Celestial River." To the teachings of Shintō we traced the singularly righteous lives and upright notions in Old Japan; also the unsullied sense of honour, and the

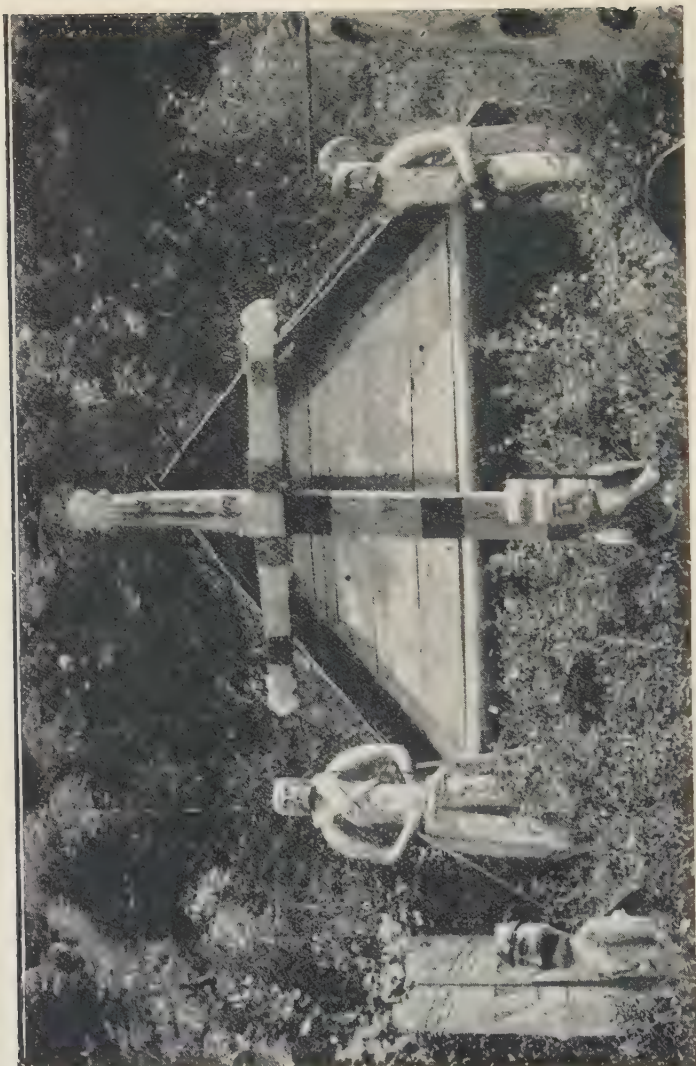
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\* An old Saxon word for God.

† Longfellow.







LOYALES AU MORT!

thoroughness of the Japanese in all they undertake; their unwavering loyalty to Mikado, and their self-sacrifice to make Japan first among nations.

In the Uyeno Museum we saw Mikado's throne. It resembles an immense fourpost bedstead; the platform is covered with matting. Nine bamboo blinds were drawn closely down on the four sides, and when rolled up disclosed Mikado to his prostrate courtiers, seated on a pile of cushions in the centre. We can imagine what a halo of mystery enveloped him in the old days, when he was regarded as too holy to be seen by mortal eyes; those who saw him being struck blind or dead.\* Up to A.D. 3 his devoted retainers were buried alive in a ring round his grave to avoid separation from their loved master. But the custom became so cruel that on the death of an empress the Mikado called together the potters from near Kiōto to consult how it could be abolished. A number of extraordinary horses and men were fashioned in clay, and henceforth these images encircled the tomb instead.†

It is interesting to find Herodotus mentioning that a year after the king had been buried with his cup-bearer, cook, groom, page, courtiers, firstlings of everything, and golden goblets, the Scythians killed fifty of his best servants and fifty finest horses, and, mounting the men upon the horses, placed them round the monument. In India the *suttee* of widows proceeds from the same thought.

Another strange custom Herodotus describes among all the nomads, or wandering tribes in Africa: they bury their dead in a sitting posture. To this day the Japanese dead are seated, with their hands clasping their knees, in a kind of box carried slung between two bearers.

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\* It is even now considered unpardonable to look down from a window or house-top upon Mikado as he passes.

† Like the Uashbiti,—field labourers' models, in the Egyptian Gallery, British Museum.

We tried to enumerate the different uses to which bamboo is put, and noticed scaffoldings for buildings, umbrella frames, walking-sticks, fishing-rods, dippers for the wells, water-pipes, balustrades, sugar-tongs, tea-caddies, tidies to enclose firewood, harness, smoking-pipes, handles for umbrellas, brooms, spades, rakes, picture-frames, vases, ladders, ropes, poles for rowing, masts, furniture, paper, clothing. The list seems endless. One can hardly credit that this graceful willow-like tree furnishes so much more than the forest giants. It is well named the "King of reeds."\* Even the young shoots are esteemed for pickles, and we saw boys walking on bamboo stilts. As illustrating the strength of a nobly-born spirit under adversity, the following proverb is worthy of quotation:—"The graceful willow never breaks beneath the snow."

Once a widowed mother fell ill and could not eat. She longed for some tender bamboo shoots, to make her well and strong. But being mid-winter, the trees were leafless, and snow covered the ground. Her affectionate son was in great distress, for how could he find young shoots in the depth of winter? However, he determined to *try*, and searched until he came to a bamboo grove near an ancient temple. Stretching himself on the frozen ground, he threw his arms round some shining bamboo-stems and wept bitterly. His warm loving tears moistening the wintry, frost-bound earth, loosened the soil around the roots, when, lo! tender little shoots appeared, and the lad went home and cooked the dainty for his invalid, who recovered completely. Ever since, as a reward for Mang Tsung's filial devotion, the bamboo shoots in winter,

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\*There are 60 kinds of Bamboo. It is typical of the Japanese ideal character: "Straight up and down; if cut down centre find heart just same as tongue!" "The word of a Japanese is enough!" was Admiral Ito's reply to the demand for a safe conduct; 1894.

instead of waiting for the bright spring days as heretofore. (*Chinese classic*).

“Sun-ironing” is a very pretty operation. After washing, the silk is carefully spread over an upright board, and smoothed out till not a crinkle or crease remains, and the sun dries it perfectly.

## V.

### "OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS."

"God sends His teachers unto every age,  
To every clime, and every race of man,  
With revelations fitted to their growth  
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of truth  
Into the selfish rule of one sole race.  
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed  
The life of man, and given it to grasp  
The master-key of knowledge—Reverence,  
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right."

J. R. LOWELL.

KAMAKURA is the site of the far-famed "Dai Butsu," or image of the Great Lord Buddha, who is the "quintessence of all good." Buddhism was already a thousand years old when golden-robed Korean and Chinese monks and nuns introduced it into Japan in the sixth century A.D.

Its founder, Siddârtha,\* or Sâkya-Muni, "the wise sage of the Sâkyas" (his first name being considered too sacred to utter), was an Aryan king's son, and born B.C. 653. The primitive religion was very simple, adoring the God of the firmament, or Heaven-Father; ("the Everlasting Father" of Isaiah, the "*Our Father* who art in heaven" of the New Testament); and the powers of nature as inferior divinities or intelligences, who were called *devas*, or bright ones (whence the

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\* "He in whom wishes are fulfilled." Cf. "The Desire of all nations."—Haggai ii. 7.



Latin *Deus* and the Greek *Zeus*);\* compare the "shining ones" in "Pilgrim's Progress."

Priests added on superstitions, the old truths became corrupted, lost in shadow, their meanings mistranslated, until little by little the ritual of the worship dethroned the God worshipped, and the priestly teachings left Him out. The Buddha, filled with divine pity for suffering humanity, was induced by the heavenly spirits to descend to earth, and became incarnate to redeem it. His human mother, *Maya*, had a dream (not unlike the story of the Annunciation), in which the spirit of Buddha appeared, holding a lily, and told her of the coming Son (see p. 279).

At Buddha's birth, among other wonders, "the illness of all sick persons was allayed. All men began to speak kindly; horses neighed, and elephants trumpeted gently. All flowers blossomed." Grieved with the decay of true religion and the sorrows of other men's lives, Prince Siddârtha renounced his kingdom and the love of his beautiful wife and child, and, retiring into the Himalayan wilderness, spent six long years fasting and praying under the guidance of the most self-denying anchorites, battling with the Spirit of Evil and seeking Enlightenment, saying, "Nothing is stable upon earth; nothing is real. There must be some Intelligence where we could find rest. If I attained it, I could bring light to man; if I were free myself, I could deliver the world."

Under a peepul-tree he was illuminated, and for joy thereat the leaves trembled for ever after.

Having obtained peace, Siddârtha resolved, "Never will I seek or receive private, individual salvation; never will I enter into private peace alone. For ever and ever, and everywhere, I will live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout the worlds;" and then endeavoured to restore to his

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\* The Latin *Ju-piter*="Sky-Father:" *Ju-no*="Rest, or Comforter."

countrymen the simplicity of the ancient Vêdas (the oldest sacred teachings in the world). He abolished the multitude of Hindu gods, the hereditary caste of priests, raised Womanhood,\* and, instead of sacrificing animals, he inculcated an intense reverence for all forms of Life, and preached of Nirvâna, a perfect peace that follows upon self-conquest; for selfishness makes men restless, feverish, miserable, and therefore self-will, self-assertion, self-seeking, self-pleasing must be renounced.†

The prayer to the Buddha consists of three words—" *Namū Amida Butsū*"—full of beautiful meaning, although those now using them are ignorant of it. Being interpreted, it is, "Hail! (or, Save us) Infinite, Eternal Being, Thou Light of Light!" Another Buddhist prayer is, "Adoration to God, who sits on the lotus-throne. Amen." There is an exquisite tradition that Amida declined to accept Buddhahood, unless salvation were made free to all who desired to be born into his kingdom, and proved their desire by calling upon his name ten times.

In all Buddha's five hundred and fifty incarnations he sacrificed himself for the good of suffering creation, and to give perfection to all the different species of men, animals, plants, and insects. From his immense compassion the Hindus call Sâkya-Muni "the Best Friend of all the world." In the temples are pictures of the dying Sâkya surrounded by various animals—all weeping.

In one of his incarnations he was a hare, § and lived in the forest with a monkey, a jackal, and an otter, teaching them to do no harm, and to fast by giving alms of beans, corn, and rice.

\* "He who enslaves women is himself not free."

† "Nirvâna" signifies matter at rest: the calm of the soul sinking into its rest in God.

"Till in the ocean of Thy love

We lose ourselves in heaven above." (Keble).

§ Professor Monier Williams' "Buddhism."

THE STORY OF THE HARE IN THE MOON.

"Mid the gloomy Indian forests  
Jackal, otter, Hare, and ape  
Dwelt in gentle loving-kindness  
In the long ago.

"Taught by Puss, these creatures gladly  
Flesh renounced, ate beans and rice,  
Shared their food with others poorer  
In sweet charitie.

"But the Hare reflected sadly,  
'I have nought to give  
Should a beggar tread this jungle:  
My food is but grass.'

"Far above the sunlit palm-trees  
Wing'd the thought to Indra's ear,  
Swift descends (His servant testing)  
From His Sapphire Throne."

"By-and-by along the pathway  
Creeps a Brâhmin poor and old,  
Pleads from Puss in feeblest accents  
Food in charitie.

"'Weary Pilgrim, very gladly  
Would I help you in this strait,  
But I know you keep the precepts:  
Flesh you may not kill.

"'Holy Brâhmins pain no creature,  
Take no life for selfish need,  
Or, with gladness, you should slay me:  
Grass you cannot eat.'

"Thus the Hare, in accents mournful,  
To the beggar, faint and weak;  
Swiftly flashed the heavenly message,  
'Give to him—*thyself*.'

"To the aged Brâhmin turning  
Quickly spake: 'Bring hither branches—  
Light a fire—I then will roast me;  
Thus for thee provide.'

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\* Compare the innermost covering of blue in the Jewish tabernacle, and the prophet Ezekiel's description of the sapphire throne above the firmament.

"Having laid the wood, the Brāhmin  
 Rubbed two sticks, the spark was kindled,  
 When—'mid blazing flames he straightway  
 Saw the generous Hare.

"But as water quenches fire-heat  
 So the flames quell'd all life's pain  
 In those limbs, that heart, that body  
 Freely sacrificed.

"Forthwith sped the Heaven-Father  
 To His rainbow-circled Throne,  
 On the golden Moon His finger  
 Traced His servant's faith.

"Henceforth from the Land of Sunrise,\*  
 To the burning Indian plains,  
 From the tents of Kalmuc Tartars,  
 To the palm-groves of Ceylon:

"One and all they teach the children,  
 Looking at that glorious Moon,  
 To behold the Hare's own figure  
 Stirring Life's elixir † there." §



What Asiatic children see  
 in the moon.

A beautiful truth of self-sacrifice underlies this parable, which compares well with S. Paul's teaching about presenting our bodies as a "living sacrifice." Do you recollect the child's definition of a parable—"An earthly story with a heavenly meaning"?

Think of this when you read "heathen fables," and try to discover the hidden truth, even when it wears a grotesque mask. Remember, too, that stories which sound grotesque

\* Japan.

† Self-sacrifice.

§ E. A. Gordon.

to English ears, do not to the Oriental peoples', for whom they were written; and that their sacred writings are dear to them as the heavenly message.

I question whether our own nursery tale about the man in the moon, who, for picking up sticks on Sunday, was "sent up to spend an eternal Moonday," has such an edifying origin?



Amida Buddha.

Among Buddha's incarnations were the following:—

"When thou wert a king, and a subject insolently said to thee,  
'These lands and cities give them to men!'

Thou wert rejoiced, and not troubled.

Once, when thou wert a virtuous Rishi, and a cruel king

In anger hacked off thy limbs—in thy death agony  
 Milk flowed from thy feet and thy hands.  
 When thou wert the king of antelopes  
 Didst thou not save thine enemy the hunter from a torrent?  
 Once, when thou wert a she-bear,  
 Thou didst save a man from a torrent swollen with snow;  
 Thou didst feed him on roots and fruits until he grew strong,  
 And when he went away, and brought men to kill thee,  
 Thou forgavest him."\*

Siddârtha taught that five veils hid the pure, spiritual Brâhm (the Great Spirit of the Universe). from human eyes: Lust, Malice, Sloth and Idleness, Pride and Self-righteousness, and Unbelief or doubt.

He sent out missionaries to preach to all nations the kingdom of *Righteousness*. Buddhism spread over the entire continent from Persia to Japan, and amongst its followers the character of the Japanese has been entirely humanized and moulded by this gentle Faith. Siddârtha has been, therefore, rightly named "the Light of Asia," and must be reckoned with Zoroaster and Confucius among the prophets by whom, "at sundry times and in divers manners," the Heavenly Father spoke to the hearts of the children of men before speaking in these last days by His Son. Christ Himself speaks of the Lord of the vineyard sending "again another and another servant" in vain! "So having yet one Son, His well-beloved, He sent Him also last unto them, saying, They will reverence My Son," and in Him gave the highest revelation of Himself, "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." †

In the year 216 B.C. the first Buddhist missionaries to China were thrown into prison. Lefang and seventeen others continued chanting their hymns of praise, when suddenly a brilliant light illuminated the cell, and a deity bright as gold, with a shining halo

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\* From Lillie's "Popular Life of Buddha."

† Heb. i. 1; S. Mark xii. 1—8; 2 Cor. iv. 6.



round his head, appeared, and with his sceptre shivered the prison walls to atoms. This so alarmed the Chinese emperor that he repented.

At the entrance to Kotoku in the monastery of Kamakura is this inscription—

"*Stranger, whosoever thou art, and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary, remember thou treadest upon the ground hallowed by the worship of ages.*

"This is the temple of *Buddha*, and the gate of the Eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence."

One is further requested not to catch or torment any living creature within the precincts.

Advancing a few steps, the colossal bronze image of Amida Buddha meets the eye, arresting one with an overwhelming sense of reverential awe. There, enthroned on the lotus-throne, sits Amida, the Buddhist ideal of "Boundless Light, diffusing light and beauty and goodness." The immense silver spot on his forehead indicates a *sixth sense*—immeasurable wisdom. With eyes of purest gold he contemplates the world; a smile of peace ineffable illuminates his countenance; it seems as though the secret of rest lies within his heart. The majesty of serene calm repose and Infinite compassion is indescribable; a picture of the victory of things Eternal over things temporal. The height of the figure is  $49\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and its circumference 97 feet. One can only gaze in silence, and marvel at the mind which a thousand years ago conceived such a thought of the Eternal, and embodied it.

The head is crowned with snails; eight hundred and forty snails. Tradition says that, absorbed in spiritual communion, the Buddha was unconscious of the burning rays of the Indian sun; and in love for him to whom all living things were dear and sacred, these snails crawled up to form a shelter for his head of their own bodies. You may always tell an image of

Amida Buddha by this snail-helmet and the large triple halo.

Do you remember Coleridge's lines—

"He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all?"

In India there are images of Buddha with the deadly cobra di capello snake spreading its hood over his head to shelter him from a raging storm—illustrating the same thought. One is reminded of a Syrian legend about Our Lord, who, when every one was abusing a poor mongrel dog (the outcast of Eastern cities), turned round with a smile and said, "But what beautiful teeth it has!" and of the stories of Hiawatha, Columba, Francis of Assisi, and Charles Darwin, with their tender love for God's creation.

Buddhist temples are surrounded by pigeons, puppies rabbits, monkeys, to which, after prayer, the faithful give alms of food. It is also considered a pious act to liberate the little caged birds and singing grasshoppers, which Japanese children are fond of catching. There is a pretty story of Xavier and the mantis, or praying insect. Struck by its attitude, Xavier commanded it to chant its prayer as well as act it, and the insect obeyed. A whale being stranded on the seashore near a temple, the peasants were convinced the creature had come to worship—"O ye whales, bless ye the Lord." Is not the thought of the worship offered by nature to the Creator embodied in the *Benedicite*, the song of the three Hebrew children as they passed through Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace?

Dai-Butsu means the Great Buddha. I don't think I told you that not very long ago, in all official documents, Japan was called Dai Nippon, "Great

Japan;”\* but contact with Western nations has modified her ideas of her own self-importance, and the “Dai” is no longer put. Still, it is beautiful to observe the intense love the Japanese have for their land. “What do you think of my country?” is one of their first eager questions to a traveller, and any expression of appreciation enchants them. If one asks the name of anything—“Oh, *that* is Japanese!”

“In my native land the Sun rises!  
Must not even the western foreigner reverence?”†

There is no temple over Dai-Butsu, but a small temple within it. Does not this point dimly to the Revelation—“I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof”?

Another temple contains a gilt statue, hewn out of one block of camphor-wood 35 feet high, of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, the mother of Comfort and Consolation, “who listens to the prayers of the unhappy.” She has forty hands, a heart full of pity, a thousand arms, and a thousand ways with which to help her people.

The Hindus call Kwannon “Avalokitesvara,” the “Beautiful pity,” or “The Lord who looks down with pity on all men.” In China she is worshipped (specially by sailors) as a woman—Kwansheyin, the universal mother; in Japan as Kwannon, who “looks down on the sounds of the world, and listens to the voices of men.”

A little boy once asked me, “Who was the first mother? Not Eve, I don’t mean, but the mother of us all—the heavenly Mother.” It is the same instinct, doubtless, which prompts devotion to the mother of

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\* A foreigner once, as an illustration of Anglo-Saxon self-assertiveness, pointed out that the English are the only people who write the personal pronoun “I” with a capital; Latin *ego*, Italian *io*, French *je*, German *ich*, etc.

† Ancient Japanese Poem.

Our Lord that leads the Japanese to worship Kwannon.\*

Not far away is a Shintō temple to the war-god Hachiman, the son of the Empress Jingō. We obtained a small scimitar charm-prayer, as a memento: he is the divinity to whom soldiers pray. In the courtyard grows a magnificent golden-leaved *ichō*-tree, over a thousand years old. This is the sacred tree



Kwannon trampling on the Dragon.

because in the bygone ages a princess, flying from the enemy, died in childbirth. Her husband, wandering through the forest in search of food for the babe, at length found the *ichō*, which yielded a milky fluid and saved the infant's life. "God came down into the

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\* Curiously, as the Roman Catholics apply the promise in Genesis iii. 15 to the Virgin, so Kwannon is represented as treading upon the Dragon, and holding the Ear of Corn and Lily, as the Chaldean Istar trod on the gryphon; plate civ. Frowde's Oxford University Teachers' Bible.

tree," say the Shintōists, "and made it give milk." Compare the story of Ishmael and the well in the desert.

Within are the sacred arks, which on festivals carry the images.\* Strange, the connection between Noah's ship, Israel's ark of the covenant, and these!

In wayside lanes we passed little flower-decked shrines, hung with rice sandals, votive offerings to the Wind-god from those who desire to become good walkers.

From here we drove round by Enōshima, where the crabs have claws ten feet long. This lovely island arose mysteriously from the sea one night (possibly through volcanic action). The road wound through highly cultivated garden-like farms. Japanese rakes are so curious, made with sixteen prongs of split bamboo curled under at the points. The entire fronts of the houses being open to the passer-by, all household operations are visible. The *hibachi*, teapot, and pretty *kiseru* are never absent from the scene; they lie close beside the labourers in field or shop. There is usually a diminutive two-foot screen behind which they sit.

Bread is unknown among the natives; indeed, they have no word for it, only a curious survival from Portuguese days—*pão* for bread (when eaten by Europeans), *kasterra* for Castile sponge cake; millet, wheat, barley, or porridge must take its place, and vermicelli or macaroni. These are considered inferior to rice, and only suited to the poor. Rice, in some districts, is such an expensive luxury that if an invalid is obliged to have rice it is thought a very bad sign of the hopelessness of his case.

But *cha*,† the delicate fragrant leaves of the box-leaved plant with the myrtle flower, is within the means of every one, and enjoyed in fairy-like sips at all hours.

An Indian saint, so runs the tale, worn out by vigils,

\* "Temples of the Orient," pp. 24, 62, 243, 245, 279.

† The honourable tea.

was overpowered by sleep, and when he awoke he was so annoyed with his lazy eyelids that he cut them off and threw them on the ground, where they were transformed into a shrub. The leaves thereof, when infused, produced "tea," the comfort and refreshment for the past twelve centuries of all succeeding night-watchers.

Itinerant pedlars and cooks carry goods in long deep baskets suspended from bamboo yokes, and diners in high sets of drawers, shadowed by an umbrella in the centre. Then come pilgrims, a man and wife, with pilgrim scrip, staff, water-gourd, and finely fringed mat slung across the shoulders. The man wears a large inverted beehive hat to protect him from the sun; apparently the *woman* needs none. They have been to worship the rising sun at the top of Fuji-yama, seeking the elixir of immortality hidden in its recesses. "Fuji-san," the "peerless deathless fire-mountain," rises in majestic purity 12,365 feet from the dead level of the rice plains; there is such a supreme unearthly loveliness about Fuji that one is not surprised that the colour of her pilgrimage-dress is white. At sunset she casts her shadows far into the ocean:—

"In all the world there is only one Fuji!"

*Japanese Poem.*

Long, long ago a certain extravagant Mikado, yearning in vain for a sight of the snow-clad Fuji from his summer palace at Kiōto, ordered, a mountain to be covered with white silk to give it a cool appearance! The goddess who dwells on Mount Fuji has a very long name, "Ko-no-ha-na-saku-ya-hime-i-e" ("the princess who makes the blossoms of the trees to flower")—another title for the sun, who in Japan, as in the Norse Edda, is a goddess. In ancient Egypt the Sun-god delighted in flowers.

Near Nikkō we saw a smoking volcano, called Bandai-san; tradition says that devils live in it and cause terrible convulsions. In 1888 the whole mountain-side was blown out. The Japs believe that earth-



quakes are caused by the wriggings of an enormous fish when he is angry.\* This reminds one of the Shetlander's theory of the tides being caused by a huge sea-monster who lies curled round the Pole, and draws in and lets out his breath in this fashion every twelve hours. Scientific men say that earthquakes are caused by the moon's influence on the tides.

In the depth of winter men may be seen taking a shower-bath under a freezing waterfall, howling and screaming with anguish in the icy cold. How desirous these Japanese must be to get rid of sin, when, loving hot bathing as they do, they take this means to drive the devil out!

Children are trained to yield unquestioning obedience and reverence to their parents, and never to be troublesome. It is said that the extreme charm of this people is inherited through countless generations of obedient, docile wives and children; for is it not written, "The house of Brâhm (God) is that wherein children obey their parents;" and again, "Our parents are very divine?"

A proverb runs, "The lamb drinks its milk kneeling." Morally it inculcates lowly gratitude to the mother, but it is also physically true, for children, up to five years old, run to their mothers to be suckled like young lambs.

They are very gently trained, and corporal punishment is not approved, though if a child is quite unmanageable sometimes the *mora* is resorted to, (*i.e.* touching the back or the legs with a bit of burning stick,†) and I expect it is not required a second time. One lady told me that only the lower classes use the *mora*, and that she had seen a cook take her own child to the edge of a precipice and threaten to throw it over if it did not stop crying. However, this

\* See Griffis' delightful "Japanese Fairy-World" (Trübner).

† "The *mora* was considered a panacea for every form of human ill."—*Things Japanese*.

proves nothing, for what tortures do not our dear little English children suffer from the unprincipled nurses who terrify them about bogies, and what scenes may not a Japanese witness in Kensington Gardens?\*

I think we must rather consider the general state of affairs, and we find English children who are fortunate enough to have Japanese nurses have a very happy time. These *amahs* are most devoted, and their minute care of the baby's comfort is beautiful.

A charming story is told of Nijima, the Japanese educationalist. When he was a little boy, his father, who was very strict, whipped him severely on his hand. This angered the boy; he sulked and would not speak. In a day or two his father called him into the garden, and, pointing to a delicate bamboo plant, recited a poem—

"I do not strike in anger  
Snow on the *sasa*;"

meaning that as snow bends and almost breaks the fragile *sasa*, we must tap it gently to help it rise again and shake off the snow. This touched the child, knowing his father's love for him, and he ceased sulking.

During our stay at Kiōto we visited the monastery "Chionin," which was founded centuries ago by a Buddhist saint, whose possibilities at the age of nine so impressed his teacher that he sent him to a great abbot with a letter containing this message: "I send you an image of the great sage Monju." The abbot asked where the image was, and marvelled greatly to see only a little boy. However, acting upon the suggestion, he

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\* Returning to England, we received an appeal from the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children: "We have only touched one-fourth of the country, and still three-fourths of it cry out for our children's men. In this proportion of it the new law is of little or no avail." This Society had investigated no less than 17,286 cases of ill-treatment in Christian England.

gave the necessary training to the child, who developed into a remarkable religious leader, and amply justified his teacher's prescience. A Japanese translation of Our Lord's command, "Take heed that ye *despise* not one of these little ones," which reminds one alike of Eli, who *perceived* that the Lord had "called the child" Samuel; and also of the great sculptor Michael Angelo, who alone could see the "David" in the rough misshapen block of marble.\*

Children are brought up in the mother's company. A Japanese, who had visited the United States, remarked to me that "*our* parents do not send their children away from them into nurseries, as you English and Americans do."

Then they act much upon good Bishop Fraser's maxim—"Reverence is *due to a little child*." Owing to the thin paper screens, the children are never far out of sight or hearing, hence they cannot be noisy or ill-treated. Servants speak to children with deference and treat them with great courtesy, addressing them respectfully by their proper title;† consequently the children are very polite and well-spoken. Younger children must always give place to the elder and submit themselves (which is also S. Paul's teaching). The little ones address the eldest as "*Ane san*," "Elder sister, or head one".

I don't think I told you what a pleasing feature we noticed in Canada; there children and young people, when addressed, answer most respectfully, "Sir" or "Ma'am," to any who are superior in age. I can assure you it involved no loss of dignity—quite the reverse. It was the fashion in the good old days in

\* See its cast in S. Kensington Museum.

† "C'est le vrai moyen de mettre dans leur esprit avec *beaucoup de politesse*, une modestie véritable." (Fénelon).

"Ce respect ne s'adresse pas directement aux enfants, mais en eux à la personne humaine." (Paul Rousselot).

"Il faut les traiter fort civilement et ne pas leur parler qu'avec respect." (Jacqueline Pascal).

England, and is much more pleasing than our brusque modern style, which treats all men and all ages as if they were equals.

Japan is "the land of great gentleness," and a more appropriate title could not be found.\* But it is sad to hear that the chief reason why Japanese do not favour "foreign" schools is that the manners of the boys and girls attending them become so pert and forward.

It rather amused me to learn that the little word *ka* stands alike for a mosquito and a query, as if to show the teasing character of a tiresome questioner!

Japanese girls are strictly brought up in "etiquette," or polite behaviour. They are taught, amongst other things, how to close and open the sliding-doors and paper windows; how to make, pour out, and drink tea (this is called the *Cha-no-yu*,† or ceremonial tea—the rules for it date from the XIVth century, and it is even more important than a marriage); how to fan themselves; how to waft out troublesome insects or catch fireflies with their fans; how to fan the flame of the cooking-stove; how to carry themselves; and how to walk, bending the head forward in token of deference and humility, and turning the toes well in, so as nearly to meet, taking very short tottering steps. Etiquette classes are held in schools for both girls and boys. It is charming to see mothers teaching their little ones at the temples to clap their hands and say their prayers. At Asakusa-Kwannon, the favourite Buddhist temple in Tōkiō, there are scores

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\* "The people of gentle behaviour."—(*Marco Polo*, XIIIth century).

"Good of nature, courteous above measure, and valiant in war."—(*Will Adams*, XVIth century).

"In the practice of virtue, in purity of life, and outward devotion they far out-do the Christians."—(*Kaempfer*, end of XVIIth century).

"The land of gentle manners."—(*Sir Edwin Arnold*, end of XIXth century).

† The guests must come with clean faces, hands, and hearts, and no scandal may be talked.

of children, evidently quite at home in its sacred precincts. We saw a child with a big brother on her back descending the steep temple staircase so carefully backwards, very cautiously feeling every step.

This temple seemed beautiful to me, as so much the *home* of every living creature. Flocks of pigeons fly about, picking up the rice grains thrown by the faithful (like the pigeons on the Piazza San Marco at Venice). Any number of fowls perch in the huge rafters within the temple recalling David's words, "The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts!"

"Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thine altars, O Most High;  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a Heavenly Father's breast."

Within stands an image of the god Binzuru: as "the Friend of little children" he wears a bib. His features are almost worn away, because those who are "in any trouble or distress" come and rub him on the place where they suffer, and, after rubbing their own pained spot, depart relieved. Do you not think of those words, "There came to *Him* lame, blind, dumb, and many others, and as many as touched were made perfectly whole?"

This called to mind a tiny child, who brought an evergreen leaf and laid it on her mother's broken heart to "make it well."

In the grounds is a large image of Amida; the lotus-throne on which he sits, and his lap, are quite full of pebbles, which people throw to him as a memento of their prayers. There are also shrines adorned with votive offerings of pictured eyes, presented by sufferers from eye-ailments. Also a revolving library of the Buddhist Scriptures, about 6,771 volumes; three times turning it brings as much good as reading to those who have not time to devote to study.

But the most pathetic is a shrine where a kind-looking god, Jizō-dō ("the compassionate helper of those in trouble"), sits surrounded by images of children. When a child dies the parents bring its image, to be under the god's protection and to sit ever in his presence—"In Thy Presence is fulness of joy." "Suffer little children to come unto Me," said the Good Shepherd, who, the Vêdas also say, "never lost a single sheep."

Mrs. A. described to me her visit to a small temple to this god at Ōsaka, where mothers bring the tiny shoes, *kimonos*, bibs, dolls, and toys of the little ones, when they are called away, and hang them round the altar; and the priest prays that "the children who have gone up to God may be made happy and have pretty toys to play with."

"The children whose voices on earth are still  
Now sing on that beautiful shore."

Not long before an American mother had spoken to us with bitter tears of the darling boy she was mourning. Thinking it was a recent grief, we asked, "How long since?" She replied, "Six years ago, but it seems to me just one *long* day. I was so much to him and he to me. I wonder always *how* he can do without me *there*?" And we felt that the mother-heart is the same in all the world.

A baby-girl on our vessel was going to meet the father she had not seen since infancy; she wondered many things in her childish way, and then wound up so simply and trustfully with the assurance, "But I *know* he'll be kind to me."

Therefore, let us "not doubt, but earnestly believe that He doth favourably receive and embrace with the arms of His mercy," not only our Christian infants but also those brought to Jizō-dō by Japanese mothers, and committed to the river-gods in Chinese and Indian waters, by tender-hearted mothers who



ignorantly take this means to preserve them *from* "the waves of this troublesome world."

A Christian Japanese told me that, as a child of eight, she used to pray to the God of Learning to help her with her writing (which being in Chinese characters is exceedingly difficult). Her elder sister would take her to the temple, assuring her that her prayers would be answered. "After that," she added, "I used to get up early and practise hard; the result was I soon learned to write."

These children pray to their gods when they have colds or ailments, for though they worship in ignorance an Unknown God (that is, the True God, *as we know Him*, has not been revealed to them), are they not all the children of the Great Father of spirits; and does He not know and love each one?

And as a dear boy beautifully questioned on hearing these things: "The Japanese pray *through* their gods to the real God, and He hears them?"

Japan is fondly called by her people the "England of the Pacific," and doubtless a grand maritime future lies before her. It is not a little remarkable that *three centuries* before the threatened conquest of England by the Spanish Armada, Japan had a similar experience. The great Mongol emperor, Kublai Khan (whom Marco Polo describes as riding upon four elephants), sent six embassies to demand tribute from Japan. Enraged by the Japanese defiance, he sent a gigantic armada of 3,500 junks, armed with European weapons, to crush out Japan. Unceasing prayers were offered to the gods by these gallant people. One hundred thousand Tartars and Chinese landed. But the Japanese killed 30,000, and enslaved the rest—only three escaped to China. An awful typhoon burst upon the fleet and overwhelmed it. The Japanese ascribed it to the miraculous interposition of their gods in answer to prayer, and felt assured that "their heaven had prevailed over the Chinese heaven," the Rising Sun over the Yellow Dragon! Compare

with this the medal struck by the English Queen Elizabeth, with its inscription: "He blew with His winds, and they were scattered."

Could Froebel but have foreseen the heartiness with which his child-culture schemes would be appropriated by the *then* sealed kingdom of Japan! Close to the University at Tōkio, and under the Empress's immediate patronage and direction of the Government Education Department, is the Normal School. The students are picked out by special examinations from all parts of the country.

To it is attached a large kindergarten. A Government kindergarten is about to be started in Nagoya, the centre of the great earthquake district; and altogether there are about fifty kindergartens in Japan. The Japanese are devoted to their children, and any little kindness shown to them calls forth deep gratitude.

The loveliest sight to me in all Japan was the Kindergarten at 59, Hill-Kobé. An American lady started it under peculiar difficulties. For three months it was very uphill work, having to educate her own native teachers; but after two years' training no less than ten Japanese teachers graduated and dispersed to other schools, and more are being trained. This lady has translated Froebel's "*Mütter und Kose Lieder*," and is starting a Japanese kindergarten magazine to feed the minds of those teachers who have gone out into solitary places.

Finding that the way to parents' hearts is through their children, she hopes that more efficient teachers will bring her leisure to visit the homes. Parents value the work so highly that they named the school "*Shoei Yochien*," i.e. "the Glory child garden."

Non-Christians send their children (although bitterly opposed to Christianity) on account of the valuable training they receive. Little ones succeed elder brothers and sisters as they are drafted out of the Glory School.

When we entered, sixty droll little mannikins, arrayed in dressing-gowns down to their heels, were marching to the spirited tunes of "Yankee Doodle" and "The Bogie Man," played on an American organ. The teachers, also in native dress, led the march backwards, facing their pupils. To see the facsimiles of the Japanese dolls do gymnastics was perfectly entrancing, such quaint little old-world painstaking oddities, clapping their hands, bowing to the ground with utmost gravity. Miss Howe said they are such affectionate, lovable little beings that the work is pure happiness.

Their copy-books were models of perfection, containing exquisitely cut and folded circles, triangles, mats, ships, etc.

They wind silk from their own silkworms' cocoons. A large cupboard filled with dolls of all kinds, with Western wardrobes and bedding, is the charm of wet days. Mothers and nurses sit waiting for the children during the morning, the mother taking keen interest in their progress. At luncheon they gravely gathered round a low table, shut their eyes during grace, and each child gently took from a knitted bag a lacquer box containing several other boxes and a cup. In these were rice, scrambled eggs, pickles, fish, etc. A teapot was provided, and every one drank tea. It was charming to see all these little people fingering their chop-sticks so neatly. Recollect that *we* have only recently used forks instead of fingers, but the Chinese and Japanese have had chop-sticks from time immemorial. After this they told us their names, but I can only give the translations.

*Mouskō* is Japanese for a "little boy;" little girls are called *mousmés*. The word *San* affixed means "honourable." *Mouskō-san* means "Mr. little boy;" even English babies are *Baby-san*, or the "honourable baby."

#### GIRLS' NAMES.

Miss Perfume, Miss Silk-Umbrella, Miss Arrow-Island, Miss Chrysanthemum, Miss Prune.

## BOYS' NAMES.

Mr. High Tree, Mr. Mountain, Mr. Wisteria, Mr. Long-tail-Tiger, Mr. Middle-of-the-Field, Mr. Before-the-River, Mr. Three-Valleys.

The "dearest youngster in the school" is Miss "In-the-Bamboo."

The "pickle" of the party is Mr. "Flat-field."

Miss Howe told them our names, and explained that we had come all the way from London, and they were greatly interested in hearing about English children. Dear little souls! How I longed to take the whole party up in my arms and give them a "great big bear's hug!" Their ages are from three to six. We remarked to Miss Howe that we had never seen any Japanese children quarrelling or fighting, and she replied, "They very rarely do; but they are mischievous little snipes, and have much the same faults as other children." They do not understand kissing or shaking hands; only the tiny babies are kissed, others have their heads softly rubbed. There is no word for "kiss" in the language, and when the New Testament was translated the learned men did not know how to express it. The word used for kissing a baby is "licking," the same term as that for a cow licking her calf or a cat her kittens! At last they hit upon a word which is literally "to apply the mouth." Their proverb says, "Illnesses come through the mouth."

Older children simply bow to their parents, but though the people are not demonstrative there is no country where filial devotion is greater,\* even from adopted children; *e.g.* a mother had advised her daughter not to marry; when asked, "But how then will you support yourself when you are old and cannot

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\* Consequently such texts as "I came not to send peace but a sword;" and division, "father against son, daughter against mother,"— and "if any man come to Me and hate not his father, mother, wife, children, and brethren, he cannot be My disciple," are the most powerful arguments against Christianity to the Japanese mind.

work?" the latter replied, "I will adopt a son, and he will be bound to support me." Such is the recognized strength of the tie.

In Japan old people are never shelved. A Japanese never "retires" into private life, but "ascends." When he feels too tired to work the father may leave his business and pass over his whole property to his sons with perfect safety and without fear for his future. It is quite common to adopt sons, and their duties and responsibilities are the same, and as thoroughly discharged. As an example to youth, a story is told of a dutiful stepson who lay naked on the ice, and by the heat of his own body melted a hole; two fish coming up to breathe, he caught and cooked them for his cruel stepmother. Another child stripped himself to provide a feast for ravenous mosquitoes, and so diverted them from his parents.

Whole generations dwell together under one roof. There is no quarrelling, but absolute obedience is rendered to the head of the house. A wife has to be under obedience to her mother-in-law and her husband; after his death, to her eldest son, but then she takes a position of great honour in her son's house as grandmamma.\*

The lovely character and *noblesse* of the Japanese women is beyond description; their feminine refinement, modesty, and intense womanliness; their unselfish devotion as wives,† mothers and patriots—for Japan has produced some of the noblest and truest-hearted women in the world. From the great Empress Jingō (who, when undertaking the conquest of Korea, concealed her husband's death from the

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\* "A woman should look upon her husband as if he were heaven itself, and never weary of thinking how she may yield to him, and thus escape celestial castigation."—*Things Japanese*.

† The plain round Tōkiō is still called "Adzuma" (Oh! my wife) in memory of the heroic princess who, to appease the sea-god's wrath and save her husband's life, leapt into the boiling waves of Yedo Bay, about the year A.D. 130.

army, burying her own sorrow, lest her soldiers should be discouraged, and, disregarding her own health, disguised as a man in armour, like Joan of Arc led her troops to victory) down to the present day. A woman lawyer,\* exiled herself for seven years, stealing away *sans adieux* "not to pain her mother's heart," and that mother forbade her death-illness should be told to her child, lest it break her spirit and spoil her life-work: "to catch true education" and right women's wrongs in Japan!

They are devoted to their gods, and even offer up tresses of their own hair when taking pilgrimages in behalf of their sick ones, and cannot bear to have any doubts suggested as to the efficacy of their prayers.

There is a beautiful legend about a poor woman who cut off her hair and sold it in order to present a lamp to a certain temple. Lamps typify the glorious brightness of Amida, and are considered the choicest offering. A very wealthy man gave ten thousand lamps, but a gust of wind blew them all out, and the woman's single lamp shone on with ever-increasing brilliancy; so henceforth the largest lamp in that temple is called "The Poor Woman's Single Lamp."

We heard a touching experience from an Englishman, who, falling ill, was nursed with great devotion by a Japanese mother and daughter. He became worse, dangerously ill, and the younger woman disappeared for two or three days. When she returned, he learned that she had undertaken a pilgrimage to some mountain shrine to present her hair on his behalf, and now she was rejoicing in the assurance that he would recover. The patient laughed at the idea of "prayers

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\* "In some parts of the country it is said that women run the jinrickshas, and otherwise, on the rights-of-woman principle, claim to do whatever men do. One lady in Yedo wishes to practise as a lawyer, and has the reputation of being a very good one."— "Gleanings from Japan." *W. G. Dickson*, 1883—84.



to heathen idols" doing him any good; but, with tearful eyes, she begged him not to scoff at her gods—it hurt her. Need I add that the little *mousmé's* prayers were answered and the Englishman did recover? And is there not a charming resemblance in this story to that of Naaman the Syrian and the little captive maid of Israel?

The men, alas! are neither courteous nor chivalrous to their wives, but are selfish, and meanly make them into drudges. In the women's case, assuredly, the "drudgery brings a culture" of character unequalled in any land. For talking too much a wife may be divorced; so the brave women "learn," like the Emperor Frederick the Noble, "to suffer without complaining." Their watchword is *damatté*, silence! "To submit is victory."

Japanese men always go first, unless the lady is in European dress; hence wives prefer European costume, for it gives them greater dignity in their husbands' eyes, and they are treated with the courtesy accorded to Western women and the more accomplished *geishas*. For the same reason, it is supposed that husbands oppose foreign costumes and education for their wives; and this is why one sees such an immense number more men than women wearing European dress.

Still, when an English M.P. states publicly his opinion that "one might as well talk of giving the franchise to women as to rats," I don't think we can throw stones at the men of Japan.\* (App. IX.)

But the very schoolboys don't respect a teacher, unless she is clothed in Western costume. In out-of-the-way places it amused us to see that the *jinrikishas* always led off with the gentlemen, whilst in the towns, where Western civilization has influenced, the ladies' *kurumas* went first. The person of highest honour

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\* (*H. Labouchere*, M.P., 1891.) A Japanese suggests that, instead of emancipating women, the suppression of the men in Japan would be the preferable measure! But, for the remarkable change in ten years, see Appendix X. (1902).

or age always leads, and no 'ricksha man will allow this order of precedence to be reversed, however much his passengers may wish to alter the position. As two cannot ride abreast, much fun in sociably comparing notes is lost.

They never permit any other 'ricksha to overtake them, but quicken their already rapid pace till they seem to be flying. They make a point, however long or tiring the journey, to wind up at full gallop, and lay the shafts down triumphantly in the doorway, with a very bright smile, as if *you* had conferred a great happiness on them. Climbing the steepest hills, they keep up a lively chatter with their comrades, never breathless, and are insulted if one offers to walk up and save them. At dusk they light a small Chinese lantern which hangs on the shaft, and gives the appearance of so many glowworms or fireflies flitting about. If one walks a few steps in the dark, the coolie carefully holds this little lantern before each footstep, lest one should stumble—"a lamp unto our feet and a lantern to our path." Pedestrians carry lanterns swinging on the end of a short bamboo stick.

Only once did we find *kuruma* runners grasping. At all other times it seemed such real pleasure and interest to them to draw one hither and thither; and on two occasions, after paying them, they waited most courteously to help us through the ticket-office, carry our wraps to the railway carriage, settle us comfortably, and, although in each case the train was long in starting, see the last of us, their *guests*.

We could not help contrasting the courtesy and chivalry of these poor half-naked creatures with the well-clothed cab-drivers in London, who grumble at receiving an *over*-payment, and certainly, after getting their tip, disappear into space, considering their valuable services at an end. In the same way, Japanese "boys" are on the *qui vive* to anticipate one's every want. An armchair, or a footstool, will be brought from the far end of a large room and silently placed





"NO IDLENESS!"

for one's comfort by a "boy" who only chances to be dusting the room into which the stranger has come, and whom he will never see again. At a wayside inn, where we took tea, the hostess insisted on going on ahead to the station to take our tickets.

English residents in Japan tell me that the element of disturbance known as "domestic worry" is unknown.

Two charming instances of disinterestedness among 'rikisha coolies were in the daily journals:

Nov. 17.—At Shanghai, an English merchant through misfortune and ill-health, became a pauper. His coolie stuck to him devotedly—worked without wages, and shared his own poor lodging and the meagre earnings he managed to pick up on the streets with his poor master. When death came he went to Mr.—'s friends and tried to get other English to take pity before it was too late. For seven months he had housed the unhappy Englishman, who was sick and starved, and died an outcast in a garret. The verdict was "Death from starvation," and a collection was made for the coolie, whose conduct was not surpassed by that of the good Samaritan.

A great fire had taken place the day before we arrived at Kobé (November 28). The papers related that "a fire breaking out in a curio-store, the merchant jumped from a window, having first thrown down his clothes. The fire, smoke, and shock rendering him senseless, he was picked up by some coolies and carried into a house. Recovering, he found that they had brought the coat and trousers, but no waistcoat, and on making his loss known, a coolie returned to the ruined house and found the waistcoat, which he brought safely to Mr. D., notwithstanding that a *gold watch and chain* were hanging from the pocket. Mr. D. stated that "*none* of the men who rescued him from his perilous position under the wall of the burning house has made any application to him for reward, nor has he seen any of them since the fire."

As a relic of the good old feudal times when servants were deeply attached to their masters, and bound up their lives and interests together with that of the family, the tombs of the forty-seven loyal *rōnins* at Tōkio are remarkable.

The story is a long one, but in brief, Asano, a daimiō, being ignorant of some details of State ceremony which he had to prepare for the reception

of an envoy from the Mikado, asked a high official for instruction. This noble, instead of replying, insulted Asano by making him fasten his foot-gear; then Asano struck him with his sword, and at once committed *hara-kiri* (the *amende honorable* etiquette demanded). The whole clan took vengeance, for, according to Confucius, it was "impossible to live under the same heaven" with the man who had so wronged their lord; and the record is quite extraordinary of the long years of devotion and trial these brave men went through for the sake of avenging their beloved master, until the moment for revenge came; and after bringing the noble's head to Asano's tomb, they all committed "the honourable suicide," on their master's grave. Their memory is held in highest veneration by the Japanese, who make pilgrimages to their tombs: the pilgrims, leaving their visiting cards at the shrine, and burning little incense sticks, pray that they may be endowed with a like faithful spirit; and "those who partake of the well of Sengakuji are inspired with Yamato Damashi-i;" the 'never-mind-me' spirit of Old Japan.\*

"Greater love hath no man than this—that he *lay down his life* for his friends!"

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\* See Appendix XI.



## VI.

### THE CHILDREN OF THE SUNRISE.

"And liked the gentle speech, the grave reserve,  
The piety and quiet of the Land,  
Its old-world manners, and its reverent ways."  
*With Saadi in the Garden.*

FROM Miyanoshita we went to Atami, the Mikado's favourite watering-place. The conductor neatly spread rugs over the tramcar seats, which certainly enhanced our comfort. At Odawara a crowd of villagers surrounded us, and offered tea as a matter of course, while the coolies arranged who was to draw us. This knotty point settled, we went for eighteen miles up hill and down dale; now along the seashore, then hundreds of feet above; through bamboo thickets, pine groves, narrow Devonshire lanes, beautiful woods of maple, beech, birch, and oak; over hills terraced from the summit down to the shore, sometimes planted with orange trees, covered with millions of mandarins (one village was given up to packing barrels of oranges), and at others with rice, millet, buckwheat, tobacco. The views of Vries Island opposite, with its ever-smoking volcano, the distant bays, the lovely mountains, the foliage-crowned hills, the deep chines between, the Swiss chalets clinging to the hillside or nestling by the strand; palms, tamarisks, aspidistras, osmundas, myrtles, camellias, oleanders all combined to form a picture worthy of the Corniche road, in some respects even more lovely.

We rested for *chow* (food) at a tea-house on the edge of a wooded cliff. Delicious rice-cakes and large golden persimmons made a charming lunch with tea served in a miniature teapot and tiny cups without handle or saucer. The pale golden tea is taken without milk or sugar, and tastes like fragrant flowers, or cowslip tea. Hot water is only poured over the leaves and immediately drunk—it never stands. This delicate green tea is largely appreciated in America.

*Love of beauty for its own sake* meets one at every turn, in the artistic manner they arrange the simplest dish of fruits or sweetmeats, or place a berried spray to adorn some village cart, showing an inborn refined taste. Europeans are naturally as much objects of curiosity to the natives as they are to us. As we drove through a village F.'s taking out his pocket-handkerchief was the signal for a whole school to come rushing after us in ecstasies; (the Japanese handkerchief is a folded nose-paper). At another place a woman picked up my glove-button, and watched with interest the operation of fastening six-buttoned gloves, and then compared my boots with her sandals. English hairpins are a great curiosity, for theirs are long and ornamental, like bonnet pins. Miss O.'s box of pills gave much amusement. Pills quite puzzled them, and so Miss O. put her hand to her head, and appeared to be ailing until she had swallowed a pill, when she revived, and became quite well and cheerful! At one temple I felt a priest gently fingering and stroking the steel beads on my mantle. *We* were lost in admiration of the costly treasures he had to show us, but he was absorbed in the *passementerie*. He did it so quietly and unobtrusively that I could not move until his curiosity was satisfied. *Old boots* are quite a treasure in the curio-shops for fashionable Japs of the poorer class.

The Japanese are such a noiseless people; there is "no strife in their streets," or clamour of tongues, but there is plenty of fun and good-humoured chaff.

"Sunny-hearted, droll, quaint, ludicrous, diverting, dainty, finicky mannikins" are terms which exactly describe them. They are perfectly charming and wholly delightful, and the further one goes away from them, and the more one sees of other nations, the more one's heart flies back to the Sunrise Land and its dear little people, so unlike any other country or nation. They are always laughing, always good-tempered; nothing seems a trouble to them. The poorest coolie is on the alert to make one comfortable. Half naked himself, streaming with perspiration and wet with rain, he stops to tuck his own little red blanket around his passenger, fasten the oiled paper curtains more securely, and then, untying the towel from his brows, mops his face with a cheerful smile, gets into a fresh pair of rice sandals (still holding up the shafts of the *kuruma* while he stoops), and spins off like the wind.

"Can any occurrence, however painful, warrant wailing and lamenting?" taught the Buddha.

There is absolutely *no vulgarity* about these people. It is true that women smoke, but they whiff so daintily at their little bamboo *kiseru* that it never strikes one as unfeminine. Even amongst the lowest class there is no bad language or drunkenness. There are no oaths in Japanese, but foreign sailors are distinguished as "*dammurais* men." Some foreigners say that one becomes very tired of the unalterable sweetness of Japanese tempers, and extremely irritated by their habit of never contradicting, but always cheerfully assenting to one's remarks with a "*hai, hai!*" So also some people complain of weariness occasioned by the ever-blue sky in the Riviera, and the constant sunshine; and some folks are proverbially hard to please. Others again tell one that the Japanese are "so uninteresting," that there are no subjects of common interest!

The Japan language is extremely difficult to learn, but it sounds very rich and musical, reminding us of

Italian. There is no *imperative* mood, and consequently no dictatorialness! It is most remarkable that "a very large proportion of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature was the work of *women*. Moses established the Hebrew, Alfred the Saxon, and Luther the German tongue in permanent form; but in Japan the mobile forms of speech crystallized into perennial beauty under the touch of woman's hand."\* A woman in the twelfth century wrote a learned exposition of Shintōism.

"*No idleness*" is characteristic of Japan. A country-woman will carry three trusses of straw on her back, or as many bundles of faggots or charcoal sacks. Where we should employ wheel-barrows, earth is carried about in mats. Very rarely we met a horse or a bullock-cart; cattle, sheep, and goats are practically unknown; the bamboo grass cuts the sheep's mouths. Horses we saw employed for bringing down copper ore from the Nikkō mountains, and these were led by bonny, rosy-cheeked, pearly-toothed peasant girls who wore trousers!

This scarcity of animal labour was oddly illustrated to us at the Dōshisha University. In a class on political economy a student was asked whether a farmer has any other capital besides iron tools for labour? He was fairly at a loss for some time, and when the professor suggested "cows and horses" started, as if an entirely new idea had struck him!

People always seem running—the *kuruma*-men; the *bettōs* (running footmen) carrying fly-brushes before carriages and equestrians; the very newspaper-boys and postmen, with their handful of papers or letters, ringing a little bell; and the women shuffling or hobbling along on their clogs at a gentle trot. At Kiōto we noticed gangs of men, instead of horses, dragging the canal-boats and chanting the while; and at Nagasaki it was a curious and pretty sight to see

our huge vessel being coaled by children, who, laughing and singing and chattering, busily passed the little baskets of coal from hand to hand.

During our stay at Atami a detachment of soldiers was out on autumn manœuvres. The officers lodged at the inn, but the men were billeted on the villagers. Some of the soldiers looked odd wearing rice-sandals with their foreign uniforms. The horses wore overall shoes made of rice straw. (In Italy horses wear *bonnets*, in Russia *spectacles*, as a protection against the sun.) A Chinese pony carried the sappers' spades.

Japanese spades are used *towards* the digger, and the handle goes over it instead of under. Japanese keys and screws turn the wrong way, and carpenters saw and plane towards themselves instead of away. A modern sewing-machine looks quaint working side by side with tailors who sew *from* them, holding the thread with their toes. Another peculiarity in many Japanese is that when they open their eyelids, the lashes are drawn up out of sight!

Cats, like Japanese monkeys, are bob-tailed (Manx), and are *said* to be tied up at the doors; while some cocks have such immense tails that they are fastened in curl-papers to prevent their dragging in the mud.

The people write prayers and then burn the paper and swallow the ashes—not unlike our children's idea of communicating with Santa Claus.

We were attracted to the village school by the sound of happy child-voices. With politest bows and many smiles we obtained permission to enter. Children at their writing-lessons busily painted Chinese characters with a "writing-brush," dipped in Indian ink, in very large hand first on a coarse sheet of paper. The Japanese style of writing makes artists of the children; they learn to write and draw at the same time, and perfect writing is as highly esteemed as beautiful pictures. Chinese classics take the same place that Latin does with us.

We saw cases of butterflies (*"butterfly ships,"* the children call them) —lovely specimens collected in the neighbourhood—grasshoppers, locusts, and curious shells. On the Japanese Jour des Morts, when the ghosts return from the spirit-land, a poet's soul is supposed to enter into a singing grasshopper, and the souls of grandparents into butterflies, so little saucers of sugared water are placed in readiness for the visit of grandpapa or grandmamma. Of course you recollect that *Psyché* in Greek stood alike for the soul and a butterfly. Some old pictures represent a butterfly flying out of the mouth of dying people.

Dumb-bells and poles for gymnastics were ranged in the verandah. Large, well-ventilated class-rooms, with abundance of fresh air and light, banished closeness.

A Frenchman remarked, "Mais que ces Japonais aiment les courants d'air!" *Anglicé*, "How these Japs love draughts!"

Lessons over, the scholars rushed joyously into the playground, accompanied by their teachers. They played very gracefully with coloured paper balls, one in each hand. My parasol, a small white-frilled one, excited great curiosity. Battledores are large, and ornamented by a figure in relief, the shuttlecocks being remarkably small and aerial. Men play the game, using their feet as battledores. Boys and girls sing antiphonally whilst playing. Other games are fanning paper butterflies, snow-balling, making snow-men or snow-animals, prisoners'-base, and puss-in-the-corner. *Ju-jitsu*, a wrestling game, is considered invaluable for physical culture and self-defence, and is specially taught to the priests and practised by all boys.

The Japanese are, emphatically, people of one idea, their motto apparently being "one thing at a time." Just as each month has its own flower, so there are certain seasons for playing with certain toys. New Year brings "the ship of good luck" to every home,



laden with choicest gifts from Fairy-land; including an ever-full purse, a cap which makes its wearer invisible, the thatch-coat which gives him wings (like Perseus), and seven jewels (the sevenfold virtues?) Is this our nursery promise "When my ship comes in?"

In March comes the Dolls' Festival for the little girls, when both dollies and girls have what Americans call a "high old time." The boys' Feast of Kites follows, in which "old, old boys," as well as their little sons, join. On the Feast of Flags a huge paper fish is hung before every house wherein a boy has been born during the year. This carp leaps waterfalls like our salmon, and surmounts all obstacles, so signifies courage and bravery. Often as a reward he gets changed into a dragon, who soars away on glorious wings; thus, "Defeat leads to victory." Then there is "the Festival of the Hobby Horse."

In their rooms they hang *one* picture scroll on the wall, *one* flower vase, and only exhibit *one* artistic gem at a time to their guests, which is carefully taken out of innumerable coverings. Japan is the Land of Toys; toys of every description, toy animals exquisitely modelled to the life, beautiful sets of household furniture inlaid with coloured woods, domestic utensils, musical instruments, gardener's, carpenter's tools all in miniature, suggest that these people carry out Michael Angelo's definition of perfection. "Perfection," said that great master, "is made up of trifles, but perfection itself is no trifle." \* One marvels at the exquisite *finish* of everything they undertake, the *perfection of detail* carried out equally in the farthing toy or in the rare Satsuma cup, with its hundreds of hand-painted butterflies which will bear minute inspection under a microscope; the ivory paper-cutters inlaid with

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\* "By small, accomplishing great things."—*Milton*.

"Great without small makes a bad wall."—*Italian Proverb*.

"The man who removed the mountain was he who began carrying away the small stones."—*Chinese Proverb*

mother-o'-pearl, flowers and insects in precious stones (for which the workmen receive a few pence); or the *cloisonné* vase; no two designs alike, years sometimes being taken over its perfecting. It reminds one of the story of the "Makers of Florence," who worked simply for love of Art. \*

It is curious to see grain spread out across the roadway in mats to dry. The peasants sift rice through their fingers, sometimes shaking it to and fro in a mat or sieve, or hold it high above their heads, letting it drop on to a mat at their feet. Buckwheat is rubbed between the hands, the worker kneeling. Here a man pours rice into a straw sack, there two girls wield heavy wooden mallets and pound the grain; not far off a man stands with two fans attached to a bamboo handle, and while a girl pours the rice from a height above, he gently fans away the chaff. †

Rice bran is used to stuff pillows and fill little bags with which to scour themselves. Loofahs procured from gourds are used for the same purpose. The word for soap in Japan is Sekken. It is difficult to convey any idea of their extreme cleanliness. Where we speak of pure air, they say "*clean* air." They do not paint their houses or boats, because they "prefer to keep the wood clean." The floors are rubbed daily with a cloth wrung out of hot bath water, so that in time even common deal takes a polish. In one hotel we observed long calico bags hung on to the bathtaps, and were told "it was to keep the water clean," *i.e.* to catch some imperceptible sediment. The hands, nails, hair, teeth, of the poorest

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\* Is it any wonder, then, that the *Times* speaks of "the marvellous completeness of all their military arrangements—their superlative capacity for organization, from the details of food and winter clothing for their huge armies, to the orderly nursing of Chinese, as well as their own wounded, in Japan—and the framing of a perfect constitution to impose, if need be, upon the Chinese at the Imperial City of Peking?"

† Cf. S. Matt. iii. 12, "Whose fan is in His hand."

peasant who comes and stands beside one are scrupulously clean. The chief article for sale on many stalls is tooth-brushes (a stick with finbricated ends dipped in salt;) with these they not only clean their *teeth*, but scrape their tongues! Underclothing is chiefly silken, and though it is objected that they lie down to sleep in their clothes, yet the practice is not uncleanly, for they bathe many times a day, immersing themselves in hottest water up to the neck. This hot bathing keeps off rheumatism, to which standing knee-deep in the wet rice-fields renders the labourers liable (for rice is sown, grown, and transplanted under water). In winter children pop in and out of the hot bath whenever they feel cold; and the heat prevents the sensibility to cold that bathing in merely warm water produces: there is no fear of reaction or catching cold. At Atami it is amusing to see people of all ages in the public wooden baths, enjoying their gossip just as the old Romans would do at Bath, or even the English a century ago. By the roadside the family tub may be seen, a high cask or water-butt; the person of oldest age or highest honour goes in first, the rest of the family taking turns. They dry themselves with *wet* towels. Women and girls are continually dusting and sweeping their rooms, as if they could not endure a speck of dirt. Even on the canal boats this was most noticeable; not content with the inside being kept clean, they wash the outside of their boats. A Japanese proverb says, "Hell is full of dirty house-wives," and another, "When the houses of a people are kept clean, be certain that the Government is respected and will endure."

Atami possesses an extraordinary geyser, which breaks out regularly every four hours. The geyser is enclosed in a large space by iron railings; in olden days "the spring boiled out in the sea, and was a suffering to aquatic families." At first one sees nothing but steam issuing from the centre; birds are happily

picking up the grains of salt around (these water-wagtails are the symbol of brotherly love). Then a gentle noise begins, which quickly merges into a roar; this again changes into an awful infernal sound, as though the whole place were about to blow up; water rushes out, boiling fast and furious, steam rises in volumes, and you think nothing short of an explosion will happen. Just as matters are at their worst, the geyser as suddenly subsides and all is quiet. The steam is used for inhalations. Its streams supply all the inhabitants with hot water. The scalding water has to be *cooled* several degrees before one ventures in. It did strike us as slightly comical, that in this village of baths hot water should be brought to our rooms in *teapots*! But it was Japanese; and one must have been in Japan to know what that means! We found that, even in the best hotels, one set of toilet-ware was considered ample for two people.

It was delicious to sit in the verandah, overlooking a terraced amphitheatre, like that of Alassio, and listen to the splash of the Pacific waves below, the shrill chirping of cicalas, and deep tones of a temple-gong, whilst inhaling the fragrant incense wafted on the evening breeze; and see the buzzards hovering overhead, a palm tree and lemon bush close beside us, and below, on the stony beach, seven venerable pines, and boats hauled up *stern first*.

After dark the *amma's* plaintive piping sounded. *Ammas* are blind men who gain their living by shampooing. They carry a long stick and a little flute, and cry "*amma!*" in a melancholy voice. In Yokohama we saw a woman *masseuse* in broad daylight groping her way with sightless eyeballs—a painful spectacle. But as there are an enormous number of blind, and the Japanese are very fond of being rubbed, useful occupation is thus afforded to these poor people, who perform massage in the skilfullest way for about half a farthing. What a field of industry this might prove in England, were the blind trained for massage work



EYES IN THE ELBOW-JOINT.





amongst the poor. Their delicacy of touch is very great ("eyes being in the points of blind men's fingers"), and their kneading from top to toe is considered peculiarly invigorating. They massage *downwards* with their elbows, contrary to the received Western notion that "it should be practised upwards, as downwards neutralizes the good, the object being to help back the blood to the centre which lingers in the veins." *Autres pays, autres mœurs* (modes)! in this as in most other things.

At night the verandah was closed in by heavy wooden shutters (*amadō*), which rolled noisily back into their grooves in the morning. These shut out all air; although our room had two window-doors and four windows, there was no access to the open air. A watchman (*momban*) walked round every hour, rattling castanets as a protection against fire and thieves, but also as the destroyer of sleep! One must accustom one's self to this, as the *momban* is ubiquitous in the East.

Atami is celebrated for its camphor trees, whose circumference is described as being "of about *ten armfuls*," and charming trays and boxes are made of the wood. It is also noted for paper made of mulberry bark. The mulberry furnishes leaves for silkworms, and in turn the silkworm cocoons are highly esteemed as manure for tennis lawns, and as bait for fish-hooks. Hair is used for fertilizing, as well as the *waraji* when thrown aside.

Paper is largely used in Japan, from the delicate rice paper windows, through which the light gleams so prettily and softly in the evenings, writing paper of every kind, oiled paper for waterproof coats, aprons, hoods, curtains, and umbrellas; to fans, boxes, clothes, cases, twine, and the splendid embossed leather wall-papers which are highly valued for decoration in England. The whitest paper is made from mulberry branches. The bark is boiled down and strained through a sieve, then mixed, and the water gradually

drawn off. The pulpy substance is carefully spread out into sheets, pressed between boards, and laid in the sun to harden. Being impossible to tear against the grain, it makes very tough string. Japanese paper makes excellent plaster, bandages, tourniquets, cords, and towels, being wonderfully adhesive, absorbent, and healing. It is soft, tough, and, becoming easily hard or pliable when wetted, is valuable in dressing wounds.

A pleasant walk led through fields and little farms amongst the harvesters, to the cemetery, where every grave had a bowl of water and two bamboo vases filled with evergreens and chrysanthemums (they are always decked on birthdays and religious festivals), up to the promontory which terminates the bay on the right. On its summit is a tower from which a watcher gazes into the clear deep waters far below, and signals to the fishermen of approaching shoals. From that point we counted 117 fishing-boats.

After dinner the rats scrambled wildly overhead, probably chased by a weasel. Rats run about Japanese houses unmolested. There are no mice (except a small species of field-mouse); and, curiously, there is no word for rat, the word employed meaning a small squirrel. One-half the inn is for Europeans, the other and larger portion for natives. The noise in a Japanese inn continues up till about 2 a.m.—unending chatter, chatter, chatter, and tap-tapping of their pipes. At four everybody rises up for the day, and the large wadded *futons*, are thrown out of window to air, as one sees the feather-beds and *duvets* in Alpine villages.

The morning we left Atami, our fascinating little hostess, accompanied by her maid, ran up the hill for some way in front, in order to "speed the parting guests" and say "*Sayōnara!*" ("Farewell!")

They looked bewitching under their big bamboo umbrellas, exactly like the little ladies on the fans or on the china vases; though to you in England

those appear such unreal caricatures! Drenching rain came on, and obliged us to return eighteen miles over the same hills and dales, on a swimming mud-deep road in wild wind; but our little men-ponies trotted along gaily and bravely without a grumble or sour look, and after a hot bath re-appeared in a few minutes contentedly enjoying their tea and snowy rice. One never feels nervous, however rough the road, for they never stumble or trip, and pick their way so carefully. No wonder that, through fatigue, we failed to notice a very sharp shock of earthquake that night at Yokohama.

The Japs feel cold intensely. They looked "perished," shivering in a toga-like blanket, with a kerchief tied across their head, under the nose, over the mouth, or under the chin, and crouching round a few sticks kindled in a sheltered corner under the hedges. The thatch-rain-coats (*minōs*) are the quaintest of costumes, making the wearers look like porcupines shooting out their quills; off Nagasaki we noticed fishermen wearing *kilts* of the same. They are made of a peculiar grass, and must be invaluable in the deluging rains of this land, as they are absolutely impervious to weather, and consist of a pelisse over a straw skirt.

There are curious tortoises called *minō-gamé* after these thatch-coats, as a weed grows on their backs in the same fashion; their tails only *begin* to grow when they are 500 years old. In the drowning rain it was startling to see people carrying *all* their clothes in a neat bundle on their arms or under their hats! When children cry they raise the long *kimono* sleeve to dry their eyes. All remove their hands from the short sleeves in cold weather, burying them in their bosom with a small hand-warmer (*kwairo zume*), which burns a charcoal roll of persimmon leaves and keeps hot for hours; and you cannot think what a queer effect these elbow-sleeves have, sticking straight out from the sides like a seal's flappers. The *kimono*

sleeves are very long, wide, and made in two parts. The long end hangs to the feet and contains a deep pocket, and carries parcels or books ("*sleeve* editions" instead of "pocket editions").\* The long ends are tucked up when working.

Another charming expedition was to Nikkō, through fertile plains cultivated in dainty patches. The smiling landscape is a veritable fairyland, the tiny fields being set like gems with exquisite finish and taste. The whole country is so minute, so microscopic, so *petite*, the colouring so exquisitely tender. The scenery of Guernsey and Windermere is not at all dissimilar. Broad rivers enhance its beauty, whose banks in places are dammed up by enormous bamboo cages filled with large boulders to resist the spring-floods' force. Tea plantations, mulberry bushes trained like vineyards, leafless orchard-trees still bearing apricot-coloured persimmons (a species of loquat). When any great calamity is about to befall Japan, the persimmon seeds are found growing upside down in the fruit. This occurred before the earthquake in 1853, and also this year, and it amused us when cutting them open to find this idea confirmed. Beautiful groves of feathery bamboos, with cool, emerald-green, polished stems; bamboo-fencings and trellises of every conceivable pattern; ditches lined with golden chrysanthemums harmonizing with the ruddy brown earth; ruby-tinted maples vying with sunset clouds; silvery-plumed grasses resembling the feathers in a lyre-bird's tail; the circle of mellow blue mountains melting away in a film of misty loveliness—produce an impression not soon or easily effaced. Then come solitary horses bearing sheaves suspended (the ears uppermost) from above the spine, followed by the farmer no less heavily laden, carrying sheaves at either end of a bamboo pole;

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\* In South Kensington Natural History Museum there is a skeleton of a Japanese sleeve-dog; and a close confidante is termed a Sleeve-adviser.





THE EVIL-AVERTING PILLAR.



peasants with little casks of *saké*, each decked with a green fir sprig recall the English proverb "Good wine needs no bush," and the branches hung outside Italian *osterias*.

The ancient road to Nikkō lies through a superb avenue of cryptomeria, 25 miles long (said to have been planted as a thank-offering by a noble who was too poor to offer the usual lanterns). Two friends went down this avenue in jinrikishas in three hours and twenty minutes, allowing time for lunch. This will give you some idea of the coolies' swiftness.

Nikkō is the "wonder of Japan;" the word means "Sunny brightness," and the Japanese say that "Whoever has not seen Nikkō cannot say '*kekko*,'" i.e. "Beautiful, splendid, superb." \* In summer the trees are festooned with wisteria vines, and the woods glorified with azaleas, syringas, hydrangeas, Spanish chestnuts, and maples.

Nikkō is famed for a wonderful sacred bridge, made of red lacquer,† leading to its splendid temples, and the mausoleums of the Great Shōguns. They say the bridge has never been repaired; however, it was undergoing that process during our visit. In the temples the wood carvings of birds, animals, pomegranates, and groups of human forms are quite extraordinary. The monkeys (of which our guide said, "Those are India's gods") are very quaint. One monkey covers his eyes, another his mouth, and a third his ears, to show that one must neither see, speak, nor hear evil. § These monkeys symbolize *faithful service*.

The pillars are so perfect that, awed by the success of his work, the designer reversed the pattern on one to avert the jealousy of the gods. It is called the "Evil-averting Pillar." It is almost impossible to

\* Compare the Italian phrase "See Naples and die."

† Lacquered the same as the familiar Japan trays and boxes.

§ Cf. 1 Cor. xiii. 5. Like the model servant of Winchester College.

detect this, and it is considered lucky to do so unaided. I spent a quarter of an hour before discovering it. There is a "Sleeping Cat," who is said to wink before rain. Both these carvings were done in 1600 by a carpenter, who was a dwarf and left-handed. A touching romance is related about him. The girl he loved refused him because of his deformity, so Hidari returned broken-hearted to his native place, where he carved her image with such exquisite finish and perfection that the gods, in sympathy, endowed it with life, and it became his bride.\*

In a temple we remarked not only the Triratna of three Buddhas (the horse-headed, thousand-handed Kwannon, Amida, and Dainichi Nyorai who personify Wisdom, Absolute Purity, and Mercy †), but also threefold emblems abounding, *e.g.* trefoil, threefold cords twisted into triangles, etc. S. Patrick and the shamrock occurred to mind, but we found the priests ignorant of the meaning. § Ema Ō, the Regent of Hell, has a shrine *behind* the temple, where he sits, holding the scales of justice, surrounded by attendants of painful appearance, one of whom writes down the sins of men, and another reads them from a scroll.

Twenty years ago, real *gold* and *silver* overlaid the temples.

Nikkō is famed for its wood carvings, and amongst them are tiny shrines containing an image no bigger than a little finger-nail. The fossil wood is also very curious.

The woods round Nikkō abound in monkeys. In the evenings women bearing a singular resemblance to Canadian Indians visit the hotels, offering antelope,

\* Cf. the Greek story of Pygmalion and Galatea.

† "Blessed and holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,

Wisdom, Love, Might!" J. Marriott.

§ A trefoil image was brought me from Tibet, on which is the triple Buddha.

beaver, otter, and monkey skins; as usual they ask about four times the amount they mean to accept for their furs, and night after night they return to bargain. Unfortunately a fire broke out one night and destroyed all the skins which had been stored in a cottage over Sunday.

To visit Nikkō we required a passport, and were greatly amused to find, among other prohibitions, that we must "not ride on horseback to a conflagration." Well, in the early morning, while it was still dark (I was dreaming of having to appear in church with boots which it was impossible to button), suddenly we were awoke by shouts and yells, and presently a crowd gathered, crying, "*kwaji!*" ("Fire!") The fire-bell sounded, and the sky was illumined by the reflection of a big blaze at the foot of the garden.

Hurrying into our clothes as best we could by the light of the flames, in the fright the moments seemed hours, and one's fingers turned into thumbs; to button boots was out of the question.\* Once a Japanese paper house catches fire it is probably "all up" with the rest of the village. In the towns there are watch-towers, where a deep-toned bell gives the fire alarm by ringing out the number of the street. All streets are *numbered*, not named. This bonfire proved to be an isolated cottage, and was caused by an *andon* (paper lantern) upsetting, for the Japs always sleep with a lamp. All the villagers turned out to assist, but the fire brigade tarried so long to don their uniforms, that their miniature fire-engines and squirts arrived rather late, and even then they could not begin operations before saluting one another in the lengthy Japanese style. Baskets full of buckets (not much larger than a child's sand-pail) arrived;

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\* The Japanese will not awaken a sleeper, for fear the spirit, which has gone on its travels during dreams, will not return. Doubtless this dream resulted from our innumerable temple visits, where we had constantly to remove our buttoned boots! and a button-hook is a pocket necessity in Japan.

flags of various devices were placed at different points, and an idol of the Fire-god carried into the midst of the flames. A ladder was placed against a tall house near by, and from the roof some one with a fire device watched progress and directed the firemen's efforts. When the flames were extinguished the whole neighbourhood came up to the hotel to condole with the landlord, and to congratulate that his hotel had escaped damage. It was really ludicrous to watch the manifold bows and salutations, while every one, from the priest downwards inscribed their names in the visitors' book, which was placed on a table in the verandah for the purpose. We understood that the return for these compliments and condolences is a feast, after which all the neighbours lend a hand in reconstructing the burned house. By midday we saw them sweeping off the ashes and preparing to rebuild.

As fires and earthquakes are of almost daily occurrence, the houses are built in a fragile, temporary style. In North China there is a town built of mud. When the floods come the houses melt and are swept away, but as they are only mud to begin with, the philosophical Chinese do not concern themselves more than to remove the frames of doors and windows to a safe place, and when the floods subside they rebuild their homes.

The Indian appearance of Nikkō people is not surprising when one hears that the tiny junks get drifted across the Pacific Ocean by the Japan Current, and their owners never return. A Mexican gentleman told me he was much surprised to find so many words in his language identical with Japanese. A few months ago a junk was picked up and brought into Yokohama which had been five months at sea. It is supposed that the Sandwich Islands were originally peopled in this manner by the Japanese.\*

Clusters of beautiful mistletoe grow on the trees

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\*The most singular resemblance in height and slanting eyes is borne by the Lapps to the Japanese.

round Nikkō, and we took some away to hang in our cabin when Christmas should come.

Some temples have very fierce "guardians," called *Niō*, at their gates, enclosed in huge cages. They are plastered all over with little pellets which are prayers rolled up into balls, chewed, and then adroitly thrown through the bars. If they stick to the image it is a good sign.\*

The Wind-god has crystal eyes, and is painted green and gold; he wears a bag like an air-cushion (or the fillibeg of a bagpipe) round his neck, out of which he lets the winds.†

The red Thunder-god's hair stands on end, and is purple; he holds a thunder-bolt, and round his head is an aureole of seven drums, which he strikes with a hammer. The Scandinavian thunder-god, Thor, was represented as a Child holding the seven stars in his hand, while the Hebrew prophet Amos speaks of God as making the Pleiades. (R.V. also Rev. 1. 16.) The Death-god is painted deathly white, and carries a skull at his waist, reminding one of Death on the pale horse in the Apocalypse.

At first the fierce appearance of the idols caused us to think they were meant to terrify and inspire the worshippers with fear, but afterwards we noticed that all the great men and heroes are depicted with the same expression, and therefore concluded that, though appalling to European eyes, there is nothing alarming in them to Japanese; *e.g.*, never having seen a tiger, they represent him as a fierce dragon, an extraordinary creature utterly unlike the reality. The red-haired, white-faced foreigners appear to them as tailless, wingless dragons! Also, Marco Polo described the tigers in India as *striped lions*. The Medicine-god,

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\* Thus, in Madeira, rose-leaves are scattered upon the sacred umbrella of the Host.

† As Merodach, the Chaldean Conqueror of the Dragon, was armed with the winds in a bag:—like the bag which Æolus the King of the Winds gave to Odysseus, the Greek hero. *Cf.* Proverbs xxx. 4: "Who gathereth the winds in His fists."

who makes good doctors, had a water-tank in front of his little shrine and pictures of eyes as *ex-votos*.

There is a marvellously lovely pagoda, and also a high bell-tower or campanile. The bells resemble lotus flowers, and as the breeze swings them one hears a silvery tinkle. With the "moth-eaten bell" given by the King of Korea and a candelabrum from the King of Lychoo and a huge stone cistern ever *brimming over* with living holy water *on every side*, stands a candelabrum from Holland, Holland being considered one of Japan's three *rassal* States. Do not forget this fact in connection with what I shall tell you about the Dutch in the religious history of the country.

At the little hotel we found the ubiquitous porridge. Since leaving home we have only sat down twice to breakfast without being offered porridge, either oatmeal, buckwheat, or morning glory. The *menus* on the steamer and in every hotel in Japan and China have numbers as well as the names of the dishes. You order by the number, which both Chinese and Japanese understand better than names. Every item is mentioned, so that although "Eighteen; or "Twenty-five" sounds alarming, it proves only to be biscuits, or almonds and raisins.

#### BILL OF FARE.

|              |     |     |     |                                  |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|----------------------------------|
| 1. Ichi      | ... | ... | ... | Porridge: morning glory.         |
| 2. Ni        | ... | ... | ... | Fried fish.                      |
| 3. San       | ... | ... | ... | Boiled eggs.                     |
| 4. Shi       | ... | ... | ... | Small-bird cutlets.              |
| 5. Go        | ... | ... | ... | Ham and eggs.                    |
| 6. Roku      | ... | ... | ... | Buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. |
| 7. Sh'chi    | ... | ... | ... | Omelets.                         |
| 8. Hachi     | ... | ... | ... | Beefsteak.                       |
| 9. Ku        | ... | ... | ... | Cold roast beef.                 |
| 10. Jiu      | ... | ... | ... | Cold corned round beef.          |
| 11. Jiu ichi | ... | ... | ... | Cold tongue.                     |
| 12. Jiu ni   | ... | ... | ... | Flannel cakes!                   |

Here we were offered "sponged cakes" and small-bird cutlets. This has a quaint ring, but not more so than the "tender-loin steak" of Canada. In Japan



there are splendid prawns, after eating which one is given a finger-basin with warm water. This is repeated after dessert, and the warmth is much pleasanter than our chilly cold water.

Flying around the Nikkō temples was a singular man, who walked as if he wore the famous "seven-leagued boots." Apparently his ambition was to glance at every object mentioned in "Murray," and then dash on to the next place. He had been travelling some seventeen years, and carried a book in which he persuaded the priest at celebrated temples, or the custodian of a palace, or even the humble village postmaster, to affix his signature and, if possible, an officially-dated stamp.

"Man must keep moving," said a savage to some traveller, "for sun, moon, stars, beasts, birds, fishes all move. It is only the dead and the earth who remain in one place."

"What are those strangely clad beings  
Who move quickly from one spot of interest to another,  
Like butterflies flitting from flower to flower?  
These are Americans.  
They are as restless as the ocean,  
In one day they will learn more of a city  
Than an inhabitant will in a year.  
Are they not extraordinary persons?"

*Japanese poem.*

Whereas our English proverb says that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," the American converse is, "A sitting hen never grows fat." Again the Japanese say: "The eyes of Experience make rich;" and we find the same thought in the immortal Shakespeare:—"How hast thou purchased this experience?" "By my journey of observation."—"The fortunes of a man who sits," said the Hindu Indra, "sits also. It rises when he rises, sleeps when he sleeps, and moves when he moves. Travel! a traveller finds honey, and sweet figs. Look at the happiness of the sun, who, travelling, never tires. Travel!"—(*Purānas*).

## VII.

### THE MARTYRS OF THE MORNING LAND.

"This people is the delight of my soul."—S. FRANCIS XAVIER.

AFTER seeing the Mausoleum of Iyémidzu, who may be likened to the Emperor Nero in his treatment of the infant Christian Church in Japan, it may not be amiss to turn aside and learn a little about the noble army of Japanese martyrs and confessors 300 years ago, whose splendid history is almost unknown and well-nigh overlooked by modern Westerners.

Early in the XVIth century, owing to civil wars, frightful earthquakes, and diseases, the Japanese empire was in a state of absolute misery, ruin, and confusion. Such was the preparation for the advent of the Gospel message. At the same time God was preparing His messenger. Seven years before Pinto's discovery, 1534, Ignatius Loyola, a Spanish soldier, founded an order, called the Society of Jesus, and sent missionaries into all lands (you will recollect their labours in Canada), men of very holy, blameless lives, who cheerfully underwent all sorts of privations, even death itself, for Christ's sake.

Anjiro, a Japanese, fled in Pinto's junk to Goa where he met a Portuguese disciple of Loyola's, who taught and baptized him as "Paul of the Holy Faith." This missionary we should reverence as the author of the splendid hymn—

"My God, how wonderful Thou art!

"Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart."

Like Our Lord's own earthly ministry (three years) Francis Xavier's work for God in Japan was very brief, only two years and a half, teaching us that it is not the length of our service nor its quantity, but its *tone* and *quality*, that the Great Master blesses.

Xavier first heard of Japan when evangelizing in Southern India in 1548. The Prince of Satsuma's request for teachers reaching him through Portuguese merchants, he set sail in a small Chinese junk, "*with great mistrust of himself and an immense trust in God.*"\* The journey of 2,000 miles occupied seven weeks. He was accompanied by the Fathers Balthazar de Torres and Juan Fernandez, employing a simple lay brother, who had been a rich silk merchant in Cordova, and the Japanese Anjiro and his servants as interpreters.

Although it was a time of war, they succeeded in establishing Christian communities, animating them with missionary zeal. Nobles, priests, learned men, and poor were alike converted. The message of peace, proclaiming the gospel to the poor, and the joys of Paradise after this life's sorrows and turmoil, was gladly received by the afflicted Japanese. Xavier said of them, "No words can express all that I owe to the Japanese. *I think that even the greatest labour would be well employed in cultivating them.* . . . . When we came to His most bitter death, they were unable to restrain their tears . . . . They are very eager to learn what they do not know, both in things divine and things natural." So also Mr. Griffis states that one of the most beautiful traits in the Japanese

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\* "I believe God." S. Paul.

character is their readiness to unlearn what is wrong, and willingness to change for the better as soon as they are persuaded.

A great difficulty was to prove to them that those who did not worship the true God would be consigned to actual fire hereafter; they could not reconcile this with the infinite goodness of God. "If the Incarnate Word died for all, why should not His death be profitable for all?" they asked. "If He condemns to eternal punishment all those who are not obedient to His law, why has He delayed the announcement of it to us during more than 1,500 years? This God must be very cruel, if He is not willing to put an end to the punishment of the lost, or very impotent if He is not able to do so."

The Japanese bear such tender love to all their relations; the memory of their ancestors and their little dead children is very dear to them. They could not be content to regard them as reprobate. "What!" they cried, bursting into tears, "our fathers, our children, our relations, our friends—must they remain during all eternity the unfortunate victims and objects of the vengeance of God?" \*

Xavier himself ran *barefoot as the servant of a merchant*, in order to gain access into the interior. Having translated S. Matthew's Gospel, Xavier left Japan, and died on the Canton river in 1552: but the seed he sowed bore fruit, and *within twenty years* the Christians numbered 300,000, † so well were the foundations laid by the simple teaching of the Ten Commandments, the articles of the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. Fernandez also returned to China; but Balthazar de Torres remained for twenty-one years, living as a vegetarian and going barefoot, until his death in 1570.

In 1581 the Jesuits reckoned 150,000 adherents

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\* See Appendix XII.

† Some say over 600,000.

in all classes and over two hundred churches. The native kings who were converted propagated the faith in every way.

In 1582 these Christian *daimiōs* sent an embassy of four nobles to Gregory XIII. at Rome to beg for missionaries. They were three years going round the Cape of Good Hope by St. Helena to Lisbon. Returning eight years later, they found great changes.

In 1587, owing to the steadfastness of some Christian maidens, a sudden edict appeared commanding all missionaries to leave Japan. Sixty-five Fathers determined to remain, but to close their churches, and avoid all that could provoke hostility, such as preaching, or processions.

Retiring to the seclusion of their colleges, they occupied themselves in *educating a native priesthood*. The Christian princes invited them to their dominions, where they taught and administered the sacraments in private houses. Taikō Sama, the Mayor of the Palace contented himself with destroying the churches; but an apostate *duimiō*, Don Constantine, persecuted the Christians most cruelly. The first martyr, a brave soldier aged seventy, was executed July 27, 1589. But, spite of persecution, the Christians increased at the rate of 10,000 yearly, till in 1605 they numbered 1,800,000.

After Taikō Sama's death a period of peace ensued. The Tycoon, Iyémidzu, determining to eradicate Christianity, shut up Japan against foreigners. Thousands of Christians were banished to the mines in the island of Sado, where their goodness and faithfulness led the governor, Okubo Nagayasu, to conversion.

Alas! sectarian jealousies caused great trouble. Spanish Dominican and Franciscan monks arrived, set at naught the edicts, and had grand processions. The Jesuits themselves, lulled in a false security, were led into injudicious acts. But the cause above all others was the unchristian lives of the foreign traders and seamen, and the fact of their exporting

poor helpless Japanese (especially children) as slaves to Manila and Macao, in such large numbers that even the very "negro slaves themselves could own slaves, for human flesh became so cheap." The Dutch and English (in revenge for the persecutions in the Netherlands under Alva) fostered false accounts, and did all they could to poison the Japanese rulers' minds against the Catholic Christians, and commercial jealousies between Portugal and Spain fanned the flame that burst out in 1614. Sixty missionaries were expelled and nine churches destroyed round Nagasaki.

In 1619 an English Captain Cocks, in the East India Company's service, reported that "the Christians suffered as many deaths and tortures as in the primitive persecutions. Very few, if any, renounced their profession; the most hideous forms of death did not scare them. The adversaries were sooner weary of inflicting punishment than they of enduring it. They made their very children martyrs with them, and carried them in their arms to the stake, choosing rather to resign them to the flames than leave them to the *bonzes* to be educated in the pagan religion. All the churches were demolished, and heathen pagodas erected on their ruins."

In 1624 all foreigners except the Dutch and Chinese were expelled. Terrible persecutions followed. Thousands fled to China and Formosa, thousands more died on the cross -were beheaded, drowned, burned alive. The descriptions certainly bring the Heroes of the XIth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "who loved not their lives unto the death," very near to our own days. "The annals of the primitive Church furnish no instances of sacrifice or heroic constancy in the Coliseum or the Roman arenas that were not paralleled on the dry river-beds and execution grounds of Japan."\* Another chronicler states that "the description of their torments reads like a chapter out of Dante's 'Inferno.' While some were martyred,

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\* "Mikado's Empire," by Griffis.



the rest were made to look on. The victims were flung from high precipices, burned alive, torn asunder by oxen, tied in sacks of rice-straw and set on fire, put in cages in sight of food and starved to death. Yet few quailed or renounced their faith, and calmly let the fire of the wooden crosses before which they once prayed consume them."

These horrors continued for *twenty* years without provoking the Christians to any serious resistance; but at length the survivors rose at Shimabara. The persecutors were aided by the Dutch Resident, Koekkebacken—a Protestant—who boasted that he "*bombarded the besieged Christians from his ship for fourteen days with 426 gunshots.*"

The massacre baffles description; 32,000 were taken to Papenberg Rock, at the entrance to Nagasaki Harbour, and hurled into the sea. The Shimabara martyrs were precipitated from high cliffs surrounding the huge volcanic sulphur spring, whose hot steam is ever seething and boiling (hence the name "the big hell"), like Solfatara, near Naples, where S. Januarius was martyred.

"In the red roll of martyrs no names are brighter, no faces gleam more peacefully among the flames, or on the cross of transfixing spears, or on the precipice edge, than the faces of the Christian Japanese women in the XVIIth century."\*

In 1628 an edict forbade all foreign books which contained any reference to religion, teachers, rites, ceremonies, or customs. This included even books of mathematics, astronomy, law, medicine, as most of them contained some mention of the Christian faith. Ninety years later, the Bufukei discovered that by stopping books on arts and sciences they impeded all national progress, and so they interdicted only religious works."

To detect the Christians a test was invented, called the *Efumi*, or trampling on the Image of Christ. At first an ink drawing was laid on the

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\* Griffis.

ground, but later a copper disc. More than 200 priests were martyred by this test, and even children in arms were stood upon it. The Christians were everywhere spoken against as evil incarnate. Proclamations against the Jashumon (corrupt evil sect) were posted up in the centre of towns and villages, at cross-roads and in mountain passes. They were still visible in many places till the collapse of the Tokugawa Shōguns in 1868, but have now disappeared.

We had the privilege of seeing some of these precious relics in the Government Museum at Tōkio—tiny medals of the Annunciation and the Crucifixion—and of reading the following accounts of the persecution from 1600 to 1868:—

*"Image trampling.*—In Edo (Tōkio) in the Krikristian Yashiki and in the garrison at Nagasaki. The faces were closely watched to see whether the renunciation were willingly or reluctantly made. This dates from 1612, and was used chiefly for peasants and townsmen. Later on it was found necessary to include beggars, as *not a few Christians*, discovering that thus they could follow their faith in peace, *consented to share the lot of the outcasts* rather than renounce it.

"Foreign shipwrecked sailors often underwent this test. Its use was not discontinued till some time after Commodore Perry's arrival."\*

Yet the foreign missionaries were undaunted, and, continuing to enter Japan in various disguises, succeeded in making converts before the authorities became aware of their presence. About twenty-two entering disguised as merchants were discovered, and all "crossed." As they came from Manila, the Shōgun determined to punish the Manila people, and collecting all the lepers possible in Japan, filled a large ship and sent them as a present to Manila, thus introducing the horrible disease of leprosy.

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\*Taken from *Shiggakkaizasshi*, an historical society magazine, which has lately published the results of researches into a number of old rare manuscripts, which it has been the official duty of Mr. Okado, of the Historical Bureau of the Japanese Cabinet, to examine. See Appendix XIII.

A Japanese lady from Satsuma told me she distinctly remembered as a child (she was then a Shintōist, but now a missionary) the Kiristians, in their dark blue-cotton costumes, making and selling *waraji* (rice-sandals) from door to door. For, notwithstanding all these frightful persecutions (which nothing in the whole "Book of Martyrs" exceeds), the Light was not wholly extinguished: in places it glimmered for centuries.

The Dutch held a monopoly of the Japanese trade from 1641 onwards for 250 years, but under most ignoble conditions. They were confined to the island of Dëshima, just off Nagasaki, and strictly watched as prisoners.\* They were permitted to leave it once a year *on condition of their trampling on the Cross*. We visited the spot and paced the sort of quarter-deck to which those miserable creatures for love of pelf consented to be confined, and you will share our unutterable disgust of the pious hypocrites who (while boasting of their Protestant fervour) united to blot out the Japanese Christians with a fiendish cruelty unsurpassed by Nero and Caligula, and could thus write:† "In this service we have to put up with many insulting regulations at the hands of these proud heathens. We may not keep Sundays or feast days, or allow our spiritual hymns to be heard; *never to mention the name of Christ*, nor carry with us any representation of the Cross, or any external sign of Christianity. Besides other things, we have to submit to many insulting imputations which are always very painful to a noble heart. The only reason which impels the Dutch to bear all these sufferings so patiently is the love of gain, and of the precious marrow of the Japanese mountains."

This representative of the Dutch Company had to bind himself not to enter into any connection with

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\*It measures 600 feet by 240 feet.

†We quote Koekkebacken's letter. See *ante*, p. 27.

the Christian sect, nor to bring any missionaries into the country, and every year to inform the Court about the Christians.

An American missionary (whose "Mikado's Empire" is a standard book on Japan) wrote:

"For centuries, the mention of that Name would bate the breath, blanch the cheek, and smite with fear as with an earthquake shock . . . All over the empire, in every city, town, village, and hamlet, by the roadside, ferry, or mountain pass; at every entrance to the capital, stood the public notice-board, on which, with prohibitions against the great crimes that disturb the relations of society and government, was one tablet, written with a deeper brand of guilt, with a more hideous memory of blood, with a more awful terror of torture, than when the like superscription was affixed to the top of a Cross that stood between two thieves on a little hill outside Jerusalem. Its daily and familiar sight startled ever and anon the peasant to clasp hands and utter a fresh prayer, the *bonze* to add new venom to his maledictions, and the mother a ready word to hush the fretful crying of her babe. That Name was CHRIST. So thoroughly was Christianity supposed to be eradicated, that it was thought no vestiges were left of it, and no knowledge of its tenets was held, save by a very few scholars in Yedo—*trained experts, who were kept by the Government as spiritual bloodhounds to scent out the adherents of the accursed creed.*"

After the Christians were exterminated this inscription was set up over their place of burial:—

"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."\*

In proof of what Mr. Lecky called "the *utter extermination* of Christianity in Japan," we will quote Bishop Smith of Hongkong's comments, written in the year 1861: †

\* All edicts against Christianity were not revoked till 1876, nor the proclamations against the evil sect taken down; though in 1873 none were prevented reading Christian books, attending Divine worship, or professing Christianity.

† "Ten weeks in Japan."

"At the present time not a single native Roman Catholic survives throughout the kingdom of Japan, as a monument of propagandist triumphs, or as a record of the early labours of Francis Xavier, the canonized saint, hero, and patron of Papal missions in the East. . . . The case of the Malagasy Christians retaining the steadfastness of their profession after but a few years of the residence of missionaries in their country, and the persecution of their pagan queen, and the expulsion of the foreign missionary teachers from Madagascar, is a strong contrast to the *transient* results of Roman Catholic missions in Japan, after a century of successful propagandism and free toleration in the empire. The Holy Scriptures in Malagasy were widely distributed among native flocks; and the little communities of persecuted believers have in some cases been kept together by the sole bond of a secret treasure held in common, the interdicted possession of a portion of the Malagasy Bible. In the absence of the human teacher, the Holy Spirit of God, in the omnipotence of His operations, has sanctified this instrumentality of His own written Word for the sustentation of vital religion in the souls of the Malagasy converts."

We learn from this that *sectarian jealousy* throws such dust in people's eyes, that the wish often becomes father not only to the thought, but to the assertion. When S. Philip was asked incredulously, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" he replied, "Come and *see*;" and so, turning to history, we find that *within five years* (when the Sealed Land was re-opened) it was discovered, to the amazement even of the Japanese authorities, (in 1862,) that a mighty fire had been smouldering for over two centuries beneath the ashes of persecution. As late as 1829, seven persons were crucified in Ōsaka on suspicion of being Christians. When the French Fathers came from Paris in 1865 to Nagasaki, descendants of those old Christians sought them out who still held the faith of their ancestors in the XVIIth century, . . . wore the dress prescribed for them, knew the prayers, made the sign of the cross, baptized, and celebrated Holy Communion on the hillsides like Scottish Covenanters.

We found an interesting photo, evidently taken from an old-time picture. Priests with Cross-em-

broidered robes are administering Holy Baptism in the river, the multitude of converts being so great.\* In the cathedral are many pictures of these martyrdoms. It is remarkable that around Nagasaki the children still call out after foreigners "*Horrande San*," i.e. Mr. Hollander or Mr. Dutchman; Japanese not being able to pronounce the letter *l*.

"If any one doubts the sincerity and fervour of the Christian converts of to-day, or the ability of the Japanese to accept a higher form of faith, or their willingness to suffer for what they believe, they have but to read accounts preserved in English, Dutch, French, Latin, and Japanese.... The names of God (*Deus*), Holy Spirit (*Espiritu Santo*), Jesus (*Yesu*), and Christ (*Kirishito*) still remain in the language. The natives call Christianity the religion of the Lord of Heaven."

Even in 1867, 3,000 of those Christians, refusing to forswear their faith, were torn from Ourakami, exiled into distant provinces, and kept prisoners six years until 1873.

What a testimony to the influence and thoroughness of the instruction given by the apostolic saint Francesco Xavier! Thus we find that God's Holy Spirit can preserve a people for His name *without* the aid of human teachers, priests, missionaries, or even the very Scriptures themselves. It is a glorious liberty when we realize what a limitless power our great God possesses; and that "He is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and doeth righteousness is accepted with Him." Well might S. Peter say when he grasped this truth, "*God hath taught me that I should call nothing common nor unclean.*"

At Kiōto we visited the Roman church and read the inscription over the door, "*Deo vivo é vero*"

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\* I have since learned that this was the Christian consecration of the old Shinto rite of "General Purification" held twice a year throughout the Empire.—*Vide* "Temples of the Orient."



—"To the living and true God, and to Francis Xavier, the first Apostle to the Japanese."\* Within, a little company of women and children, led by two French Sisters, were devoutly reciting a Litany, kneeling on the matted floor. The Fathers said they had only three or four hundred converts, which they considered *très peu de chose*, as the mission had been established five or six years.

Three years ago, an appalling cholera-epidemic raged in Nagasaki, and both American and English missionaries fled. The officials urged the Catholics to save themselves from the terrible danger (for out of 5,000 attacked 2,000 died). With a Christ-like heroism for which death had no terrors, they went to the Viceroy and said, "This is your home and ours; your people who are dying are our own people, may their faith be ours; send us where you will among the sick and dying, wherever we are most needed—we will live or die with them as God wills!"

It is an interesting fact that the first \$1,000 for the erection of the first Protestant church in Japan in 1873 came from the Sandwich Islanders, who fifty years before had been naked savages.

And now that your sympathies have been quickened for the noble Japanese people as a race, you will be ready to enjoy with intelligence the "Story of Nijima, the Japanese patriot," and will realize that the expression, "The Japanese are the 'diamond' edition of humanity," is true in more senses than one.

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\* S. Francis most truly said: "If the world knew and was aware how well the souls of the Japanese are prepared to receive the Gospel, I am sure that many learned men would finish their studies, canons, priests, and prelates even would abandon their livings to change an existence so full of bitterness and anxiety for so sweet and pleasant a life, and to gain this happiness would not hesitate to set sail even to Japan. . . . Men's minds are more delicate here than anywhere else, and are easily scandalized by the very slightest appearance of an imperfect example in persons who claim to teach others."

## VIII.

### STORY OF NIJIMA.

"Who was true to the Voice when such service was hard."

WHITTIER.

"I am very sure of God."

R. BROWNING.

IN Old Japan the *samurai* (a military caste like knights) were the retainers of the *daimiō* princes, and distinguished above all others by loyalty to their master and intense patriotism. It was the *samurais'* privilege to carry two swords, a long one for fighting and a short dirk to kill themselves in cases where honour was dearer than life, for they loved the Right and hated Wrong.\* It was a certificate of noble birth, precious to them as the spurs to the mediæval knights. "The girded sword is the soul of the *samurai*."† Yet in one day, at their Mikado's word, they laid down for ever their long swords as the *daimiōs* did their lands.

Of a *samurai* (who had doubtless inherited these characteristics) I have a remarkable story to narrate, in which the hand of God can be distinctly traced during the period of Japan's awakening.

When Commodore Perry entered Yedo Bay, a little boy, aged ten years, named Nijima, lived at Tōkio. His family were Shintōists. At fifteen he refused to

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\* Every Japanese lady of the old school not only wears this dirk, but teaches her children how and when to use it.

† Sir Edwin Arnold. "As the sword was the soul of the *samurai*, so the *samurai* were the soul of Japan" (Griffis).

worship the idols which stood on the god-shelf, as he saw that they were only "whittled ones," for they never touched the food and drink which he offered them. Soon after, a portion of a Chinese geography of the United States fell into his hands, which he read many times, and "I was wondered so much as my brain would melted out of my head, because I liked it very much;" and "from that time I wish to learn American knowledge, but, alas! I could not get any teacher to learn it. Although I would not like to learn Holland I was obliged to learn it, because so many of my countrymen understood to read it."

He would steal away to a Dutch teacher, and once his *daimiō* flogged him for running off from his work, and asked—

"Why you run out from here again?"

Nijima replied, "I wish to learn foreign knowledge, and I hope to understand very quickly; therefore, though I know I must stay here and reverence your law, my soul went to my teacher's house to learn it, and my body was obliged to go thither also."

Then the prince said very kindly, "You can write Japan very well, and you can learn yourself enough with it; if you don't run away any more I will give you more wages. With what reason will you like foreign knowledge?"

Nijima's thirst for learning brought him ridicule and blows, and he became ill with his thwarted purpose and unsatisfied longings.

He attended an arithmetic school, wishing to understand a "Book of Nature" which came into his possession. One day, off the shore at Yedo, he saw "largest man-of-war of Dutch lying, and she seemed to me as a castle, or as a battery; and I thought, too, that she would be strong enough to fight with enemy. While I look upon her one reflection came into my head, that we must open navy, because my country is surrounded by water, and if foreigners fight to my country,

we must fight with them at sea. Since foreigners trade, price of everything get high, the country get poor; therefore, because my countrymen don't understand to do trade, we must learn foreign knowledge."

So, in leisure moments, he went to a Government marine school to learn navigation; but night-study so injured his eyes, that for eighteen months he had to leave his books, and after this an attack of measles further "spoiled" them.

Coming across a Chinese Bible, he studied it by night, for fear of "the savage country's law to cross (crucify) my whole family." When he read the first words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," he put down the book and looked around, saying, "I! Who made me? My parents? No, my God. God made my parents, and let them make me. Who made my table? A carpenter? No, my God. God let the trees grow upon the earth; although a carpenter made up this table, it indeed came from trees; then I must be thankful to God. I must believe Him, and I must be upright against Him;" and he prayed to his Maker, "*Oh, if You have eyes, look upon me; if You have ears, listen for me.*" He longed to read the English Bible, for he heard that the Creator's other title was "Heavenly Father," but could find no teacher.

At last he determined to quit Japan in search of the Truth; but death was the penalty if he returned, and probable danger and death to his family. Disguised as a *samurai's* servant, some friends hid him in the bottom of a boat covered up, and at midnight, with muffled oars and hushed voices, the true-hearted young patriot, who went to seek Light and blessing for his country, stole away from her shores as a culprit, to an American schooner bound for Shanghai, on which an English-speaking friend had engaged his passage.\*

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\* In 1862 Marquis Ito, Count Inouyé, and two other young *samurai*, stole away in a similar way from Yokohama, and worked their way as sailors before the mast to England (see description in Dickson's "Gleanings from Japan").

The good captain concealed him in his own cabin under a heap of clothes, while early next morning the officials searched the ship to ensure that no Japanese was secreted. Picture the penniless youth venturing among unknown tongues into the vast mysterious world beyond, where everything was so utterly unlike "things Japanese," and watching his beloved native land receding from his view! To add to this anguish he was expected to do menial work on board. Having always had servants to wait upon him, his *samurai* blood rebelled, and once or twice, when the sailors rudely ordered him about, he felt tempted to seize his sword and cut down those who insulted him; but when he reflected that he could not thus realize his great purpose, he calmed his passions and meekly submitted to the indignity.

He had only \$4 in the world, and at Shanghai was still in danger of being betrayed and taken back to Japan. But finding another American vessel bound for Boston, he induced the captain to let him work his passage there.

"I begged him if I get to America, please let me go to a school and take good education." The captain kindly took him as his own servant, and taught him English and navigation during the voyage.

At Hongkong he found a Chinese New Testament, but how could he buy it, having promised the captain to ask for no money? He thought of his two swords, and finally exchanged the short dirk for the New Testament. This action to a *samurai* was the depth of humiliation; it meant his costliest possession—the badge of his nobility—but to gain "the pearl of great price" Nijima sold his all. He spelled out the first three Gospels in the difficult Chinese characters, and at last came to S. John iii. 16, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," which impressed him very

deeply that this was the Saviour he needed. "When such thoughts pressed around my brain, I could not read the book very cheerfully, and I could not work very well, and I only looked around myself a long time as a lunatic."

At Boston he bought a second-hand "Robinson Crusoe," and this book first taught him that he might pray to God as his heavenly Father, a present real Friend. The shipwrecked Crusoe prayed in his distress, and why not Nijima? So every night he prayed to God, "Please don't cast me away into miserable condition."

During the captain's furlough Nijima was left alone for ten weeks "with rough and godless men, who kept the ship," doing hard heavy work, such as he had never done before. Everybody he met frightened him, saying, "Nobody on shore will relieve you, because since the war the price of everything got high; ah, you must go to sea again." He thought, too, "that I must work pretty well for my eating and dressing, and I could not get into any schools before I could earn money to pay to a school." \*

On the captain's return he told the ship's owner about this bright young seeker after Truth, who, at once sending for Nijima, asked his name.

"The sailors call me Joe," he replied.

"You are well named Joseph," said Mr. Hardy. "God has sent you to be a saviour to your people."

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy† thought the opportunity of giving this Japanese a thorough education was a Divine trust, and they fulfilled it nobly, sending Nijima to academy, college, and theological seminary, where he also faithfully used his opportunities.

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\* "We buy the Truth," said Bunyan's Pilgrims as they passed through Vanity Fair.

† The beautiful chrysanthemum "Mrs. Alpheus Hardy" was sent to this lady from Japan, and, in gratitude, named after her.



In the winter of 1871 the third Japanese embassy to the West arrived in Washington, bent on inquiring into foreign institutions, especially education. Requiring an interpreter, and having heard of Nijima, they commanded him to appear before them. Being an outlaw this message greatly troubled him. He declined to meet them except as a friend, or to serve them except on condition of their granting him a formal pardon for leaving Japan, and also permission to teach Christianity on his return. Being desperately in need of his services, they gave him both papers, sealed with the Imperial signet. He was thus enabled, after *seven long years* of absence and "silence as of the tomb," to write to his people, who had given him up for dead.

Next year he spent with the embassy, visiting all the European capitals. By his faithfulness and conscientiousness Nijima gained these gentlemen's confidence, so that on his return to Japan, three years later, they, being at the head of the Government, gave him the greatest help in accomplishing the chief purpose of his life—to found a Christian College.

His careful habit of minutely examining every detail, taking notes of whatever came in his way, especially his great interest in education, had prepared him to be an invaluable aid to the embassy and to his country. His examination of the various American school systems formed the basis of the embassy's Report on Education; which, being introduced in a modified form into Japan, became the foundation of the present system of education.

Before leaving America he was ordained as the first native evangelist. On returning to his own land Nijima introduced the gospel into the very heart of Japan.

How his life-dream was fulfilled is too long to tell here, but despite overwhelming difficulties, the opposition of Buddhist priests, the deep-rooted prejudices

of the people, Dōshisha\* College was founded 1876, under the shadow of the Mikado's palace, in the sacred city of Kiōto, the age-long centre of Buddhism (where foreigners had never been permitted to reside), and the teaching of Christianity permitted under the name of "Ethics," or "Moral Science."

Among the first students were fifteen young men who, unknown to Nijima, had been prepared in no less remarkable a manner for his College. Early in 1871, a prince belonging to the "Foreigners' expelling party" in the island of Kiushu, started a school to train men to oppose all Western ideas, and in especial Christianity. In answer to their application for a foreign teacher, the Government at Tōkio sent an American captain into the old castle town of Kumamoto. So bitter was the hatred to Christianity that for six months he dared not reveal that he was a Christian. After a year or two's patient waiting, Captain Janes invited some advanced pupils to study the New Testament in English. The young men's patrons held a long consultation, but finally granted permission to attend, "as the school was started to prepare men to oppose Western ideas and Christianity, it was necessary that they should know something about it in order to do so effectually; hence they might learn the Bible with that object."

For two years Captain Janes laboured without apparent result; but at length some were converted, and on January 30, 1878, nearly forty went into a wood on a mountain-side and signed a solemn covenant pledging themselves to follow Christ the Truth, to love each other as brethren, to live pure lives, and to devote themselves to Japan.

This step brought persecution and imprisonment; the school was broken up, and parents even threatened as a last resource to commit *harakiri* if their sons would not renounce the Faith. What a terrible threat!

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\* "The *one endeavour* or one purpose company."





MOUSMÉ SITTING ON THE TEA-TABLE.

for the ties between children and parents are nowhere stronger than in Japan. Yet they stood firm. Hence Captain Janes sought admission for them into the Christian College. One of those noble confessors became the principal of Dōshisha University, having succeeded Nijima when he died; four others held professorships in it; and the rest are scattered up and down the Empire in positions of eminent usefulness.

Amongst Nijima's reflections we find, "What is the true end of education? The full and symmetrical development of all our faculties; not a one-sided culture. However much students may advance in arts and sciences, if they are not stable and persevering in character, can we trust them with the future of our country? We seek and send out into the world not only men versed in literature and science, but young men of strong, noble character, by which they can use their learning for the good of their fellow-men. This can never be accomplished by abstract, speculative teaching, nor by strict, complicated rules, but only by Christian principles—the living and powerful principles of Christianity; and therefore we adopt the unchangeable foundation of our educational work."

"Don't be Jack-at-all-trades. It is well to be widely informed on many subjects. We ought to be well posted at least in one subject of the professional studies. It will be a rich treat to us. Success in our life will chiefly hang upon it. Let this be our offensive or defensive weapon in the battle-field of Truth. Though our talent may be small, yet it is solid and weighty. *Be singleminded for a single purpose.* We shall sooner or later reach a mark. Never shoot arrows into the air; aim at an object. I never knew a single case of a talented, puffed-up, yet unsettled-minded man having accomplished anything noteworthy."

Some weeks after hearing this story I was interested to find in Archbishop Tait's diary:—

"*July 7, 1872.*—Yesterday, occupied all morning with the Japanese Commissioner of Education. We had an interesting conversation on the educational prospects of Japan, and the possibility of Christianity being advanced there by a good system of education from Europe. The interpreter (Nijima) represented Japan as having undergone of late years a great revolution by the deposition of the Tycoon, and the overthrow of the power of the ancient nobility. He

represented the country as now eager for European knowledge. The interpreter had been many years in America, and is a Christian. The Commissioner speaks no English."

Nijima had the joy of seeing 900 students in his college, and when he died in 1890, worn out by misunderstandings and jealousies, and the intensity of his labours and sympathies, his body was refused burial in the beautiful temple-grove near Kiôto, where his father lay, "*because he was the very head-centre of Christianity in Japan.*"

It is a delightful feature in the Japanese character that numbers of young men, for love of their country (and no people love their fatherland more intensely), are willing to expatriate themselves and live in America or England for five, six, and seven years "to learn Western science," so that they may "catch true education" and return to be a blessing to Japan; also to know that the rich *daimiôs* provide as much as £1,000 to pay a promising young student's expenses abroad. And this is not all, for Mikado himself takes leave of them and speeds them on their noble errand, among his last words being the injunction, "Mind you be a credit to your country!" And hitherto no Japanese has proved himself unworthy of the trust.

Their ideas of honour, patriotism, and obedience to authority are very different to Western civilized notions. "Death is in their eyes preferable to disgrace or dishonour; Honour is more precious to them than life, and poverty no disgrace."\*

"I *can die* in the strange country, but never do I return to my own land without accomplishing my purpose."

A Japanese doctor is among the cleverest of Dr. Koch's coadjutors in Berlin, and has made valuable scientific discoveries, including the bacillus of lock-jaw.

In 1851, off Cape Idzu near Vries Island, a terrible

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\* *S. Francis Xavier.* See Appendix XI.



earthquake and storm-wave wrecked vast numbers of junks; the crews were swept into the sea. The sailors of a Russian vessel threw ropes to the drowning fisher-folk; but the inexorable law being that "no intercourse should be held with foreigners on pain of death" they chose death rather than save their lives by means of unlawful rescue.

"When one has an idea, and it is a right idea, and one sticks to it, it is sure all to come right at last!"—  
*Cecil Rhodes.*

## IX.

### KIŌTO, THE CITY OF PEACE.

"From Peter I have them,\* and he bade me err  
Rather in opening than in keeping shut."

DANTE.

OWING to the disorganization of the railway through the destruction of bridges, etc., by the earthquake, we were obliged to go to Kobé by steamer; so we took passages in one of the *Marus*, a Japanese line of Clyde-built steamers, officered by Europeans. Insurance offices will not insure ships officered by Japanese; the poor little Japs are apt to lose their heads in a storm, which is not surprising when one considers that for 250 years they were forbidden to construct boats large enough to go out of sight of land.†

For comfort, excellence of *cuisine* and service, and attention to invisible details, we never travelled in such a ship: our comment must simply be that "It was *Japanese*." The word *maru* signifies going forward, motive power, or progressive movement, there being no equivalent for steamer in the language. The ships are called *Yokohama Maru*, *Kobé Maru*, to distinguish them from the towns of those names. The Japanese did not consider it at all "the thing" when the English

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\* *i.e.* The keys.

† How marvellous that in February, 1895, Japan possessed the sea-gates of China, and asserted her supremacy as the first naval power in the Far East; and now—1902—the Rose of England and the Chrysanthemum have formally entered into partnership! The Japanese Navy has a displacement of 245,000 tons.

applied the title of *Empress of Japan* to a steamer. (You must explain this by remembering that they are the politest people upon earth.) Steaming away from Yokohama, glorious Fuji, seventy miles off, looked more than usually beautiful, embosomed in radiant clouds, lifting her lovely head so far above the clouds that at first we hardly knew how high to look for it. The coast voyage is always rough; consequently, having forgotten the bromide, we were miserably *hors de combat*; but people who started next day were *three* days on the sea, having to put back twice to Yokohama. It is not astonishing that the railway company advertises "the avoidance of seasickness" as an inducement to travel by rail across Japan.

We passed an island in the beautiful Inland Sea, about which the captain related a curious myth. A giantess dwelt there, whom a giant from a distance vainly wooed. At last she consented to marry him, on condition that he would build her a house of a thousand mats (an abnormally large size) before the sun went down. The feat being impossible, the unfortunate giant, in despair, at length climbed to the top of a hill, and, putting up his umbrella, managed to stay the sun from going down until his task was accomplished. The bride turned out to be a woman with a serpent's tail; a punishment to him for interfering with the laws of Nature.

In Kobé were many pilgrims winding through the streets in large navy-blue cloaks, rubbing their lotus-seed rosaries, chanting litanies, and carrying bowls to collect scraps of food on their way to an enormous image of Buddha, which is being erected of freewill offerings of mirrors.\* The road to it lies up a steep hill, *on the top of which* is a large dry river-bed. These raised river-beds are peculiar to Japan.

From Kobé the line runs between the sea and

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\* Cf. Exodus xxxviii. 8.

wavelike volcanic hills, across an immense plain golden with rice-fields. Poles, fir-trunks, and palmtrees covered with sheaves (a novel form of stack) form the principal feature of the landscape; even the fences are crowded with sheaves hung there for ventilation. Bullocks are busily ploughing, and drawing long two-wheeled carts as in the Roman Campagna. Here again a man carried four trusses of straw to a bullock's six.

Past Ōsaka, a great commercial centre which has been compared to Amsterdam or Venice, from the number of its canals.

The houses were very pretty, curiously resembling the native huts in Madeira; thatched with trusses of straw snugly laid in bands, fastened by bamboo, and crowned with blue lilies growing on the roof-tree. One cannot help laughing to see the Japanese stick their ticket into their girdle, squat on the seats in the cars, doubling their feet under in a most uncomfortable attitude, and drop off to sleep. In the Nikkō train a cunning little table was provided with a teapot, kettle, and cups, reminding one of the old fairy rhyme, "Little goat bleat, little table lay."

Kiōto is the Japanese sacred city, the Mikado's ancient capital. It is Saikiō, or western capital, while Tōkiō only became the eastern capital in 1868.

Kiōto, "the place where the gods dwell," is so called from its beautiful situation\* encircled by mountains. In summer its wide river-bed is covered with tea-houses; whence paths branch up into the woods, having booths and tables *on* which the natives sit and feast.

The position of Maruyama Hotel, where we stayed several days, is entrancing. In the evenings we enjoyed a full view of the glorious sunsets, and as darkness fell the large city stretched on the plain below was illuminated with thousands of paper lanterns. At sunrise the tender violet tints and lifting mists on the surrounding hills were fascinating to a degree.

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\* Ps. xlviii. 2.

Magnificent woods, blazing with scarlet, madder, crimson, and gold tints, clothed the hillside. The dark green firs were simply *inlaid* with glowing colours; among them golden *ichôs*,\* with fan-shaped leaves, and "maples arrayed in damask robes".† Many stairs led up through terraced gardens to the house (not unlike the Cappuzione at Amalfi), brilliant flowers, berried shrubs, a miniature pond with goldfish, stepping-stones, and a bridge. Japanese goldfish are like fairy fish and have a threefold fluted tail. The hotel, a combination of an ancient tea-house and monastery, is kept by two *ci-devant* guides, in such a home-like comfortable style.

From it there are delightful wanderings through woodland paths, among camellia hedges and majestic cryptomerias, to the temples. In the garden is a little Shintō shrine, guarded by two foxes, before which incense sticks are burnt; at daybreak, after lighting them, the humble coolie, clapping his hands, bows himself in prayer. Morning after morning, long before it was light, we heard a Buddhist priest tap-tapping his prayer-gong. In an adjoining temple a Requiem-service was held for the souls who perished in the earthquake. Some 2,000 worshippers were prostrated in absorbing devotion for two hours, while the priests chanted amid brilliant lights and incense clouds, and at the close sounded the big bell for the Prince of the dead to lead the spirits into Paradise—a very similar idea to our own "passing bell," and not unlike the memorial funeral services now becoming so common in England.

The bronze temple bells or gongs vary in size, but have no clappers. Some are small bowls, others so immense that they occupy a roofed-in platform. When struck by a wooden mallet their tones are very deep and melodious. At the sound of one bell, it is said that "bad thoughts flee and devils are subdued," and its sound can be "heard up in heaven and down in

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\*Said by Professor Huxley to be prehistoric. † Japanese poem.

hell." In the Indian Museum, South Kensington, there is a bell inscribed, "Without charity you cannot attain to Nirvâna."

Two earthen images of warriors are buried on the hill behind, and tradition says that when the city of Kiôto is attacked, these *shogûns* will come to life and protect it. There are similar traditions in England, France and Germany, about King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Friedrich Barbarossa.

In August the Feast of the Dead is celebrated, when the spirits return to earth for three days, for they still maintain a loving interest in those they leave behind. The same spirit is traceable in the *Purgatorio* of the Italian Dante—

"Of our native land and of our life it questioned us." \*

Lanterns are hung before every house where any one has died in the past year, tapers lighted, and food set before each household shrine. On the last night the hill cemeteries are lit up, and the city and river illuminated. The spectacle from Maruyama of the mountain amphitheatre, brilliantly lighted with signal-fires (the priests train the peasants to store up their gathered firewood in these devices), must be singularly fine. The lights are to guide the souls back again. At Nagasaki food is placed in paper-boats, which are lit up and floated down the river into the sea for the drowned. When the light goes out the spirit has reached its home. †

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\* Canto vi. 70-75. Also Achilles thus questions Odysseus: "But come, tell me tidings of that lordly son of mine—did he follow to the war to be a leader or not?" ... So I spake, and the spirit of the son of Æneas, fleet of foot, passed with great strides along the mead of asphodel, rejoicing that I had told him of his son's renown. But lo, other spirits of the dead that be departed stood sorrowing, and each one asked of those that were dear to them."

*Butcher's "Homer's Odyssey done into Prose."*

† A Japanese tells me that nowadays parties go out on the steamers, and throw into the sea bits of paper on which pious ladies have inscribed texts from the Buddhist Scriptures. *Comme les beaux esprits s'en rencontrent!*



The Red Indians believe that—

“Four days is the spirit’s journey  
To the land of ghosts and shadows.  
Four its lonely night encampments;  
Four times must their fires be lighted.

That the soul upon its journey  
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,  
May not grope about in darkness.”

LONGFELLOW.

Years ago, we saw a tiny child leave a room and silently return with a biscuit to lay on the baby’s coffin. Was it not provision for the way for the little one who had gone “to live in the bright sky, and to warm its (ever-cold) toes at the sun”?

Christians celebrate the Festivals of All Saints and All Souls. Hallowe’en is still kept in Scotland. A scene in a little Italian cemetery comes vividly to mind, where, on the evening of All Saints’ Day, lights are placed before each tomb and round every grave. I remember well the procession, the sprinkled holy water, the monk’s impassioned sermon about the souls in purgatory, and the bitter sobbing of the listening crowd reminded of their suffering friends. And then the lighting of immense painted candles at the marble tombs of the rich, and of tiny flickering rushlights on the grass (some no larger than a match), the only mark to designate the grave of the poor; and the care with which loving hands shielded frail lights from the evening breeze. A peasant, clasping his baby children, knelt in heartbroken devotion on his wife’s grave; a little girl stepped forward and reverently laid a palm branch across. Being asked whether the one who slept there was her mother, “*Only my friend,*” the child replied.

“No, I have *friends* in Spirit-land,  
Not shadows in a shadowy band;  
Not others, but themselves are they.”

WHITTIER.

Buddhists believe that at death the soul re-enters a life of probation in the form of some animal kindred to its disposition (such as a tiger or a lamb); and whether the road to the lovely Paradise in Amida's presence be short or troublesome depends entirely on one's self; so self-control, pure thoughts, good works, and avoidance of evil will hasten the pilgrimage to the perfect state. Not only dreadful sins retard the pilgrim's progress, but sins of pride, hypocrisy, anger, envy, greed, talkativeness, cruelty to animals, etc., hence not even the smallest worm or insect may be killed. "He is already far on the way to everlasting happiness, whose foot tramples on a favourite sin," is one of their holy mottoes; and another, "If a man conquer in battle a thousand thousand men, and another conquer himself, the last is the greatest conqueror."\*

In the temple of Gion Yashiro, Shinto priests kindle the sacred fire on the last night of the year, and the people take it to their own hearths to prepare the New Year meals by. Compare the sacred fire of the Vestal virgins in Rome, the English Yule-log, and the brightly lighted Christmas tree in Germany, symbolical of the victory of Light over darkness. As all light comes from the sun, so all lesser lights point to Him who is the Light of lights.

Here a shrine with a rude picture of mothers who bring sick children or an infant in their arms, recalls the Jewish mother Hannah with her little Samuel, "For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given him to me," and those who "brought young children to Jesus that He might touch them." *There* is the healing god Binzuru, rubbed wherever the worshipper has a pain. His images are seen everywhere, often rubbed out of all shape. "Badly worn," scoffed a Yankee in passing one. David's words flashed across our minds, "Thou art the Helper of the friendless;" and we longed for Bunyan's Mr.

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\* At Oxford a monument to King Henry V. is inscribed "Conqueror of his enemies and of himself."

Interpreter to explain the hidden meaning of these truths, which have been so lost alike to priests and people through the dark centuries.

"If there be . . . an interpreter," cried Job, "one among a thousand, to show unto man God's uprightness: then He is gracious to him, and saith, Deliver his soul from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom."

"Believe it! 'tis the mass of men He loves,  
And where there is most sorrow and most want  
There most is He, for there is He most needed."\*

The devotion to Binzuru is truly pathetic, and reminded me of "those who in this transitory life are in trouble, need, sickness, or any other adversity," for whom the Church prays "that it may please God to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions." Thank-offerings numerous and strange are brought to Binzuru, who helps even *teething babies* through their troubles. Pictures of escape from runaway horses, dangerous bulls, overwhelming floods; pictures also of horses, inscribed with those devotees' names who wish to excel as riders; and one of a shipwrecked crew, men on shore help to pull them to land, and saints above aid by their prayers, illustrates *Ora et labora*.

In roaming around we came across a lovely shrine under a cascade of spring water. It was a miniature harvest thanksgiving, the altar to Amida covered with picturesquely arranged offerings of oranges (both singly and in boxes, evidently "first-fruits"), carrots, turnips, red beans, various cakes and fruits, a steaming rice pudding(!), two large earthenware flagons of wine, and, above, two white paper funnels. †

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\* J. R. Lowell. † I have since found that this is sacramental rice and wine. Milken rice = *amrita*, the immortal food, the Bread of life (Rhys Davids).

The fewness of priests compared to the multitudes of worshipping laity was noteworthy.

Another shrine to Jizōdō was surrounded by images of dead children.\* Running water flowed below; on its edge and in his lap were piles of small stones—tiny cairns—which are to remind him to relieve the labours of the infants, who, having been robbed of their clothes by an old hag, "Shōzuka nō Baba," are made to endlessly pile up stones on the Japanese river of Death (or Styx). "It makes one shudder," said F. "*No worse than Calvin*," replied S., "who damned non-elected infants." Jizō is continually agonizing and sweating in hell, his sufferings being for the healing of the race (compare the Agony and bloody sweat in Gethsemane).

A painful sight (the only one of the kind we saw) was a shrine to the three monkeys (seen in carved decorations at Nikkō) who neither see, hear, nor speak evil. Images of monkeys were presented to them, and a hideous, red-faced monkey lived in a cage close by.

There was only one worshipper.

The temples on Maruyama are approached by multitudinous stairs, and quaint, narrow streets filled with every imaginable kind of pottery and pilgrim's gourds. One can buy 300 different kinds of teapots in "Teapot Street." Countless coins are thrown on the matting before the altars, but although people are walking or kneeling all round, no one dreams of touching them. To the right, through a cool green grove, lies the path to the crematorium, embosomed in forest trees upon a high hill. The dead are brought seated, in a crouching position, in a palanquin, and placed on a bier between the Furnace and the Altar. The Altar, covered with a white and silver

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\* According to some teachers Hell was paved with the skulls of infants a span long.—"The Christian Hell," *Nineteenth Century*.

brocade cloth, stands "*between the living and the dead.*"\* Quantities of flowers are arranged in tall bamboo-stands, and many candles, according to deceased's age. When the mourners disperse after service, the body is taken within the crematorium; the purifying fire reduces "ashes to ashes;" the teeth and Adam's apple are put into a casket, and buried under one of the curious little gravestones seen all over Japan. The ashes of all members of the great Hongwanji sect of Buddhists are brought to Kiôto for final burial. The hair is cremated with a separate service. The name of the dead, inscribed on a memorial tablet, is hung up in the temple to be prayed over:

"Dust to dust, to earth returning,  
Was not spoken of the soul."†

Not the least interesting temple at Kiôto is that of Higashi Hongwanji. The high priest is simply worshipped for his goodness; whenever he moves crowds follow him. He went to Europe to study the effects of Christianity, and thousands assembled at Yokohama to see him off. The simple-minded people thought that it was his goodness and virtue that caused the steamer to move.

Taking the Sermon on the Mount as the basis of his teaching, he believes that there is very much in common between Buddhism and Christianity. From the Buddhist colleges in Japan students are sent to Europe and America to study English thought.

A great pilgrimage took place during our visit, and thousands of country folk flocked to the temples. It was curious to see them rolled up (for the weather was cold) in green, scarlet, and variegated blankets; also in knee-rugs, with imitation tiger or leopard markings outside; and their innumerable wooden clogs strung round the temple and up its pillars, while

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\*Numbers xvi. 48. †Appendix XIV.

the crowd was kneeling within. An immense temple is being built adjoining this, and the peasants wandered about touching the carving with admiring fingers, and evincing keen interest in its progress. Pious men who have no money give a day's labour, and the best artists are employed in the wood carvings. The cedars and stones employed are free-will offerings. The following description is given of two gigantic coils of cable on the platform:—

"Since the thirteenth year of Meiji" ("enlightened rule," 1880), "when the rebuilding of the two halls of the Eastern Hongwanji in Kioto was begun, the faithful laymen and laywomen of every place have been unanimous in presenting to the principal temple strong ropes made of their own hair, to be used for the work. The number of these ropes reached fifty-three lines in all, and twenty-nine of them were already broken, or became useless from frequent using, though they were equally very strong. The length and weight, etc., of these ropes are no longer known, but there exists twenty-four lines; the length is 1,186 feet, thickness 42 inches, and weight two tons."

The colour is uniformly black, except where strands of white and black hair are intertwined. Those cables are dear to Him who numbers the very hairs of the head, and who said to the proud Pharisee, "This woman hath not ceased to anoint My feet, and wipe them with the hairs of her head." Volunteers took turns to haul the timbers into place by these ropes with a cheer and a song. The huge beams in the roof are simply trunks of forest trees left in the rough.

"The ages one great minster seem  
That throbs with praise and prayer.

"The saints of many a warring creed,  
Who now in heaven have learned  
That all paths to the Father lead  
Where Self the feet have spurned.

"One Mary bathes the Blessed Feet  
With ointment from her eyes;  
With spikenard one, and both are sweet,  
For both are sacrifice."

J. R. LOWELL.



One never sees "curly locks" or wavy black hair in Japan; it all seems black, long and straight, "out of curl." But ladies are sensitive on this point, and declare that they recognize each other by the different *shades* in their raven black hair.

Since writing the above we were intensely pained by reading in a missionary magazine:\*

"TWO TONS OF HUMAN HAIR.

"Yes, *two tons*, think of it; and this vast amount of human hair, the largest mass ever gathered together in the world's history, was given to make the necessary ropes wherewith to hoist into their places the beams of a temple erected to a God WHO NEVER HEARD OR ANSWERED A PRAYER, the cost of the temple being *seven millions of dollars*.

"Who gave these tons of hair?"

"Why, *fifty thousand women of Japan*.

"They did? Yes, they cut off and gave that which was their crowning feature of beauty, at the simple request of the priest of their God, a God who has 'eyes, and sees not—ears, and yet hears not,' hands that *never helped* a poor, toiling, suffering one, and yet such devotion to *him*.

"Think of it! ye Christian women, who many times have rejoiced in *your* God, who never slumbers or sleeps, whose eye rests upon and over you continually, whose ear is open to your cry, and whose hand is ever ready to help."

We could not restrain a cry of pain and indignation as we read such deeply untrue and uncharitable words. Their selfishness surpasses imagination.†

The priests wore black gauze surplices over white cassocks, and beehive hats. Some of them, however, looked very odd in "Stanley" helmets. Buddhist nuns are similarly attired, but have shaved eyebrows. Widows' hair is cut short.

In the Nishi Hongwanji temple are a magnificent set of state rooms for the Mikado. The movable walls are covered with exquisite paintings—peacocks, storks, bamboos, and chrysanthemums. It was here

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\* *Open Doors*. † A portion of this hair-cable is in the Japanese Gallery, British Museum. *Vide ante*, pp. 130, 131; "Temples," pp. 230, 350-384.

that Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales stayed when they visited Kiōto. Mikado's platform throne is raised a few inches above the floor. Even Mikado removes his shoes on entering a temple. It seems second nature to the Japanese to remove their shoes, for they do so even at the door of European rooms. In their own houses this is natural, for, having no chairs or sofas, they sit on the floor.

Another strange temple was Sanjusangendo, with 33,333 gilt images of Kwannon.

Quite the most curious was a Shinto temple to Inari, the rice goddess, whose guardians are foxes. The Japs have a queer superstition that foxes creep under the finger-nails and bewitch women, and only last year it was gravely stated that a phantom train had been seen on the line near Yokohama, the result of Reynard's witchery!

Approaching this temple there is a long street filled with models of foxes and *torii* of every conceivable size. In the grounds is a shed adorned with remarkable *ex-votos*, a picture of a railway train madly dashing into the sea; another large frame was filled with the small coloured pictures off chocolate and fusee boxes—a most ludicrous mixture of actors, prize-fighters, heroes, and ladies, including the Queen of Sweden. Beside the temple were stables containing two life-size images of horses. Horses amongst the ancients were the highest form of sacrifice to the sun. They stand facing the door, in Japanese fashion\* (for in this "land of contradictions" horses are put in the stable tail first, and fed at the door instead of from the manger, with warm water and chopped straw). Behind the temple are twenty-four gigantic *torii*; then comes a double colonnade of innumerable *torii*, placed as thickly together as they can stand. We counted 187—in one half. At the end is a

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\* Our own Life-guards' horses are stabled thus "to prevent them breathing their own air."

wooded hillock, studded with great numbers of model *torii* as offerings, accompanied by little paper flags stuck into the ground, on which are written prayers. The hill is a place of pilgrimage, and occupies about two hours to go round. We did not attempt this; but saw the holes in which the young foxes are born, and rice grains and sugar laid there by devotees.

One, two, three, or even five bell-ropes, hang in front of Shintō temples, which the worshippers pull before prayer to attract the 'gods' attention, and each is rung in succession. One rope was formed of blue towels, inscribed with pilgrims' names and addresses.

Kiōto, the fountain of Japanese Art, is famous for silkworm culture and silk manufacture, its fans, its porcelain and *cloisonné*. We visited all these interesting industries, and saw the Mikado's brocades being woven in the old-fashioned looms. No one could guess what artistic work was being carried on in such tiny huts, which were undistinguishable from their poor neighbours.

I never before realized that every one of those parasols, lanterns, and fans, so familiar to us in London, is *hand-painted*; and it seemed impossible to find two alike, so fertile is the inventive brain of each worker.

At Namakawa's (the famous artist in *cloisonné*) we went from room to room to see the various processes. *Cloisonné* is enamel on a copper foundation, on which gilt or brass wires are hammered into infinitesimal lines and circles, or beautiful figures of snails, dragonflies, bees, etc.

In "damascene" strips of *gold* are cut and *pressed* into the pattern. The pressure causes the two metals to adhere. Brass wire cut into tiny fractional pieces, is applied with fine pincers (like chop-sticks) and gum; the interstices filled with various rich tints, after which from six to seven bakings are required to fix the colours.

A bit of thread is tied round any article that has

the slightest (invisible) imperfection, and it is kept in the background, for the artist's soul is not satisfied with his beautiful work if *he* knows there is a flaw, though no other eye may detect it.

A deep lesson lies therein concerning the why and the wherefore of different kinds of trials. "Pressed beyond measure," "tried with fire," a "furnace seven times heated," the result being that the rainbow colourings are fast, and the gold fixed. "*Unpolished jewels do not shine,*" say the Japanese.

It is intensely interesting to watch those patient toilers, sitting on their heels at diminutive tables, with the inseparable teapot and flowers, daintily plying their tiny tools. They work from 8 a.m. till nine or 10 p.m., with half an hour's leisure for dinner. On Sundays they stop at six p.m. They have a free day twice a month.\* Then the younger lads, *wishing to perfect themselves*, do holiday work. They begin work at twelve years old, and continue till they are forty. At thirty they are sufficiently experienced to earn a *yen*. In former times it was considered sufficient reward to merit their *daimio's* approbation. The rooms look out on to a quaint garden, with a lake, bronze storks, dragons, and lotuses.

Lacquer-work is brought to perfection here, its foundation is a thin strip of wood, covered with lacquer varnish.† For the best kinds, silk is laid over the wood. The Awati porcelain pottery came next. After the old-fashioned potter's wheel forms the shapeless clay, the vessels are dipped in a bath of glaze, painted, and then baked to set the colours. An extra baking is required for *gold*.

"As the gold must be tried by fire  
So the heart must be tried by pain."

\* Fifty cents (eighteenpence) a day is the usual pay, but the best workmen receive a *yen*, *i.e.* three shillings.

† A gum obtained from the lacquer tree, which will only *dry* in a *damp*, dark room!

Feet are trained to be as useful as the fingers. They hold the vase while it is painted, or grasp and turn a barrel while the hoop is applied.

We saw odd little paper brooms at the street stalls, used for dusting and to keep off flies; and noticed a man "fanning the flame" of his charcoal stove with a hand-screen, or "cook's fan." It is strange to see phonographs, or "talking machines," switchbacks, photographic cameras, in this old world Japan! "Shooting-galleries" also; but, instead of rifles, they use delicately feathered arrows.

A letter addressed "To the Rev. Dr.—, Yokohama," at length reached its owner (a tourist) in the south of Japan, having about a dozen different tags affixed to the envelope, with a notification from the post-office, in Japanese, enumerating the addresses tried; *viz.*, all the missions!

One cannot help admiring the self-containment and patriotism of the Japanese, although this has caused foreigners to accuse them of ingratitude. When the country was burst open by the Westerns, the whole nation put themselves to school, anxious to level up to modern ideas of civilization; so, being of an "eclectic" turn of mind, they desired to choose *the best* of everything from other nations' experience, and obtained specialist foreign teachers. Englishmen remodelled the court etiquette, the army, navy, and mint, and girdled the coast with lighthouses. Frenchmen codified the Japanese law, formed the police and taught cooking; Germans undertook the higher medical science, and Americans the reform of the educational system; and now Japan itself is a nation of specialists.

Foreigners constructed the railway in 1872; but, finding themselves swindled over it, the Japanese took these matters into their own hands, and now employ English experts on the railways, over smelting furnaces, and in the mines, to direct the native workmen. There is a splendid postal service, with fourteen daily deliveries. Foreign teachers of telegraphy

are employed only for an engagement of three years, and then—*sayônara!* for natives will have learned the system sufficiently to carry it on alone.

The coast is the best lighted in the world. The public school system rivals the most efficient in Europe and America. An American physician told me that foreigners will not be required much longer, for Japanese doctors are becoming more and more efficient, having abandoned the old-time Chinese pharmacopœia, with its tiger-teeth, dragon-spittle, and toe-nails, and learnt the modern scientific methods. Japanese surgeons have long been celebrated. Their trained nurses are also good; but as yet they have more theory than practice, owing to the absence of free hospitals, and the fact that it is not customary to call in medical aid for ordinary complaints. They have a proverb: "When the oranges are golden, physicians' faces grow pale," which signifies that people are then too busy to think of their ailments, and so the doctors starve for lack of patients.

Illustrating this independent spirit, a Japanese newspaper says:—

"Strong teapots and cups that would stand great heat were needed. As the Japanese makes would not answer, they were imported from France. Many have felt regret at this, and attempted the manufacture several times, but did not success (*sic*) up to the present time. Lately, however, the Kyoto Porcelaine Co. turned out one which even surpasses the foreign made (*sic*) . . . . This process of manufacture, applied to common table utensils, also proved to be very efficacious for preventing the import of French manufacturers, and since August last the outlet is opened to the United States."\*

We must not forget that these Japanese are a free people, and have *never* been conquered; and it is splendid to see their old spirit coming out even in the new relations of commerce, as well as in the genius of their inventions, *e.g.*;

"the *hamayu* (sea-oil), manufactured from sea-water with some chemicals by the discovery of one Kimura Kingi, a Shiyoku

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\* *Yokohama Trade Review*, November 4, 1891.



of Okayama prefecture, could bear 165° Fahr., and no fear of readily catching fire; put out at once by pouring water upon it. It could be lighted on a dish, unlike kerosine, and the light is more bright than common kerosine, and as it is smokeless there is no trouble of cleaning the chimney. Lacquer (*urustu*) has been principally used in articles of fine art in our country, but lately a way of consumption has been opened in utility. Now it is required for painting the bottoms of men-of-war, waterproofing cloths, etc."

Their ideas of English are a little crude, as you will see by these specimens of advertisements:

"Wanted, by a Japanese gentleman, free talker in English, a few hours' services in teaching the Japanese language to foreigners, at any time in day or night. Moderate charge."

Over a highly respectable wine-merchant's we were amused to read "De Pot-House"; over another shop, "Spectacles Maker," and a pair of spectacles; on a third, "Shoes and Boots Maker."

A native guide-book describes an illustrious man who was—

"so larned and virtuous that he is worshipped as a god;" and a place which "has a large and *clean* river which runs around the foot of the hill. There are many beautiful cherry trees that blossom in the spring, and the red leaves that become all red like very pretty flowers in the autumn, and in the river are very nice fish as well as that of Biwa. So many persons go and feast there, looking upon the fine flowers in spring, the gay red leaves in autumn." The introduction states that the book was "particularly written for the convenience of foreign visitors... When they come in they will perhaps be anxious to visit the celebrated and splendid places, to bring back with them the *seeds of story* to their countries. But they will not be able to find out the places, and thus be obliged to get a guide, and then this book perhaps may prove useful."

The following inscription is on a box of joss sticks:—

"The stick incense diffuses comfortable fragrance on burning, causing the sweet refreshment of the mind, and the ash produced is strangely curled up without breaking down, as shown in the picture."

A host of useful articles provided by a chemist includes, under the head of "*nourishing* instruments," thermometers, respirators, ice-bags, feeding-bottles!

At Nagasaki we remarked a sign-board with the

owner's name and the simple addition, "An Artist"; another at Kiōto, "House's Painter." As their knowledge of English is still so limited, it is rather ludicrous to hear that at the Tōkio University foreigners are now being superseded, and the English language is taught by Japanese. Some schools do not teach English, but have "meaning classes," *i.e.* to teach the *meaning* of English words, but by this method we can well imagine they do not advance very far in the knowledge of English. When they desire to write an English book they compile it from a dictionary!

One Sunday morning we went to a Japanese service at Dōshisha University; it was deeply interesting to witness 500 earnest young men and women students intently following the preacher; a large number eagerly taking down his sermon in shorthand. Fer-  
vently they sang, "Stand up for Jesus."

Next day, passing through the class-rooms, we greatly liked the carefully adapted light and splendid ventilation. The students' chairs with prolonged right arms widened at the end for writing, afford an arm-rest which alike abolishes stooping and cumbersome desks. Each student's name is inscribed on a long wooden label. There is a museum, chemical laboratory, library furnished with all the best English and American works and monthly magazines, *e.g.*, *Scribner*, *Nineteenth Century*, etc.

The Japanese library is in a separate room, the thin paper leaves need such tender handling. English writing runs from left to right, Hebrew from right to left, but Japanese differs from both: beginning at the right hand they descend in columns towards the left. S. Francis Xavier, on expressing surprise at this fashion, was asked, "Why, rather, don't you write as we do? The head of a man is at the top, and his feet at the bottom, so it is proper that men should write straight down from top to bottom." Footnotes are placed at the top of the page.

Japanese letters are very lengthy. Nijima, when founding Dōshisha, used to write letters measuring three yards *in width*.

Among the books is an "Illustrated guide round the world" in Japanese.

Some of the "sweet girl graduates" were deep in the study of Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley.

It is proposed to collect a museum of antiquities before "Old Japan" fades quite away, for the Buddhist priests are growing poorer and poorer, and Buddhism is decaying. "Non-Christian religions are effete, and Christianity," say the thoughtful Japanese, "as the higher development, is bound to prevail." There are many Christians in Japan, and a still larger number who are just waiting and halting. Probably within the next ten years Japan will become professedly Christian, "by Act of Parliament." In fact, it is said that the nation would follow the example of the Mikado *en masse*.

One cannot wish the process hurried: men who, like Nijima, have bought the Truth at bitter cost, make the most lasting converts.

The chief interest of Dōshisha lies in its being the fruition of the lifedream of a true-hearted seeker after God—that it is entirely Japanese (only two of the governing board of twelve being Americans), and, above all, that it is Christian. Attached to it there is a hospital and a valuable nursing school. The nurses prove themselves quite equal to Western women in their capabilities for intelligent service.

It is well known that, owing to the extreme exclusiveness of Japanese society, missionary efforts fail to touch the upper classes.

The nobility would eagerly hail the prospect of obtaining the highest education for their young daughters if independent of the *thirteen* Christian sects whose varying doctrines so puzzle the Japanese, and too

often, alas! succeed in turning them away from their old faiths, only to land them in atheism.\*

Several Japanese teachers can be supported for the cost of one foreign missionary.

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\* See Preface. "Temples of the Orient and their Message," by same author. Published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

## X.

### WITH THE CELESTIALS IN THE LAND OF SINIM.

"I say to thee, do thou repeat  
To the first man thou mayest meet  
In lane, highway, or open street,  
That he and we and all men move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as the blue sky above;  
And we on divers shores now cast  
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,  
All in our Father's House at last.  
And ere thou leave him say thou this,  
Yet one word more—they only miss  
The winning of that final bliss,  
Who will not count it true, that Love.  
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,  
And that in it we live and move.  
And one thing further make him know,  
That to believe these things are so,  
This firm faith never to forego,  
Despite of all which seems at strife  
With blessing, all with curses rife,  
That this *is* blessing, this *is* Life."

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

SAYŌNARA! to the Enchanted Empire after three happy weeks.

Leaving the lovely land-locked harbour of Nagasaki, and passing Papenberg, we were soon in the stormy waters of the China Sea, battling with an icy hurricane from the Yellow Sea. Our captain was gravely anxious, and said it was the severest he

had experienced for years. It was short compared to our previous storms, only lasting fourteen to sixteen hours, but it was tremendous, and frightened some of our number badly. A wave bursting through the skylight drenched the captain's bed. Our being allowed no light during the night increased the horrors of the situation, and when, at four a.m., some one rushed down to ask why the electric light was not turned on, the reply was, "Because it would take half an hour to do so." Meanwhile the welcome dawn appeared, for it is not pleasant to lie in pitch darkness, hearing the waves thunder against the ship, and wonder how in the world one will find one's clothes should the vessel strike.\* But the captain said *he* felt more nervous in the Holyhead express than in the midst of a hurricane at sea and came round to our cabins "to give you a cheery hail!"

One of the funniest things in travelling is to come across the "equator," the "zones," the "latitudes," and "longitudes" in real life, whose existence has been so shadowy in our school books. Entering the Torrid Zone on December 5th, the ship bounded along like a "thing of life," over the glorious waves, indescribably delicious, unless you can imagine what it is to skim the waters on a sea-bird's wings.

At length we sighted "far Cathay." The long mountainous coast-line of South China, a chain of peaks and pinnacles, was like a fine panorama, with here and there a lighthouse. Many a Chinese junk, with square orange and ruddy-brown sails, tried to cross our bows, it being considered "lucky" to get run down! Japanese junks are high at the prow, but these are high at the stern—said to be in imitation of a Chinese shoe. On the prow of Chinese junks is a large Eye,† for the Chinese say, "When

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\* It was in a similar storm in this region the *Bokhara* struck and foundered with over a hundred souls, October, 1892.

† "The all-seeing and all-knowing Eye of Zeus",— of the Greeks.



no eye, how can walkee? when no can see, how savey?" This Eye is also painted above the paddle-wheel of modern steamers. The very picturesque bamboo sails resemble bat's wings, windmills, or half-folded fans. After sighting the Island of Formosa, we passed a large black rock, named Pedro Branco (White Peter), which emerges out of the sea, and is surrounded by deep water. There is no lighthouse upon it. In former times all navigators steered for it in order to find Hongkong, which is fifty-four miles away. It is marked in the old Dutch charts. Through the Lyee Moon Pass, we steamed into the harbour of Hongkong, the "renowned anchorage," one of the six loveliest harbours in the world; Sydney, Rio, Bombay, Naples, and Nagasaki being the others.

The Island of Hongkong is the first outpost of another Empire, that "*on which the sun never sets.*" Becoming a British colony in 1841, it is to-day the greatest shipping port after London.\*

We were soon surrounded by a fleet of boats, and deafened by the frightful noisy hubbub of the Chinese, shouting and yelling in their most unmusical, guttural language, which was a marked contrast to the sunny, gentle, noiseless Japanese.

Chinese voices sound so aggressively acrimonious, as if they were quarrelling terribly, when they are only chatting in an ordinary way. Theirs is the most complicated language under the sun. The alphabet has 30,000 letters; one word having ever so many different meanings, according to the inflections, or "tones," of the voice. So that, if you intend to ask some kind question about the welfare of their children, from the way you pronounce it, it may mean, "Do you *eat* your children?" From this result many of the difficulties between foreign missionaries and the Chinese.

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\* "Oh! mighty nation!" the Japanese exclaim on seeing Hongkong; "we must make our country like this."—

There is also an utter difference between the filth of the Chinese junks and the spotless purity of the Japanese. Boats are sculled by women. Mothers row, with babies tied on their backs; but the babes don't look *comfortable*, as they do in Japan. Indeed, we were struck by the unhappy look of Chinese children, and the absence of smiles, as well as by the fewness of babies as compared with Japan. Kissing is unknown in China. Babies' hands are tied together with a cord, to betoken obedience. To a naughty child they say, "Surely your mother forgot to bind your wrists!" Mothers smell their babies by way of caressing them. Floats (gourds) are attached to the little ones on board these house-boats, as they often fall over, and are hauled back with a boat-hook. Thousands of Chinese are born and die on the junks. Every boat has its altar, or *family shrine*, before which joss sticks are burned. The boat population are despised as "waterfowl," or "sea-otters," by landsmen. They number 300,000.

Just before our arrival there was a terrible typhoon, in which 300 junks and sampans sank, and we saw our old home, the *Empress of India*, drifted from her moorings, the storm having broken the iron cables which secured her to the buoy.

In the harbour are white porpoises; it is considered so unlucky to kill them (a sign of certain death), that if one is accidentally caught in the nets it is instantly put back into the water. Chinese robbers float about in "Forty-thieves"-like jars and steal the copper from the ships' bottoms.

Finding a steamer starting for Canton, we hired a boat to take us across to the *Fat-shan*, and were rowed by four jovial women wearing trousers, green jade bracelets and earrings. They skilfully hauled us up through a square opening in the steamer's side (like Noah's ark), and we landed in the steerage. Here were 200 Chinese passengers. Sometimes there would be over 2,000, densely packed; for, though the

European fare amounts to \$3 (nine shillings), the natives pay only ten cents (fourpence halfpenny) to Canton, but get no food or seats. So they all perch on the cargo of opium and bales of raw cotton, which come from India to be made into cloth at Canton. There are also enormous loads of huge salt fishes, brought over in straw from Vancouver.

The superior second-class accommodation costs fifty cents (eighteenpence). Competition reduced the fares to this low rate, there being seven steamers daily to Canton. A Chinaman will occupy four chairs for himself, shoes, bag, etc., and say they are "engaged"; even when others have no chair, he will not remove his *impedimenta*. The purser kindly took me to see the ladies' cabin, in which were several ladies and children from North China. Their faces resembled masks, thickly plastered white, and their lips a brilliant scarlet. One girl wore a purple mantle, trimmed with black, over green, gold, and pink undergarments; her long pigtail being braided with pink silk. She placed her tiny little stump of a foot in the palm of my hand. It was droll to handle one of these "golden lilies" (two inches long) and see for one's self a live Chinese foot, wearing a red-satin shoe as microscopic as those impossible-looking shoes in our cabinet at home.

My own foot seemed elephantine beside hers. Ladies with crushed feet have to be carried from room to room on men's backs, though we heard that peasant women in North China work in the fields with crippled feet which have not been so tightly bound. Court ladies do not bind their feet, being of Tartar race; but the Chinese prefer to do so, and esteem a pigtail a badge of honour, although originally it was imposed on them as a badge of slavery. When Europeans remonstrate with them about squeezing their feet, they naturally reply, "Why do *you* squeeze your waists by wearing stays?" The children liked being fondled, except the baby, who roared at the sight of a "foreign

devil," although its brother tried to coax it into friendliness. We all smiled, bowed, and shook hands, (though the China fashion is to clasp your own hands) and they said, "*Chin chin*," which means either "Good morning" or "Good-bye," but when a beggar says it, "*Give!*"

A missionary told us of a Chinese lady who lately undertook the long voyage to England on purpose to plead with the English to send out missionaries to China. Unable to walk with her crippled feet, she was carried on to the platforms, and could only say a few words in broken English. Just one responded to her appeal; but she was not discouraged, for she said this volunteer was "only one of a vast host who *would* come out."

The upper decks were delightful, and such large cabins! In fact, it was a house mounted upon a boat. A more glorious sunset we never witnessed than that as we left Hongkong. The very heavens seemed open, and the mackerel-flecked sky was tinted in every imaginable hue, from shining daffodil to delicate coral pink.

Steaming up the broad tawny-coloured "Pearl" River we were by-and-by stopped. The customs' officers had boarded us. They pounce down unawares upon the boats, and spend the night searching for opium among the natives, but they never trouble foreigners.

At night the Chinese passengers are all locked in behind iron bars, and watchmen are stationed with loaded pistols, for it not unfrequently happens pirates board a ship disguised as passengers, and, rising in the night, seize it. Once a captain's wife and sister loaded and handed up guns through the cabin skylight to the crew, who were thus enabled to keep the pirates at bay.

"Conceit and deceit," say the enemies of China, "are the characteristics of Chinamen." They are very treacherous and fearful cowards, attacking women and children, but never a man who is armed with a bayonet. One small gunboat suffices to defend the foreign settlement at Canton. In the first saloon was

a stand with all kinds of defensive weapons and loaded guns in case of surprise.

"What China wants," said an experienced missionary, "is men of honest lives," not necessarily missionaries in the usual sense of the term. "Chinese Gordon" is almost a household word all over the East; faces brighten when they hear the name, even in the Custom-house and especially in China. Why? Because "the great general" who led the "Ever-Victorious" Army with only a little bamboo cane (a veritable Moses' rod) was *true*,—to him his word was sacred.

"Thou must be true thyself if thou the Truth wouldst teach."

H. BONAR.

During the Taeping rebellion, having been promised their lives if they yielded, the rebels opened the gates of Soochow. Regardless of this promise, the mandarin treacherously seized the chiefs as they made obeisance, and chopped off their heads. Mad with rage that his word had been broken, Gordon rushed into the mandarin's tent to kill him; but, forewarned by his servant, Li Hung Chang hid in a *sampan*, and escaped, and is to-day the great man in China. Thinking to propitiate Gordon, £100,000 and all kinds of magnificent gifts were sent him; but he scornfully rejected them, threw up his command, intending to join the rebels, and was with difficulty persuaded to resume the command of the Imperial army. He gave immense sums of money to the starving Chinese; on him the Emperor bestowed the Yellow Riding-jacket and the peacock's feather (the highest marks of dignity and favour, conferred only on those who have rendered the most signal services to the State, or on members of the Imperial family \*).

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\* Li-Hung-Chang's Yellow Jacket was stripped off, August 1894, because of the Emperor's displeasure that the Japanese caught him napping; but restored to him February 1895 to equip him suitably to treat with the Mikado for peace.

In addition to four suits of clothes was a court suit, an embroidered robe of "heavenly blue," a satin jacket embroidered with the insignia of his office, a moon-coloured coat and collar, a sea-dragon court cap with a purple button, a jade holder for his peacock's feather, and necklace of gold and amber beads.\* Only one other European has had this honour conferred upon him—Sir Robert Hart, who is the Inspector-General, or Minister of Maritime Customs, and a man of similarly high virtue.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Pope.

Another Englishman, Sir Harry Parkes (who in the Chinese War of 1856--1860 was taken prisoner, and carried in a cage about the country as a spectacle), became Minister to Japan, and after eighteen years' service the Japanese said of him, "He is the only foreigner whom we could not twist round our little finger." He it was who determined to "read the riddle of the ages" and discover who was the true Mikado: at the risk of his life penetrated to Kioto, and found him, in spite of the Tycoon, who let the Westerners believe he himself was emperor.

In China we hear again of devoted Sisters of Mercy from such "benighted" countries as Belgium, Spain, France, and Italy, who, as true nursing-mothers, gather thousands of foundling girls, training them in domestic virtues and handicrafts as *angels* and cooks, and in exquisite embroideries and needlework, till they are old enough to marry converts and form Christian homes.

Near a pool at Foochow is a stone inscribed, "Girls may not be drowned here."

Twenty-five to thirty pounds a year (\$15 a month) is all the pay the priests receive for food and clothes.

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\* A picture of General Gordon in this dress is in the Chatham mess-room.



There are places in the far interior of China to which they are only permitted to go on condition that they take a vow to the Government never to return: thus burning the bridge behind them. They must dwell in secret, ever liable to expulsion, persecution, and death; but theirs is a life-long exile—they volunteer for China to live or die, and have no furloughs. Others dwell in the distant mountains, to which the way can only be found by a compass, and gather a few converts round them. When one dies another is always ready to come out and take his or her place.

During the terrible famine which followed the floods this year, when the starving people swept the fields to collect grass seeds for food, a Father Watson and two mission priests were “practising economies on £75” (300 *taels*) between them, in order to give to the famishing. They live in the same poverty as the natives, sharing their rice and cash, and wearing Chinese dress.

A Wesleyan missionary told me that the Sisters call at every house, inquiring if there are any sick, any dying, any in trouble whom they can help? At Ning-po a heathen Chinaman came into a Christian meeting; and having asked permission to speak, said that Christianity seemed to him a very absurd thing, for when he was in the hospital (R.C.) he noticed that the Sisters did all in their power to bring about the recovery of their patients, but when they could do nothing more for a man's body, then they gave him medicine for his soul, and begged him to pray, “Jesus Saviour, deliver me.” The missionary considered this was a very remarkable testimony as to the message of Truth given by the nuns, and the importance they attach to the soul had made a great impression on the man; for to care for the soul is utterly foreign to the Chinese mind. In the thirteenth century, a missionary named John Monte Corvino, who lived and worked in China for eleven years, became archbishop, with seven bishops, and translated the Testament and

Psalms into the Tartar language. The work was suspended until 1598, when a Jesuit reached Nanking, and later on Peking.

Large agricultural communities of Roman Catholic converts, numbering several thousands, are living outside the Great Wall of China to-day.

How shall I describe the wonders of the city of Canton—Canton, which was a great maritime port *five hundred years before Christ*? Being quite unlike any other place, one cannot use comparisons. The streets are a perfect bewilderment of colours and scenes, and apparent confusion; teeming multitudes rush hither and thither, the angry hum of whose buzzing, clamorous voices resembles nothing so much as a hive of bees when swarming. The only way for a Western barbarian to see Canton is to submit to be carried round in a sedan-chair, through the wilderness-maze of streets, on the shoulders of three or four men (according to weight). Under the escort of a celebrated guide, Mr. Ah Cum, a grave and reverend Chinaman, attired in peach-coloured brocade trousers and tunic of celestial blue, with a closed fan stuck in his collar, whose pigtail reached to his heels, we proceeded on our extraordinary tour. Mr. Ah Cum went first in a sedan. Should the European party be large, it is considered advisable for safety to place a second guide at the rear, as the consequences might be serious should the party get separated. As it was, stones were thrown from upper windows, and a big one struck the roof of F.'s palanquin. Angry grimaces were made at us as we passed, even the small children spat and said, "*Tchah, tchah!*" whilst ominous threats, "Off with your heads!" "Death to the foreign devils!" were translated to us by Mr. Ah Cum. The rule for Chinese ladies and great men is to keep the palanquin shutters closed; naturally wishing to see everything, we preferred to open ours, but were warned to compose our features into an air of *stolid indifference*, which was quite difficult

when one felt like exclaiming with wonder at every step!

No street is wider than seven feet, and as the bearers carefully thread their way at a swinging trot, they keep up a continual chorus of shouts to clear the road. As every one does likewise, you may conceive the din proceeding from the two opposing streams of foot-passengers. And yet there is no unseemly pushing. Every one is good-natured, notwithstanding their hoarse, discordant cries.

Is it because Confucius taught, "He who smooths the way is a doer of good?"

There is no time to drive Master Piggie to market on foot through these crowded streets. Paddy himself would not be able to argue with him and cheat the obstinate animal into obedience by telling him he was *en route* for Cork; so Piggie and his brothers are put into long, open, square bamboo baskets, through which a long pole is thrust, and carried off by John Chinaman, regardless of their squeals. Chinese ideas seem to circle round the pig. Not only is roast pork the festal dish (on a baby's birth pigs' feet are presented to the mother), but they keep sacred pigs in the temples; they wear pigtails; and any one who adopts Western ideas is called a "pig-goat devil." One of the most cunning things about a Chinese bairn is its embryo pigtail beginning to sprout.

In rounded bamboo vessels, full of salt water, fish are hawked for sale, "all alive and kicking." We were struck by the number of pretty kittens and puppies carried about in bamboo baskets. Not unnaturally, we thought they were sold as pets. It never entered our heads that they were for *culinary* purposes. Alas! kitten's tail is considered as great a delicacy as calf's tail is with us. Black cats and dogs are peculiarly nutritious. Europeans tremble for the fate of their pet black puss; and cats' eyes, looking like glass solitaire-balls, are sold at the Chinese restaurants in saucerfuls. Dogs' steaks and

hams are a dainty. As we passed an open door the guide motioned to us to look within. Far behind, in a darkened inner room, we saw a huge caldron, and, just in the very act of being popped in, a white, skinned animal, and were told it was a dog. Shall we *ever* forget that vision of *boiled dog*? Picture a restaurant, with its stews and steaks and joints of cat and dog. Then came shops of *charcuterie*, adorned with flattened-out bakemeats, ducks and sucking pigs hanging in happy proximity to smaller creatures, whose tails were curled round in imitation of vine-tendrils. Oh, the sickening disgust we felt when told "Those are *rats*!" Whole strings of them, dear to the Cantonese palate as *fricassee* and "spatch-cock." A lady told me that, having stumbled over a dead rat in her bedroom, she called her "boy" to remove it, and would never forget the joy depicted on his countenance as he appropriated it for his supper. It is said that, having eaten up all the cats, the Chinese were obliged to devour the rats and mice themselves! Rats are recommended for baldness. I can only say that I registered a vow not to touch duck, pork, or bacon till back in Old England, 12,000 miles away from Canton and its rats. One admired the wisdom of the Buddha in banishing such foul food, and substituting a diet of fruit, rice, and vegetables. Other delicacies (besides the famous birds'-nests) are sharks' fins, sea-slugs, frogs, ducks' eggs, which have been buried for weeks and are in a state of putrefaction, tadpoles, sheep's eyes, pigeons' eggs, and crabs. The witches' caldron in *Macbeth* was not in it—but Shakespeare had not visited Canton.

Here is a list of medicines found in the chemists' shops: "Wax pills, deers' horns, tendons of animals, petrified bones, snakes, petrified crabs, scales of armadillo, tigers' bones, stalactites, sea-horses."

A pleasanter feature is the orange stalls. There is no word in Chinese for "orange," though there are a great many varieties of excellent oranges, each

having a separate name as though it were a distinct fruit, such as "Coolie" and "Mandarin." Oranges are tastefully arranged for sale, the peel being partly stripped off in four or five evenly cut pieces. Thinking this was some very touching mark of attention on the part of the seller to save his customer trouble in peeling, we asked Mr. Ah Cum, and he replied that orange-peel is so valuable in medicine that the Chinese thus economically ensure against its being thrown away. It was quite interesting after this to notice the quantities of stripped peel drying in the sun. Gilded and lacquered signboards of all sizes, lanterns which could hold a man hung down from the roofs to the ground imparting a strange appearance to the narrow streets, through which two chairs cannot go abreast.

Oh, what a countless multitude of pigtailed people it is, ever hurrying on, with frightful cries and screeching noises, and hideous yells like wild animals—truly the exact antipodes of Japan! And this is China, the country where one-third of mankind live, and where one million a month die—*eighteen* times the size of Great Britain. If every letter in our Bible were multiplied eighty times, it would stand for the population of China. Vaguely it crosses one's mind what a human ant-hill is this Celestial Empire, with its hungry myriads; and one can understand why they are pouring out of the hive into America and Australia, and threatening the white man's monopoly of high wages and little work.\*

"You can kill a fly and smoke out a mosquito,  
But you cannot dislodge a Chinaman!  
They do not conquer a country  
By force of arms, but by dint of patience and numbers."

*Japanese poem.*

S. Francis Xavier said of China, "Oh, rock! rock

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\* See Appendix XV.

When wilt thou open?" and believed that if the Chinese accepted Christianity, the Japanese would readily follow their example. Lord Wolseley has remarked that China is the Coming Power of the world—only awaiting a leader; and Napoleon I. prophesied that once China is awakened her teeming hordes will over-run and change the face of the world.

As patience is the principal characteristic of the Japanese, so is energy that of the Chinese. Said Buddha, "Nothing is so full of victory as *patience*;" and again, "The rich without *contentment* endure the pain of poverty." With such virtues great must be the future which lies before these two peoples. "Sixteen years of personal observation of the character and pursuits of the Chinese in their own cities, and as settlers in Singapore,\* Java, Australia, and Japan, led me to believe that as a body they are an industrious, orderly, peaceable, and well-disposed race."†

Reliable Chinese historical and astronomical records go back to 200 years before Abraham. They printed with movable types 500 years before the art was known in Europe; and invented gunpowder, paper from rags, porcelain ware (*china*), and the magnetic compass, having discovered the virtue of the lodestone.

From time immemorial the Chinese had asylums for orphans, widows, and aged folk, free schools, hospitals and dispensaries for both food and physic, and there are more of these institutions than in any other land. One society provides coffins and burial for the indigent, another buys up every scrap of waste paper on which the Chinese character is written or printed—they are considered sacred and burned. Even wealthy mandarins stoop to pick up paper scraps on which a word is seen.

Canton may be best compared to a kaleidoscope,

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\* In this colony our King rules over 400,000 Chinese, who are among the thriftiest, most industrious, and most easily governed of his subjects. Appendix XVI.

† Bishop Smith of Hongkong.



with its ever-changing colours and ever-shifting scenes. One is carried up a flight of narrow stone steps on to the top of a bridge, and down the other side, across the canals which intersect the city. Below are junks, packed in such dense rows that it seems a perfect deadlock. Here you see meals being prepared, washed up, and the remains thrown into the yellow turbid stream, while from the same spot a bucket is filled with fresh (?) water. "Indescribably filthy, dirty people!" one exclaims. But then it is consoling to hear that the Cantonese are reckoned the very scum of China, and that elsewhere the Chinese are very pleasant neighbours; so please recollect this account simply refers to Canton. Each house has its own well-water; and yet, contrary to all hygienic rules, cholera and typhoid are practically unknown in Canton; although it is even more renowned for smells than Cologne!

There is the viceroy's tiffin or picnic house, with its fish-ponds\* and huge shrubs of scarlet poinsettias. Then comes a procession; two boys beating gongs, followed by two men on horseback, carrying flags, lead the way before the City Treasurer in his sedan, which is closed in with green shutters. Closely veiled ladies follow in black-curtained palanquins, (to enter which one steps over the shafts backwards).

One would need to be Argus of the Hundred Eyes to take in the quickly varying sights in one's rapid scamper through Canton:—many strange birds in cages hang at the windows or fill the shops, exposed for sale: *money-changers* with piles of holey cash tied with string through the centre: *dentists* or *tooth carpenters*, indicated by long strings of teeth dangling at their stalls: windows glazed with *oyster-shells*, giving a soft pearly light: *oxen* grinding at the mill blindfold, a skin being stretched over their eyes: a *funeral procession* with numberless cakes and bakemeats,

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\* Fish-spawn is placed in eggs and hatched by hens.

including a pig in a palanquin! *feather jewellery*, exquisite creations out of kingfishers's breasts and wings, and ivory carvings: *rice pictures*—one artist sketches the design, two paint the faces and hands, and four the dress; the colouring is superb, and the work minutely delicate. Amongst the subjects are the horrors of Hell, which we also saw depicted in life-sized figures in a temple courtyard. One victim is placed under a red-hot bell; another sawn through between two pieces of wood by men on treadles; a third immersed in a caldron of boiling oil; a fourth, lying on the earth, is pounded in the stomach with hammers. Others have their eyes gouged out, their tongues torn out with red-hot hooks. One is put into a sausage-hopper and comes out in mincemeat. All are weeping tears of blood. This is *heathenism*, but is not its counterpart found in Dante and many theological writings in the West? Perhaps the climax is reached in the legend that little robin's breast became red from the scorching flames when he ventured too near in carrying a drop of water to relieve the torments of a little child. It is refreshing to know that Chinese Buddhists believe that the Buddha Himself descends into hell every thousand years, and releases all the prisoners therein, for its darkest recesses cannot hide from His love!

The numerous lepers are frightful objects, and it is sad to see the multitude of sightless people, owing to the ravages of smallpox among an unvaccinated population. Benevolent missionaries conceived the idea of utilizing the Chinese blind as Scripture-readers, by teaching them Dr. Moon's system of reading in raised types.

Another sad sight is the strings of little painted slave-girls led about by an old hag, because their eyes have been put out. Sometimes the dying are turned out into graveyards or on to the river-side to die, because it is not considered worth while "wasting good rice" on them. A foreigner who gave rice to

one such was asked, "Why do you not take him home?" He replied, "Why do you sons not look after your own father? The truth is, if I, a foreigner, did house him, and he died, I should be accused of murder."

And yet the whole system of Chinese morality and religion is founded upon the reverence due to ancestors.\* China itself is one vast cemetery, covered with millions of graves. The chief opposition to railways lies in the fact of their going over the graves of the ancestors and desecrating them. The City of the Dead lies outside the walls of the living city, and graves cover the hillsides as far as the eye can see, for the dead may not be confined within walls. But in the necropolis are streets of little houses, which are rented at so many dollars a year. The body is left in its massive coffin (a huge tree-trunk bound round with rope) until a lucky day and a lucky grave has been found for it in some distant part. Meanwhile, a boy places fresh flowers and tea daily before the coffin. Two life-sized paper servants "watch," and chairs are set for the relatives, who visit it twice or thrice a month. Paper tinfoil and gilt, representing money, clothes, furniture, are burned at the funeral "in order that the dead may have riches in the world to come."

This singular people do not shrink as Westerns do from the thought of death. They present coffins to one another, and save up money to buy their own, which they keep in store against their dying day in their rooms! When they die they "ascend to be the guests of heaven."† Only priests are cremated, or those who are too poor to afford burial. It is pathetic to trace in this intense love and reverence for the dead the germs of those great truths, "the Communion of Saints and the Life of the World to come." The

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\* See Appendix XVII.

† The Emperor.

inseparable fellowship is recognized of the One Family in time and in eternity,—the reality of the sympathy and interest still taken by those who have passed away in those left behind; and though the notion of providing for the material wants of a disembodied spirit is crude and ignorant, yet it testifies to a real belief in a life beyond the tomb, in the presence of Him who "is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto Him." Truly there is a *bright side* to heathenism. Happy those teachers who recognize and interpret it.

We took tiffin on the city walls, just below the Five-storied pagoda which dates from 1366. Between the double walls is a wide space entirely filled up with earth and grass on which two coaches and four could easily drive abreast. These grassy wooded slopes command beautiful views over hills, valleys, and rivers; and this is CHINA, *the Middle Kingdom!*

Below stretches Canton with its million and a half inhabitants, its brick buildings, and tiled roofs covered with large earthen water-pots against fire, or filled with vitriol to keep off robbers! curious watch-towers mounted on bamboo scaffoldings; and huge stone, many-storied square towers, like Canadian grain-elevators. These are the pawnbrokers' *go-downs*, where the Chinese keep all their summer clothing in pawn during winter, and *vice versâ*. You must know that the date for changing their attire is regulated by an announcement in the Court Circular that the Emperor has donned his summer or winter attire.

How interesting to hear our guide's recollections of Gordon, the great "Kotong" who saved the Chinese Empire; and that after the English bombarded Canton, placing scaling-ladders against these walls, and swarming over them like bees into the city, from 1857 to 1861, British soldiers patrolled these walls and fired those rusty cannon, and so safe was Canton in those days that many foreigners were to be seen in every street. Now "it is nervous work" to live there. Only this

summer a mob started with barrels of kerosene to burn down an American mission house. Natives are not allowed without a pass across the bridge into the European settlement.

In no country is the fifth commandment more obeyed than in China. Such is their filial devotion that the Chinese mutilate themselves in order to provide nourishment or medicine for their elders or superiors. Human muscles are considered efficacious in consumption, and finger-joints make nourishing broth. But its virtue is destroyed should the patient know the nature of the remedy.

The Chinese Golden-rule is, "*Do not unto others what you would not like done to yourself.*" All the gods or saints of China have been conspicuous for some moral quality. Only the very good are ennobled. Confucius said, "There are only two good men; one is not yet born, and the other is dead." In the Temple of the Five Hundred Buddhas we saw, alongside the veiled shrine of the Three Buddhas, Marco Polo's image in XVIth century costume, with a ruff round his neck—the first European who penetrated across China. One saint had an abnormally *long arm*, indicating his power in prayer. A wholly delightful Buddha was a most genial-faced, benevolent Chinaman, seated at the entrance, surrounded by children of all sizes clambering on his knees, and hanging caressingly round his neck, revelling in the sunshine of his smile. "That is the *family* Buddha," our guide explained. "Beautiful Chinese translation of the Christ," we quietly thought: "Forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

Elsewhere we saw the Fever-god (cf. Hab. iii. 5). People fan him, and take the fan back to their fever-stricken friends.

### The Chinese Version of the Story of Mary Magdalene.

Pundari, a very lovely woman, heard of Buddha, and started to hear him preach. But catching sight

of her beautiful face in a fountain she paused to drink, and was unable to proceed. A still more beautiful woman overtook and journeyed on with her. After a time the latter, overcome with sleep, laid her head on Pundari's lap. Suddenly the lovely face became livid as a corpse, loathsome and corrupt. The stranger was Buddha, who had taken this Form in order to redeem a poor "woman which was a sinner."

Red is the festive colour in China. Should a mandarin pay you a visit, he sends a runner ahead with a red visiting-card. The Emperor uses a Vermilion Pencil. A dying convert told the missionaries that she had seen into heaven, where everything was indescribably lovely—"all red! Red tables, red seats, and red chopsticks."

Chinese boats are launched *sideways*; their mariner's compass points *south*. The men wear skirts and long hair, the women trousers and tightly bound hair, and the dressmakers are men. (In Japan Chinese tailors knock at one's bedroom door and offer to do one's mending.) Their writing like the Japanese, reads from right to left. Surnames are placed first.

Time is reckoned in periods of two hours. At midnight the first is not inappropriately called the hour of the Rat; then comes the Ox, Tiger, Hare, Dragon, Snake, Horse, Ram, Ape, Cock, Hog, and Fox. By each trader burns a wheel which is marked off into the corresponding portions of time.

The Great Bear (called by Americans "The Dipper") determines the arrival of the seasons. When his tail points east at nightfall spring has arrived; south, summer; west, autumn; and north, winter.

We saw the wonderful water-clock of unknown antiquity which regulates the time of Canton; the watchman marks the hour in black on a white board and hangs it outside the tower. The water *drips* through four copper buckets in twelve hours.



Thence we came through the old Tartar city, a walled-in town lying within Canton city. Quite a different race of people are these Mongols—one white-skinned, fair-haired child amongst whom surprised us. We saw ponies tethered outside the houses, and white silky goats with pink horns. On, through streets of clothing, sheepskin coats, astrakan, etc., feather-fans—300 kinds of pipes may be purchased. One street is named “Benevolence and Love;” another, “Ten Thousandfold Peace;” a third, “Of the Thousand Grandsons;” the filthiest of all, “The Street of *Refreshing Breezes!*”

Sad indeed was the gaol, the stronghold of Giant Despair. Dark bony hands, heavily shackled and manacled, were thrust beseechingly through the bars, like a cage full of wild beasts, horrible to the last degree in its filth and darkness and pestilential air. The prisoners die an awful death of anguish devoured by vermin. Murderers and all are confined together; some wear the wooden collar (*canque*) in which they can never lie down. When the Canton prisons were opened by the British it is said the soldiers wept like children. At the execution ground a parricide had just been executed on a bamboo cross. This is the most heinous of all offences, for so great is the reverence for parents that even grown-up sons submit to be flogged by them. When a man kills his parent he is condemned to crucifixion, and his body is first slashed up in all directions. One punishment is impalement on a bamboo which grows in a night like Jack’s famous beanstalk.

The *K’aon pungtse* are the examination halls: a perfect city of cells, in which 10,000 students are confined during examination, a wide board serving them alike for bed, dining-table, and desk. Before commencing they are searched for cribs—neither notes, books, nor talking are allowed. During three days and nights they never leave the cells, some die from sheer exhaustion

or go mad. Every three years examinations are held for the official classes.\* No boatman is eligible.

It is strange to see men being shaved, laying their heads on the block, and holding a small tray to catch the hairs. Another man lifts the pigtail out of the barber's way or plaits his comrade's tail. Little girls wear tails and trousers like the boys. When married they add a petticoat.

At the close of this long eventful day of sight-seeing, you may imagine we were thankful to rest in a comfortable English bungalow. The boy was asked, "Is missie *topsidey*?" (upstairs), and ordered to "*Catchee chow, chop chop!*" (bring food quickly).

"Mah-mee" is the pretty Chinese word for "little sister." Of a man who has an irritable temper they say, "The breath of his heart is bad."

Before leaving China we landed on the Praya at Hongkong, and ascended the Victoria Peak in an electric car; very alarming, as it is 2,000 feet high, and almost perpendicular. Descending to the cathedral, we saw a memorial tablet to the crews of fourteen English vessels lost between 1840 and 1850 in typhoons in the China seas; a large chemist's window filled with bottles of "Scott's Emulsion" wrapped in the well known "fisherman" paper inscribed with Chinese characters! and, lastly, we bought for each of you a "treasure box," with a musical key, made of the delicious camphor-wood from this "Fragrant Harbour."

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\* Yuan-shih-kai, the new Governor of Chih-li, has just declared (April, 1902) that he will not promote any of the 500 expectant Mandarins until they have passed an examination in Western science and learning. God has wrought marvels in China, of which we scarcely realize the tremendous importance.

## XI.

### IN THE TROPIC OF CANCER.

“The free sea sets the spirit free.”

GOETHE.

“Next to the grace of God there is nothing like oxygen.”

C. H. SPURGEON.

AT Hongkong we embarked on the *Rolling Rosie*, homeward bound—for is this not just “halfway round the world”? We have come 11,649 miles from Liverpool; there remains still 10,204 miles back to England *viâ* Suez Canal, (and from here to Port Said we had not a single rough day, and only three showers). The voyage to the Straits Settlements occupied five and a half enjoyable days, sailing through waves of deepest glowing sapphire and gentian-blue, watching the flying-fish, the rainbows on the foam, and “the many-twinkling smile of ocean”\* by day, and the extraordinarily beautiful phosphorescence at night, which was so great that an officer told us it had sometimes been difficult to distinguish between it and the lights of the fishing-boats, as the ship clove her way through the waters. If you can picture the waves lit up by flashes of electric light on every side, you will have some faint idea of the beauty of what sailors call “the stars of ocean.” It seems as though one were steaming through a marine Milky Way. It is marvellous to think that this light comes from myriads of living creatures, some smaller than

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\* Keble.

a grain of salt, and others as large as the electrical fish, called by sailors "sun-fish."

I think it was Darwin who discovered that the ocean's darkest depths, 3,000 fathoms down, are illuminated by these luminous creatures. Just remember, again, that *all* light comes from the Sun, and think of the sunbeams imprisoned in ocean-waves as well as in the coal in Earth's dark interior, and then look upwards to those glorious skies, and see the multitudinous star-worlds, and the colours of the jewelled heavens,\* across which, to the eyes of the ancients, the same story of the Virgin, the Saviour,† and the Dragon was written, and carry on that thought till you touch the countless millions whom "God created in His own image;" the human hearts who, being "made for Himself, are restless until they find their rest in Him." §

What sound is to the Ear colour is to the Eye. The octave of Sound has its counterpart in the realm of Colour: the seven colours, which the spectrum reveals, correspond with the seven tones of music. ¶

If each note has thus its echo in the visible music of Colour what a marvellous meaning this gives to the phrase—"the music of the Spheres!" Each little flower's colour as well as every bird-note and insect song having its own place in the Orchestra of the Universe—the whole Creation is vocal with Praise.

The seven notes of the octave came from Chaldea where legend said they were the Song sung by the Sun, Moon and Five Planets in the day when "all

\* An ordinary opera-glass reveals vast numbers more than are seen by the naked eye, and also the colours of the stars.

† "We have seen *His* Star in the east and are come to worship Him."

§ *Augustine*. "Nothing on earth is stable, nothing is real. There must be some supreme Intelligence where we could find rest," said Siddārtha before he attained Enlightenment.

¶ The blue violet ray is the most powerful, answering to the highest note. When the Egyptian priests uttered this seventh vowel in their chant to the Dawn, the statue of Memnon responded.

the morning stars sang together." (Job.) Herodotus heard it chanted at the old world temples, the "Song of Linus;" or the mourning for Tammuz = Adonis, the Sun-God; and centuries later, brought by a Latin monk to Europe from the Phrygian harvest-fields, it became known to us as the Gregorian Chant.

It is altogether impossible to describe the beauty of the ocean to a landsman. The feeling of infinity, immensity, boundlessness is so *magnificent*, as one sails on day after day, night after night, and sees nothing but the wide expanse of waters—"the blue above, and the blue beneath"—one can't help exclaiming with Byron (after all the storms and cyclones have been experienced), "Yet have I *loved* thee, Ocean!" And one sits on deck and thinks and thinks, and realizes how like this ocean is to the prairies, how like the prairies were to the ocean, and then remembers Faber's lines—

"There's a wideness in God's mercy  
*As the wideness of the sea;*  
 There's a kindness in His justice  
 Which is more than liberty:  
 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measures of man's mind,  
 And the Heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.  
 But *we* make His love too narrow  
 By false measures of our own,  
 And we magnify His strictness  
 With a zeal He will not own."

Whilst lounging on deck, speaking to one who had spent years in China, we observed, "One thing above all others has so surprised us——" and were interrupted by the eager words, "Oh, I know what you are going to say—the *goodness* of the Buddhists, is it not?"

Especially charming is a fair Sunday at sea. The church bell rings, people of all nationalities draw their deck-chairs round the capstan, over which Union Jack is spread. With bared head the commander, in his best uniform, resplendent with gold braid and buttons, reverently reads the service. The chants

and hymns are led by a lady at the piano, her seat being secured with rope in case of an awkward lurch; a violin accompaniment adds greatly to the harmony. Meanwhile the mighty ship plunges on, never stopping. This increases the feeling of exhilaration. Being in the tropics, double awnings completely cover the decks, and side curtains are drawn all round, only raised when out of reach of the sun's scorching rays.

Afternoon tea on deck is another pleasant distraction. Ship-life is very delightful, and one understands why a voyage is called the "*Ocean cure*," for it gives such complete rest to mind and body, changing not only the current of one's thoughts, but also the current of one's dreams, for they too partake of the Oriental colouring of one's surroundings.

Singapore is so beautiful. Lovely placid waters flow between rocks of glowing, burning colours, intersecting low-lying isles mantled with thick woods of gorgeous foliage down to the water's edge. The first sight of a tropical country is a wonderful experience. As we approached we saw such a glorious sunrise, and also an ideal rainbow. So near to the equator is this (only 60 miles), that the sun always rises and sets within a few minutes of six o'clock, and rain falls every day in deluges; consequently the atmosphere is exceedingly steamy, resembling that of tropical houses at Kew. You know that the equatorial region is the world's great reservoir for rain-water, and the constant evaporation makes all one's clothes moist, and one's hair dripping.

I am not aware what the Malays think about the Rainbow, but to me there was a magic charm while gazing at it, to think of the Red man's "heaven of flowers;" and of the Scandinavian *Bifrost*, "the bridge which led from earth to the Fountain of Life in Asgard," the city of the All-Father. According to the lovely Grecian myth, it was the bow which Apollo, the War-god, hung up in the clouds as a peace-token, when he sheathed his silver arrows.



You will also recollect the Almighty's words to Noah after the Deluge, "I do place My bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token of the covenant between Me and the earth;" and the rainbow-circled throne in the heavenly Jerusalem.

"On earth the broken arcs—in heaven the perfect round."\*

Have you ever read the ancient Chaldean version of the Deluge? It runs thus: "In heaven the gods feared the flood, and sought a refuge; they ascended to the heaven of Anu (*i.e.* the God of gods). The gods were weeping because of the spirits on earth; the gods on a throne were seated weeping; covered were their lips because of the coming evil... and I steered about lamenting that the homesteads of men were changed into mud. Like reeds the corpses floated. I, Sisuthros,† opened the window, and the light smote upon my face; I shivered and sat down: I weep, over my face flow my tears.... Thereupon *the great goddess Ishtar at her approach lighted up the rainbow* which Anu had created according to His glory."§

Earth and sky, sea and foliage, even the very snakes, fishes, birds and insects, flowers and fruits, rival each other in their vividly intense and radiant colouring; ruddy tinges pervade the brown roofs, merging into a rich burnt-umber, and mellowing the brilliant hues of the vegetation. A remarkable tree is the "Flame of the Forest," or flamboyant, whose dark-green leaves are crowned with immense scarlet golden-centred flowers. On landing we entered a *gharry*, a quaint cab closed in with green venetian shutters, and drawn by a diminutive, rat-like pony,

\* R. Browning.

† The Chaldean Noah. The clay tablet on which this story is inscribed is in the Assyrian gallery, British Museum.

§ A child observed on seeing it: "A piece of Scripture written across the sky in golden letters to say 'the world shall not be drowned again.'"

whom it seemed "cruelty to animals" to use. However, every *gharry* has the same, and the ponies were largely piebald. The chocolate-coloured driver, wearing a bright, many-folded turban, sits on a footstool. Footmen stood behind private carriages on a pole. (The Japanese *bettōs* crouched like monkeys on this pole.) All Europeans wear sun helmets (*topees*) and white clothes.

We never quite realized the meaning of the expression, "the human form divine," till we saw those natives looking most noble and god-like in their splendid dark, glossy *skins*, like so many living, breathing, polished bronzes, their black hair wreathed with gay bandana turbans. Never shall we forget a group of road-menders, plying their pickaxes with such harmony of movement and rhythm; nor the dear little naked brown children, adorned with a single necklet, or waistband, or anklets. Had the poet such a scene in view when he wrote, "Beauty when least adorned is adorned the most"? And those bathers in the all but empty ditches! At the tanks we observed cattle being rubbed down, whilst their herdsmen were being similarly shampooed, one kind friend emptying muddy water from a copper vessel over his companion. Through lanes of bewildering loveliness we drove to the Botanic Gardens, meeting at every step fresh surprises. The air was overwhelmingly scented, sometimes by the sweet breath of the little humped zebus, at others by spices, pepper in especial. \* The deep red of the roads toned richly with the gorgeously tinted foliage—acacias, crotons, calladiums, castor-oil plants, begonias, india-rubber trees, white trumpet-shaped datura blossoms, masses of what we call "stove," or foliage plants, whose exquisite leaves rivalled the choicest flowers. Trees veiled with creeping ferns and parasitical plants; "the undergrowth" being magnificent tree-ferns, sensitive plants, and dwarf-palms. Forest trees festooned from root to crown with golden allamandas, immense bushes of resplendent purple bougainvilleas, and a perfect glory of saffron

bignonias. A fellow-traveller was struck by the comparative absence of *flowers*, but in truth every shrub and tree was a blaze of glory. And then, how delicious the wondrously luscious song of the Malayan thrush thrilling through the still air; one could fancy what Eden must have been!

Here, too, we saw palm trees, making us think of Ballantyne's dear old "Coral Island," beloved companion of our youth. The fan-palm spreading its magnificent fan-shaped leaves like a peacock's tail. They call this "The Travellers' Joy," for its stem never lacks water to give to the thirsty voyager.\* The palm from which "Panama hats" are made; the betel-nut and sago palms; the palmyra (of which George Herbert sang—

"The Indian nut alone  
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and kan,  
Boat, cable, sail, and needle all in one"),

yielding delicious milk for drink and a tender-jellied pulp for food, oil for light and anointing. That quaint humourist, Mark Twain, describes a palm tree as "a feather dusting-brush that has been struck by lightning."

During a tropical shower we sheltered in a shed, admiring the orchids, pitcher-plants, and a delicate plant which lived in a glass bowl of water, and was named *Fenestralis* from its resemblance to lattice-work. Suddenly, from among the creepers, a snake emerged, coloured exactly like the foliage. A gardener at once placed a flower-pot on its spine before fetching a stick.\* It was curious to see the little creature erect itself and hiss defiance; such a beautiful being—one could not help admiring it! The man "bruised its head" with a bit of wood, then spat into the snake's mouth, and hung it round his neck—a lovely green necklace—as a trophy.

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\* All who cannot travel should visit the North Gallery at Kew, and see the 700 exquisitely realistic pictures of tropical vegetation and insect life.

In the garden is a collection of the wild birds and animals of the district: lorikees, parrots, and cockatoos, resplendent in green, red, yellow, and sulphur plumage; sea-eagles with snow-white feathers, purple-breasted water-fowl, dejected-looking adjutant birds. A fishing-cat, marked as a leopard, and with the same stealthy tread. Pythons, cobras, and their enemy, the mongoose. Porcupines, plandeks (a beautiful little "mousedeer"): a sloth secured to a tree by a string tied round its body. The ever-fascinating monkeys, some with tails and some without. In the Malayan Peninsula there are two tribes of tree-men; they say there is also a race of tailed men! Sure it is that the Malaysians greatly resemble monkeys; the orang-outang, or wild man, lives among them, and is held in high esteem. They call themselves Orangs. I thought we had reached the monkey-house, but discovered, on nearer investigation, that the creature we saw climbing in and out of a window was a native of Malacca and not a monkey. The *wa-wa* is the most attractive monkey, whose black face is encircled by a fur hood. It has immensely long arms, by which it swings from branch to branch. The babies were delicious as human ones, and so obedient to their mothers' *touch*. The love of the mother monkey for her young is wonderfully tender. If the child is sick and dies she refuses to be comforted, and carries the little corpse about with her for days; very often she squeezes the baby to death in her passionate love.

When travelling, one should always visit the botanical and zoological gardens, and also the museum and market. While F. and L. went to the police-station to see a tiger which had been killed the previous day, I rested on the splendid balcony of Raffles' Hotel, and enjoyed the outlook over the placid sea, framed by glorious exotic trees—too *dream-like* it seemed for reality.

Imagine market-carts roofed over with strips of palm leaves, drawn by gentle creamy bullocks with

antelope horns, and literally piled as high with half-penny pine-apples as Covent Garden waggons are with cabbages, the drivers standing like Roman charioteers. How strange the women looked with nose-rings!

Presently a number of pigtailed China boys rushed out from school, all differing in dress—white jackets, trousers of dark blue, light blue, bright blue, mauve, green, purple, peacock, and celestial blue umbrellas. The natives carry dark green and black parasols, with a red border; their name and address is written inside, often in gold characters. In Japan this is inscribed outside the umbrella.

The Malay waiters or “boys” wear turbans, and here we first saw *punkahs* working.

Malay houses are built on piles in the mud, like the ancient Lake dwellings; underneath canoes are kept, and through the open floors the refuse drops into the ever-flowing tide-water. The reason for this is that white ants are averse to water, and snakes will not attack a house thus built. A thatch-fringe hanging round the lower story suffices to keep off the sensitive snakes. Inland, the piles are from fourteen to sixteen feet high to prevent the tigers springing. Tigers swim across from the mainland to Singapore and slay 300 victims yearly (chiefly Chinamen), or about one a day. Last time our ship anchored here, two tigers swam over and landed just at her stern, for the jungle comes down to the water's edge. You may guess our minds were full of tigers, and F. awoke with a thrill of horror, imagining he felt a tiger's paw on his chest; but it was only a ship-rat!

On land snakes are a terrible danger, and women chiefly suffer from their bites. They creep into bed for warmth beside a mother and babe. So long as the sleepers are quiet all is well, but once turn over or move and the snake, in self-defence, stings the back against which it was nestled.

We are besieged by a curious crowd of vendors

—boys offering bamboo cages filled with green and red parrakeets, sweet little love-birds, all for a dollar! and, strangest sight of all, canoes made of hollowed-out trees, paddled by naked boys, selling orchids, diving for sixpences, and keeping up a most amusing banter with the passengers: "Fire away, sah—one more, massa! Good-bye, mamma!" Huge canoes filled with marvellous shells, called so appropriately by the Neapolitans, *Frutté della Maré*—shells of every size, shape, and colour, picked up on the beach, or gathered as the "harvest of the sea" in the fishers' nets—from the rainbow-hued pearly nautilus to the curiously orange-spotted mitre shells. And then the bargaining! "How much you give? No, no, mamma; me *buy* these, me no catchee them, me no care sell so cheap. How much you say? Say——? No walk away. *There!* All rightee, massa;" and the shells are yours if only you have patience and appear quite indifferent. Others offer collections of walking-sticks, ranging from elegant canes up to war-clubs for smashing brains. It is sad to bid farewell, but the mails are on board, the cargo of tin-pigs from the mines is below, and very soon Singapore is a dream of the past.

The island of Sumatra is passed on the left and the Golden Land, or Malayan peninsula, on the right. I wished I could sketch for you one scene which brought the roundness of the world more clearly to one's understanding than does the usual picture of a ship on the horizon in geography books. Far away westward over the calm waters tiny dots appeared, and then the line extended and the dots gradually increased until full-grown cocoa-nut trees appeared. In Penang, we saw a hill from whose top no less than thirteen mountain ranges are visible. The heat being so intense, we contented ourselves with looking at the areca-palm groves, (whence the name "*Penang*"), meaning betel-nut. A sudden squall arose, black clouds flew across the heavens and caught on to the oppo-



site mountain, deluges of rain fell; then came a lovely sunset, an exquisite moon-rise, flying-fish, and phosphorescence like fire-flies. At Penang each boat had two rowers, who stood using crossed oars.

Far out at sea we passed the floating trunk of a cocoa-nut on its journey to some distant shore, a charming example of Darwin's theories of how stones, seeds, and eggs are conveyed to far-off lands. Then we saw a huge turtle swimming by; many thought it was a corpse, but the captain settled the dispute. At night the Southern Cross was dimly visible. This is a sure guide to mariners, for it revolves regularly once in twenty-four hours, and to the mediæval voyagers in unknown seas (who stamped the Cross upon their own sea-biscuits) this sign of Redemption seemed traced by the very Finger of God. The pole star is invisible within five degrees of the equator except through a very strong glass. Sometimes a star shines so brightly just on the horizon that the captain is called to see the light of a ship! The polarity of the needle was known B.C. 400, but not introduced to Europe till A.D. 1122. It was the Indian astronomers who first settled the question of the earth's rotation.

On the sixth day we neared Ceylon—Ceylon which is "*only forty miles from heaven!*" Of course we expected to perceive the fragrance of the "spicy breezes which blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"—having experienced such a marvellous perfume miles before reaching Madeira—but in this were doomed to disappointment. Adam's Peak is the name of a high mountain in Ceylon, whereon a huge foot-print is visible. Some say it is the Buddha's footstep, but the Moslem tradition is full of exceeding tenderness. When Adam fell from Paradise—God, in pitying mercy, let him gently down, and his fall was broken on this peak 7,420 feet above the sea, amid scenes of loveliness not unlike his lost home.

It was great fun to land at Colombo in a catamaran, or "outrigger," a hollow trunk barely wide enough

to sit in, and looking most unsafe; but owing to the balancing powers of three other trunks alongside, these queer boats never upset. At the landing stage we read an important Government notice bidding travellers "Beware of the sun," "Use umbrellas, Remember . . .," and others.

It was a pleasant surprise, having from childhood so often sung in England about the "vileness of man" in Ceylon, to find the inhabitants amongst the comeliest and handsomest of mankind—as F. said, "unusually attractive and gentle." Such musical voices, such gentle courteous ways, such lustrous dark eyes, such inexpressible beauty—their dark shining skins and perfect forms harmonizing quite exquisitely with the tropical-hued foliage, birds, and butterflies. Here comes a bonny lad leading an aged man. Looking at us with melting eyes, he says in a sort of mournful cadence of tenderly sympathetic tones, "Lady, dis pore man he berry pore old man; sir, he no can see; massa, he got no rice, no curry." (The poor live on rice seasoned with curry.) Next, three little black fairies, adorned only with a necklet, advance, and tapping their little chests and stomachs in the most refined fashion with the tips of their fingers to mimic hunger and eating, exclaim, "Mamma, papa! My poor mamma, my poor papa, dey berry hungry; give one penny, lady, buy some ricee, currie." Cinghalese is the most musical language ever heard, and for once one welcomes the beggars.

No artist can depict truly the bewildering loveliness; a dream of beauty inconceivable and incomparable. Palm-trees—"murmuring such sun-songs from their feathered crowns!"—tower to meet the azure sky; glorious crystal waves from the Indian Ocean break in magnificent surf on the dazzling strand. There a fisher casts his line with infinite grace far into the sea; here on the ruby-coloured road a charmer offers to exhibit his dancing snakes. "Land of the Sapphire" is its name, for do not the very rivers sparkle with

gems; rubies, sapphires, garnets, being washed down amid their sands? And is not Ceylon supposed to be the Ophir whence King Solomon fetched his treasures, and the scene of Sindbad the Sailor's adventures?

And the flowers—what painter's palette could reproduce their wondrous burning tints? Glowing masses of bougainvilleas and bignonias; no less than five kinds of hibiscus, purple, white, yellow, crimson, and fringed; the scarlet "Flame of the Forest," daturas, allamandas, lantanas, crotons, and single gardenias, acres of cinnamon bushes, and feathery bamboos. A nearer approach to Eden there can hardly be. Spacious bungalows, with red-tiled roofs and snow-white pillars, surrounded by vast verandahs, embowered in palm trees, looked most inviting, yet the owners try to bring in a touch of the cold north by such names as "Icicle Hall" and "Blizzard House." Hence we are not surprised at the varied views of the future held by different nations. To dwellers in the tropics, cool northern breezes were a blissful prospect, whilst to the Northmen the thought of everlasting cold was torment, and so with heat. Arabi Pasha is a State prisoner amid these beauteous scenes.

Very strange the palm-trunks looked, wearing iron crinolines to keep off rats (fried rats are esteemed a dainty), and how beautiful were the golden "king" cocoa-nuts with their smooth yellow skin; and the jack-fruits, green oranges, bananas, and bread-fruits! Here, too, was our first sight of the extraordinary banyan tree, which, throwing out roots from all its branches, forms an immense shelter.

By the roadside deliciously cool open booths, thatched with palm leaves, form the native homes, and trestle-beds (*charpies*), on which a mat is thrown, stand outside. Glorious specimens of humanity are the Tamil women in loose, artistic, brilliant draperies and handsome jewellery; they come across from India to work. Cinghalese men wear petticoats and tortoise-

shell combs (*two* are a mark of wealth). Their hair is remarkably shiny, glossy, a brilliant black, and worn twisted in a small knot; when loosed, it flows down in rich wavy masses. Palm-thatched waggons are drawn by curiously tattooed oxen, whose tails are scarred or dislocated from the twisting they receive to urge them on.

The Museum is full of interesting curiosities:—A stone lion, on which the throne of King Niccanka was placed, 1187—1196. A model of Buddha's sacred Tooth (preserved when his body was cremated), of which tradition says, "The rule of the entire circle of the earth is with its possessor." It is now guarded by *British* soldiers. Is not this curiously like the legend of that Stone of Destiny\* which underlies the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey?

Models of fishing-boats, and a timber raft made of bundles of poles. Cases full of articles made from palm trees; *e.g.*, from the *cocoa-nut palm*, walking-sticks, funnels, barrels for arrack, spoons, ladles, brooms, brushes, mats, rope, cables, horse-scrubbers, cooking utensils, sieves, oil for light, frying, and soap; *from the palmyra palm*, a cot, cradle, bedstead, ladder, bags for flour, sieves, mattress, sleeping mats, walking-stick, ruler, watering baskets, kitchen vessels, cake and sugar baskets, a well and a wall sweeper, ropes to draw water and to tie up cattle, umbrellas, money baskets, paniers for loads, etc. There are no less than *one hundred and two* exhibits; houses are built of palm wood and thatched with its leaves, stitched together by its needles. No wonder the Indians call it "*kalpa*" the Tree of Life, and that it is dedicated to the God of Wisdom. In Indra's Paradise grew a Divine *kalpa* tree, covered with gifts, and the worshipper need only stretch out his hand to take the gift from its branches (compare our Christmas tree).

Quaint little wax dolls stuck with pins seem the counterpart of the Highland superstition that for every pin stuck into an enemy's effigy, an ill would

be inflicted: as the wax melted before the fire, so would he consume away. But the most astonishing exhibit was the masks of the devil dancers. Masks in Japan are quaint enough, but they cannot compare with the Cinghalese. These are used to cure (?) sufferers from lameness, blindness, difficult breathing, curious sounds in the ear, shivering fits, deafness, "from a feeling that the patient is a devil or a god, from a feeling that the patient's life will be taken away, from insufferable heat, from a strong attack of fever, from a malicious devil who makes people sick." These masks are simply appalling with their crimson faces, and vacant, twisted, distorted, idiotic, or fierce grimaces; the remedy is suggestive rather of killing by producing nervous fits, than cure! \*

There are also models of many kinds of terrible sharks abounding in the Indian Ocean, and electric skates. The beautiful nests of tailor and weaver birds: the former stitches two plantain leaves together with fibre, and waterproofs her nest; the latter weaves hers of fine grass tied and knotted together like a reversed funnel, to protect the young against snakes. Another nest is a hole in the grass, belonging to the black-breasted bustard, which is described as "a common low country bird. The females have the handsomest plumage, and fight, while the males sit on the eggs." Here, too, side by side, are the skeletons of a man and a huge ape, looking exactly like father and child. And, lastly, there is the tortoise-shell turtle, whose fanlike scales provide the combs. The lounging chairs have immensely long arms, on which to rest the *legs*!

We noticed an advertisement of Edison's phonograph as an "astounding talking machine."

An amusing bargaining scene occurred between an American and a native. "I give you cheaper price.

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\* Specimens of these masks are contained in the Asiatic Room at the British Museum.

How much you give me? You offer—what you give? No harm." "Waal; what is your name?" "Mohammed, sah!" "Mohammed? Why, I thought he was dead." "Oh no, massa!" "But wasn't he concerned in some business or another, and *didn't he make up some new sort of religion a long time ago!*" "No, massa. Oh no, not *that* one!" Then stepping up and handing his card: "Now, sah, I give you cheap, good luck, sah, morning time, first hand! Now I take it from your hand, only for the luck. Well, what you say?"

Another Yankee asked as we passed the sentries of the Gordon Highlanders, "What is that bush?" and being told it was a "sporrán," exclaimed, "Waal, I must say it is a very curious costume to do business in!" Their white pith helmets and white coats over the dark tartan kilts make a very picturesque tropical dress.

A delightful story is related of a little American girl named Eliza Agnew, who, when only eight years of age, while learning her geography lesson, noticed on the world's map that the larger proportion of its inhabitants were "heathen," and determined that she would be a missionary. When grown up she went to Ceylon, and for forty years laboured amongst the women and girls. At her death she was "sorrowed for as for no earthly mother," and is still remembered by the grateful Cinghalese as "The mother of ten thousand daughters."

There were five huge P. and O. steamers in Colombo Harbour, as we sailed "out into the west as the sun went down," on the evening of December 23, in the wake of the *Kaisar-i-hind*, followed by the cheers of the passengers on board the *Arcadia*. Before this great mail-service was established, the mails were carried from Ceylon by runners right across India to Bombay.

An intelligent Parsî, who joined our company at Colombo, kindly told us many things in his quiet, gentle way, about his people and religion. The Parsis



are often called "fire-worshippers," but this is from ignorance. They regard Fire and the Sun as sacred, being the *emblems* of the great God, and when they pray (as they do five times a day) they turn towards the sun to remind them of Him. It was beautiful to hear these things on that Indian Ocean, in sight of that sun whose like dwellers in Northern latitudes have never seen. "In the beginning there arose the Source of golden light," sang the Vedic poet.

Zoroaster, the founder of the Parsi religion, lived more than 1200 years before Christ in Persia, and his followers were called Magians. Marco Polo relates a quaint legend about the three Magi or fire-worshippers, the kings of the East, who came by the guiding of the Star of Bethlehem to worship the infant Christ, the newborn King. The youngest found the Child was apparently his own age, and he went out marvelling greatly. The others, entering in turn, had each the same experience. Then, wondering much, they agreed to enter all together, and beheld the Babe, apparently a fortnight old. Anxious to ascertain if He were a God, a king, or a physician, they "presented to Him gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh." As the Child selected each of the three gifts, they knew Him to be the true God, King and Priest.\*

When the Saracens conquered Persia they drove out all who would not adopt Mohammedanism; hence the Parsis, after enduring most cruel persecutions, fled to India, taking their sacred Fire, which has never been extinguished, and by their practical religion of *Goodness* brought great blessings to their adopted country. Their merchants trade peacefully in remote regions, and are a very generous, benevolent people. In Bombay they have founded hospitals, dispensaries, and free libraries.

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\* "Marco Polo," Colonel Henry Yule. This custom is practised in China to-day on a child's year-old birthday to indicate his future tastes.

For sixteen years a Parsi has tried to get into the British Parliament, hoping thus to obtain a hearing about Indian affairs, but hitherto in vain.\*

No cigars are smoked by Parsis on account of the sacredness of fire, but they may eat all kinds of food except beef and pork.

There are no superstitions in Zoroastrianism. Two great forces are recognized as the Lords of good and evil: Ormuzd, the "Kind Spirit, whose garment is the immortal sky," and Ahriman, the prince of evil;—*Light and Darkness* again in conflict. Many tenets are held in common with Christianity. "I read your 'Pilgrim's Progress' and find in it, as in our own religion, very horrible ideas of hell," observed our informant. He also told us how we might always recognize a true Parsi: by his *sudra*, or fine white muslin shirt, and by the *kasti*, a threefold woollen braid, which he holds during prayer (like a rosary) to remind him of the threefold cord of "good thoughts, good words, and good deeds."

The Parsi sacred writings, called Zend-Avesta, teach much that is holy and good and soul-inspiring. Heaven is to them the house of angels' hymns, Paradise the best life, and hell the house of destruction.

And now the crescent moon is setting, a golden half-circle lying on its back just on the horizon, and filled with a dark round shadow.

Somewhere from out the depths of this Indian Ocean the Hindu tradition states that the world emerged at Creation. It was first a seed dropped by Brahm the Invisible to the bottom of the ocean; a wild boar dived and brought it up on the point of his tusk. (Do you recollect the North American legend about the musk-rat?) From this seed there came a golden egg, from which emerged the Great Sun-god, one half the egg becoming sky, the other earth; its white, mountains; the yolk, mists and clouds;

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\* Elected July, 1892, M.P. for Finsbury.

the veins, rivers; and the fluid, seas. The ancient Egyptians and the Finns had the same legend. In Japan tombstones are often surmounted by an egg. In Russia, on Easter Day, men greet one another with "The Lord is risen!" and a Peace egg. In the Greek Church at Cairo we noticed large ostrich eggs hanging from the ceiling. Sometimes in Europe it is the cock who lays the eggs. Can this be connected with the Chinese funeral cock, an emblem of Resurrection, who heralds the dawn?

In Italy and Germany one sees sugar confections of the Easter-Hare on a nest of eggs. In ancient Egypt, at Denderah, Osiris (a form of the Sun-god) is represented with a hare's head, as Un-nefer, the pure White Spirit or Hare, who emerges from the dawn in the east. How strangely like to the "land of the White Rabbit" in Indian legend and the Japanese "Hare in the moon!"

These things are inexplicable, and would puzzle wiser heads than yours and mine.

But, as we shall soon be landing, there is only time to tell you of one more curious Oriental conceit. The earth rested upon four elephants, who stood upon a tortoise,\* but stretched above all was an umbrella, on which the stars were fixed. Twirling round every twenty-four hours, it displayed the stars during the dark night, when the sun was buried in the earth! This umbrella symbolized the supreme dominion of the God of Heaven. To this day, in India, China, and Morocco, an umbrella is the mark of rank; the low-caste people in Ceylon may never carry umbrellas or parasols, and in the sovereign's presence no noble is permitted to use one, for it is the sign of supremacy.† In Japan, whilst waiting to see the

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\* This may have some connection with the Japanese emblems of longevity, a stork (of 1000 years) resting on the back of a tortoise which lives 10,000 years and carries a lotus in its beak?

† In Catholic countries the Host is carried to the dying under an oriental umbrella.

Mikado, a shower of rain coming on, we opened umbrellas; immediately an officer crossed the road and courteously informed us that the moment the Imperial *cortége* appeared in sight we must put them down.

Homer, the blind Greek poet, who lived 400 years before Herodotus, held this view of the umbrella and the stars; whilst Herodotus himself says, "But *I smile* when I see many persons describing the circumference of the earth; who have no sound reason to guide them; they describe the Ocean River flowing round the earth, which is made circular as if by a lathe, and make Asia equal to Europe. Asia is inhabited as far as India, but beyond this it is all desert towards the east, nor is anyone able to describe what it is. Such and so great is Asia!"

Still more amusing is the opinion expressed by the great Columbus, who, having "always read that the world was spherical, as proved by Ptolemy and others," says, "But I have seen so much irregularity that I have now come to another conclusion, namely, that it is not round as they describe, but of the form of a pear, which is very round except where the stalk grows; and... on the summit of the spot which I described as being in the form of the stalk of a pear, I suppose the earthly paradise (or Garden of Eden) to be."

It is almost incredible that such good men as Augustine should have declared a belief in the existence of the antipodes to be *heresy* because "it contradicted the Bible!" and that others thought it "absurd, because men would then be walking with their feet in the air, and the trees spreading their roots towards the sky!"

Whilst for teaching that our sun is *not* the Centre of the universe, and that our earth is only *one* of many inhabited worlds, Galileo was imprisoned, and, in A.D. 1600, Bruno burned as a heretic.

## XII.

### FROM BOMBAY TO AGRA AND CAWNPORE.

"In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

"Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen;  
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

"Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb."

LONGFELLOW.

*Christmas Day.*—About 4 p.m. we sighted Goa, whence the faithful Francis Xavier, having finished his extraordinarily successful work among the natives of Southern India, started for Malacca and Japan. The sun (the same his eyes gazed upon), which probably inspired those words—

"How wonderful—how beautiful  
The sight of Thee must be!  
How dread are Thine eternal years  
In depths of burning light!"

was sinking as a ball of fire beneath the waters of the Indian Ocean, and presently shot its fiery rays from the depths of the sea far up into the heavens,

like some magnificent Aurora Borealis. As the glowing colours faded, a deep violet suffused the atmosphere, and in the molten liquid purple Sirius, with an exquisite tremulous shining, started into sight.

"The Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the purple,  
Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
No! it is a bead of wampum  
On the robes of the Great Spirit,  
As He passes through the twilight,  
Walks in silence through the heavens."\*

In the tropics there is no twilight; darkness quickly follows sunset, and presently the firmament became star-spangled, and all the sea luminous with the electric flashes of the phosphorus.

Towards the end of dinner, the punkahs suddenly came to a dead stop. "Why do the punkahs stop?" queried the captain; for they are worked without intermission during every meal. "The plum-pudding, sir!" was the reply; and at the same moment, much to our amusement, a blazing Christmas pudding appeared; but even before all the guests were helped the *punkah-wallahs* began their work again, and extinguished the flame.

Next afternoon we neared Bombay: "spoke" with the homeward mail (*i.e.* signalled to her with flags); took up our pilot while she dropped hers, and steamed into the magnificent harbour. Its name Bom-baia, "beautiful bay," was given by the old Portuguese navigators. It was ceded to England in 1662, as the dower of the Portuguese Infanta who married Charles II.

The natives sit to row, using oars with flat round-paddles. In the East Indian sail, the main-yard consists of a long bamboo pole, from which depends the multitudinous-striped sail; each stripe is six inches wide, laced up with cord and fringed at either end. They are so picturesque. A collection of the sails

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\* Longfellow.



used by seafaring folk all over the world would be most interesting.

Landing, we drove along the wharves crowded with bales (for Bombay is the second largest cotton port in the world) to Victoria Station, on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, a marvellously imposing structure, completed in the Jubilee year; (we have nothing in England to compare with it); took tickets for Agra, spending two nights in a wretchedly uncomfortable railway carriage, there being no sleeping cars. Travellers are expected to bring a thin mattress, pillow, and blanket, and lay them along the seats, provided the carriage is not full. It is quite funny to see each passenger armed with this huge bundle, to make the journey bearable. Greatly to our surprise, the nights were extremely cold, as frost and snow are unknown; but in the "cold weather" the cold at night is intense, and continues for some hours after daylight, until the burning sun reasserts his power. We had actually to buy "*razais*" to keep off the frost-bitten feeling which penetrates one's very bones; and F., who gladly slept in a canvas sack, looked like an Arctic explorer.

The names of stations are written in three languages, *i.e.* Hindu, English, and Urdu; also on the native carriages, "Natives ten places." The cars are marked respectively for "Natives," "Native females," "Europeans and Eurasians."

The third class is crammed with natives; so are the platforms. At the stations the floor of the "Native waiting-hall," covered with squatting crowds, is a remarkable sight. Railways have kindled a passion for travelling, and though the charge for natives is less than a farthing a mile, the companies derive their profits from the thousands who take this means of performing their pilgrimages to the sacred places.\* Third-class *return* tickets for the Christmas holidays

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\* Nine millions more travelled on Indian railways in 1891 than in 1890.

were being issued for twenty-seven shillings right across India, from Bombay to Calcutta—3000 miles. There are no refreshment cars, but the guard telegraphs on ahead the number of European passengers who will take breakfast or tiffin, at the various stopping-places. Trays of sweetmeats and pressed dates are offered to the natives, and fruits, such as guavas, oranges, etc., to Europeans. Barbers are always in attendance, prepared to shave passengers in the cars.

The wagons are very accommodating—"To carry 3-10, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ -11 tons," "Eight horses, ten ponies," or "Cotton." These inscriptions seem to me an illustration of the "back being fitted for the burden," since seeing one marked, "Not to carry *more* than—tons."

Cotton-growing has been an immense industry in India ever since the American War in 1860 destroyed the slave-trade. We passed acres full of cotton-plants, resembling dwarf currant-bushes, covered with snowy fluffy tufts just like "cotton-grasses" on Scottish moors. Peasant women and girls, swathed in crimson *saris*, were busily picking off the tufts and laying them in heaps to be carted away in high, narrow, broadening-at-the-top bullock-carts, to large yards, where enormous masses are pressed into sacks and removed by train, illustrative of the "mony mickles which make a muckle." In other fields the blue bell-like flax flower toned prettily with its green leaves. We saw numerous gipsy camps and countless herds of cattle, sheep, and goats, while crossing the dreary barren plains broken by occasional watercourses and picturesque date-palms, recalling Bishop Heber's lines about "palmy plains" and "ancient rivers," and passed fields full of castor-oil plants; we heard with astonishment that the seeds are used for *cakes*!

One needs an illustrated Natural History to identify all the strange and beautiful birds—cranes, storks, silver-grey birds, pelicans, ibises, teals, quail, wild geese innumerable; kingfishers, whose brilliant wings flashed like jewels in the bright sunshine; gorgeous





ELEPHANTS COUNTING THEIR RATIONS.

peacocks strutting in solitary grandeur; sea-green parrakeets flitting among the branches of the Indian oaks; huge vultures, called "love birds" because they always go about in pairs! These scavengers of the plains prey upon dying cattle, whom they have not strength to kill outright. The poor cows die in lingering agony, and their bones are collected into huge stacks, reminding us of the whitening buffalo bones on the Canadian prairies.

The air resounds with lively bird-chirpings, a great contrast to the silence in Japan. Here and there a solitary jaguar and jackal show themselves, herds of deer, wild boars and wild pigs. Then, great excitement! It is as though the Zoo has been turned loose—carvels and elephants, usefully employed as beasts of burden, but *looking wild* in those solitudes, were a delightful surprise. Dining at Jhansi, where there is an "Elephant battery of artillery," we heard most interesting stories of these clever beasts. They go through a clever drill; "salute" by throwing up their trunks in the air. They can *saw* through gigantic timbers, and if the task be too much for one, he summons his mate by a grunt to help. They can also choose out numbered blocks of wood or stone and place them in correct order. Elephants are "creatures of habit," and persistently adhere to their accustomed course, *e.g.* nothing will induce them to work on Sundays. Government elephants have regular rations like soldiers; they weigh the *chuppaties* (flour cakes) with their trunks, and if the weight is incorrect, decline to touch them till it is rectified. When sick they are allowed a bottle of rum; if this is not "proof," Jumbo will not taste it! They are very expensive to keep, as one eats ten times as much as a camel. It is said that the elephant's tiny eye is constructed like a microscope and magnifies the size of men ten-fold; otherwise such a monster would never submit to a puny man's control. A frail bamboc-defence is protection against him; and the natives place babies

on his trunk to be rocked to sleep. Baby elephants twist their trunks round the mother's trunk when learning to walk.

Tame elephants are most skilful in teaching the wild; being so sagacious, they can be trained to do any kind of work. At Simla the Viceroy's State elephant has a splendid silver "howdah," of which he is very proud.

Reaching Agra before breakfast, we drove five miles to Sikundra, a magnificent tomb built by the great Mogul Emperor Akbar in his favourite garden. The entire road is bordered by tombs, like the *Via della Morte* in Pompeii, and the Appian Way. We passed a large image of Akbar's horse standing over its own grave. Once Sikundra was inlaid with precious stones; one diamond, the Kohi-noor ("Mountain of Light"), is now amongst Queen Victoria's Crown jewels.\* It is the symbol of dominion. The Emperor's armour, clothes, and books, were ranged round his sepulchre in readiness for his resurrection; just as the Norse Vikings were buried in their ships with boats, cordage, oars, and cooking vessels complete; and as the Lapps to-day place on their graves an over-turned sledge which is to carry the dead across the snows of the under-world:—"I look for the Life of the world to come!"

From the roof we looked across country to the tomb of Akbar's Christian wife, Miriam, and learned that in her house a picture of the Annunciation is still preserved. This Emperor was very remarkable. Contemporaneous with our Queen Elizabeth, he was directly descended from Tamerlane, the Tartar conqueror. Not only a great warrior, but a deeply earnest good man, he showed much kindness to the Portuguese missionaries who had penetrated to Agra, permitting them to settle there and in Lahore. Their mission still exists after the lapse of 300 years.

One introduced tobacco to Akbar's notice, and the story of the invention of the "Hubble-bubble pipe,"

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\* Appendix XVIII.



which is used all over India to-day, is not without interest. Having requested a light in order to show the Emperor a curiosity, he set fire to something concealed in his hand; smoke presently issued from his mouth. Said the emperor, "Any juggler can do more than that; he can even bring fire as well as smoke out of his nostrils." The priest explaining that it was not magic but the soothing, agreeable properties of the smoke (which calmed a man's troubled mind) were the curiosity, Akbar insisted on trying it himself, although his courtiers declared it was "the devil's device."\* The Emperor coughed much having swallowed the smoke. The Court physician examining the weed, decided that it was pleasant and probably healthful, but the smoke needed purifying. "What is it called?" asked Akbar. "Tobacco," the priest replied. The *hakim* (doctor) made experiments resulting in the *hukah*, by which the smoke passes first through water.

Akbar tried to reform religion by introducing the best features of Zoroastrianism, Brahmanism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, evolving thence a sort of Divine Monotheism, in hopes of harmonizing all discordant castes and creeds.

Akbar considered a painter had peculiar opportunities of appreciating God's perfections; for in sketching from life, he must awaken to the fact that he was incapable of creation, and so his mind would be turned to God, the Giver of life, and the knowledge of his heart be enlarged.

On one of his palaces the Emperor inscribed the touching words: "The world is a bridge—pass over it, but build no house there; he who hopeth for an hour may hope for an eternity; the world is but an hour, spend it in devotion; the rest is unseen."

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\* You remember that when Sir Walter Raleigh first smoked, his servant, thinking his master was on fire, threw a tankard of ale over him. This tankard is still preserved in the family.

Compare with this the words of the Scotch Puritan Rutherford: "Build your nest on no tree here, for God hath appointed the forest to death; and every tree, whereupon we would rest, is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee and mount up and build upon the Rock. . . . How soon will this fail, and the inns where the poor soul lodgeth fall to the earth!" (1637).

This great-souled Akbar composed and read out these lines to his Court on a State occasion:—

"The Lord to me the Kingdom gave,  
He made me good and wise and brave,  
He guided me in faith and truth,  
He filled my heart with right and ruth,  
No wit of man can sum His State,  
Allah! Akbar—God is great!"

which strikingly resemble King Solomon's words at the dedication of the Temple.

A quaint legend is told concerning a fakir's tomb, wherein was discovered a child's body, who was doubtless the real prince. Victorious Akbar halted at the foot of a rock, where dwelt a hermit; he was very sad, having just lost twin sons. The fakir's own baby, aged six months, seeing his father buried in thought after the Emperor's visit, asked why he had sent the conqueror of the world away in despair? The fakir replied, "All the royal children are doomed to die, unless some one gives his own child instead." "By your permission," said the precocious infant, "I will die, that His Majesty may no longer want an heir," and forthwith—*died!* Soon after a prince was born, who, though called "Fakir Sulim," was most probably a changeling. When grown up, Prince Sulim, hunting with a cheetah \* by the river Jumna, had almost captured a fox, when, recovering breath, it escaped. Sulim exclaimed that the air must be very good, and built a palace on the spot. Hence, the

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\* A hunting leopard, of which Akbar kept a thousand.

foundation of Agra Fort, which during the Mutiny sheltered 5,000 souls.

Within its precincts is the Môtî Mosque, so called because, being built of dazzling white marble, it resembles a pearl set against the azure sky. Môtî, in Hindustani, signifies "pearl," and is a name often given to little girls. No ornament breaks the severe simplicity of this temple—

"As quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration."\*

Bayard Taylor, an American traveller, says that, "It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless, reaching so exalted a spirit of worship, that I felt humbled as a Christian to think that our noble religion has never inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and Mahomet."

Shah Jahan built the beautiful Môtî Musjid in 1654. From its minarets the *muezzin* calls to prayer, crying: "There is only one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet." And the Moslems throughout the world bow their faces to the earth five times daily and pray these words from the Korân:

"Praise be to God who the two worlds made;  
Thee do we entreat, and Thee do we supplicate;  
Lead us in the Way, the Straight,  
The Way of those whom Thou dost compassionate.  
Not on those on whom is hate,  
Nor those that deviate. Amen."

Within there is no altar; the worshippers kneel with their faces close to the wall. It was interesting to trace the black marble lines inlaid on the white marble floor, which marked the kneeling-places for the Shah and prime minister, with a tiny one on each side for a little prince. In the Zenana is a small mosque attached to the schoolroom, with sixteen places on which the prayer-mats of the royal children were spread. The princesses' apartments are so beautiful,

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\* Wordsworth.

that it is called the "Palace of Fairies." All one's visions of fairyland revive therein, and the splendours of the "Arabian Nights" become possible. The princesses bathed in marble baths full of rosewater, and, resting on luxurious cushions amid the loveliest perfumed flowers, listened to the cool splash of fountains and music. The Sultana sat on a throne overlooking an immense tank in which she fished. Chess and *Loddo* were played by the Shah with living figures in courts inlaid with marble squares.\* The roof and walls of the Sultana's bath-room, covered with thousands of miniature mirrors, must have been dazzling by lamplight. Far below is a well-house, to whose cool shades, in summer days, the Court escaped from the sun's glaring heat.† From a belvedere above, the Emperor witnessed yacht races on the Jumna and elephants fighting with gladiators.

The chief Sultana's boudoir, or "Jasmine Tower," is the most perfect octagon conceivable, and altogether exquisite—a white marble pavilion, inlaid with mosaic flowers (tulips, jessamines, roses, and vine-leaves) of jasper, agate, cornelian, lapis-lazuli, bloodstone, and surmounted by golden domes overlooking the river. When viewing these inconceivable splendours, one understands better the descriptions of the New Jerusalem, coloured as they are by the glowing Eastern imagery.

In the distance, embosomed in dark, evergreen Italian cypresses, one can see Taj Mahal, fairest of all shrines! erected in the favourite garden of the Princess Arjamand, "Mum-tazi Mahal," the chosen of the palace, which, as a memorial of a "love stronger than death," is rightly deemed one of the world's wonders. "A passion, a worship, and a faith—writ fast in alabaster" — "*Frozen music.*" Parrakeets of

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\* Chess was known in India before 1220 B.C., and in China a thousand years earlier. Recent excavations (1894) in Egypt reveal a picture of chess-playing in the reign of King Teta, B.C. 3300. † A lady's watch found there bore the date 1614.

vivid emerald plumage dart in and out among the trees, whose tops reach the balcony, and one tried to re-people those solitudes with the heroines of the past. The delicate marble latticed traceries are still perfect, the inlaid flowers bright as ever, the curious little niches high up in the walls where princesses concealed their jewelled treasures still visible, and the marble bookshelves; but one longed for a glimpse of Her for whom this palace and that tomb were considered a fitting home in life and in death! Americans frequently speak of "a lovely woman," and the term implies not so much loveliness of person (as with us) as loveliness and loveableness of character. They often describe a devoted wife and mother as "a lovely woman." And such must Mum-tazi Mahal have been. When her eighth child was born, she died, and her broken-hearted husband, in the sweet fashion of the East, laid his beloved to rest in the fair garden to which she had "oft times resorted" during her earthly life.\*

During seventeen long years he employed 20,000 workmen to build her tomb, and laid the treasures of all countries under contribution to make it a worthy memorial—"Love's loveliest monument."† The designs were Venetian, carried out by Turks and Frenchmen. The inlaying was copied from Florentine marble. Crystals came from China, sapphires from Ceylon, amethysts from Persia, cornelians from Bagdad, corals from Arabia, diamonds from Burmah, white and black marbles from India, and pearls, representing dewdrops, from the Persian Gulf. "And the genius which combined them all came from Heaven!"—M. Ballou.

Italian cypresses were planted round; bananas, palms, bamboos, roses, oranges, lemons, and sweet-voiced birds abound, and over a thousand fountains. Sprays of white jessamine with dark glossy leaves are still

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\* "Temples," *vide* Index, *Garden*. † Sir Edwin Arnold.

reverently laid upon the grave. What a dream of heavenly beauty, so ethereal! Looking from the entrance through the long cypress avenue, and seeing its reflection in the intervening pools, it seems like a snowy cloud on the verge of floating away in the atmosphere. Upon this red sandstone gate, among passages of mourning and spiritual hope from the Korân, are inscribed those pathetic words of world-wide sympathy: "To the memory of an undying Love," and an invitation to "the pure in heart to enter the garden of God."

*How* touching all this lavish magnificence is upon a *woman's* grave, together with this inscription of seventeen years' unforgotten sorrow, one can hardly understand until one meets face to face the down-trodden, unhappy condition of the girls and women of India as a whole, who, being hardly thought to possess a soul, are treated as dogs. These proverbs will show you what I mean: "Though a woman have borne you seven children, trust her not;" and, "How can you place the black rice-pot beside the golden spice-box?" *i.e.* a wife is not fit to eat beside her husband.\* One feels a depth of respect and admiration for the noble-hearted grandson of Akbar, Shah Jahan, who in this Indian land did thus enshrine his love and esteem for the gentle wife and mother who had shed such brightness on his life. When Death claimed him he was laid to rest beside her.

Nor was Arjamand the only "lovely woman" in that Court of Agra. Her aunt Mehr oon Nissa, Nur Jahan, bore the names of "Sun of Women," "Darling of the sex," "Light of the world;" and her husband said, "Until I married her I never knew what happiness really meant." To her he gave the title of empress; she shared his throne, and their names appeared together upon the coinage. As Empress of Hindustan,

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\* Such was the old Jewish feeling; *cf.* Eccclus. xlii. 14: "The badness of men is better than the goodness of women."



Nur Jahan was one of the most remarkable sovereigns in the East; she was devoted to art and religion, and portioned 500 girls out of her own savings. Both these famous women were of Persian birth. The husband of Nur Jahan was Sulim, of whom you have already heard two stories.

The dress of Indian women is very varied and extremely picturesque. Parsi ladies (whose gentle faces recalled the memory of those Persian Sultanas) are not veiled, but wear a graceful muslin drapery. They are allowed to walk about the streets, and their husbands treat them well. In fact, they are as free as European women; some have graduated and taken degrees in the Women's Hospital, and others are teaching in schools. Mohammedan ladies are closely veiled. At Gwalior (the site of the historic fortress), just before day-break, we witnessed a curious scene. A *purdah* lady was going to join the train, but she must not on any account be seen. There was shouting and scuffling; men with flaring torches came first to clear the way, others held a huge red sheet over a figure, which shuffled and scrambled along with evident difficulty under the canopy's enveloping folds, and at last was hustled into a ladies' carriage, where she crouched unseen upon the floor, shrinking like a frightened animal from public gaze.

She was of very high caste. Some veiled women wear a piece of net over their eyes, and a red *sari*, or veil, trimmed with gold braid covers all. Women and children are devoted to jewellery, and wear bracelets, bangles, or armlets up to the shoulders, anklets, leglets, necklets, frontlets, finger-rings and toe-rings, jingling ornaments round the hem of their robes, gold-embroidered shoes, nose-rings in one nostril or through the centre cartilage; ear-rings of most curious forms, from a little stud to an enormous ring encircling the whole ear. A child will wear as many as seven rings in each ear. The lobes are often quite dragged down by the weight of a necklace

suspended from ear to ear, as on the image of Brahma at Elephanta. Sometimes one sees the holes stuffed with list to enlarge them.

We saw in Bombay a sweet-faced woman in Indian costume, who walked at such an energetic pace that one felt she could hardly belong to the languid Indian race. On a nearer view she proved a decidedly English Salvation Army lass.

From Agra to Cawnpore (1,106 miles from Bombay), where arriving at six a.m., the crescent moon and bright stars were still shining overhead. After *chota hazri* (early breakfast) at the hotel, at daybreak we drove round to see the spots full of such absorbing interest and tragic memories to our countrymen.

As a child I dimly remember stories of Florence Nightingale among the wounded soldiers in the Crimean War, and helping to pick *charpie* to send out to them; and have a further faint recollection of hearing vague words about "Mutiny," the "Relief of Lucknow," the "Massacre of Cawnpore," and of terrible sufferings endured by English women and little children and brave soldiers in the far-away land of India. Those memories seem as far away now as dreams, or recollections of an earlier existence, but the facts stand before me to-day, in colours so vivid that I think they will never fade away.

It was a great privilege to be guided by the gallant old soldier, who, as "one of Havelock's men," was present at the heart-rending scenes, which he described to us in tones of such thrilling emotion, that at each spot we felt we were passing through it all ourselves.

First we crossed a large grass-field, wet with heavy dew. This was "Wheeler's entrenchments," now enclosed with a four-feet-high privet-hedge and marked out by small stones, lettered "W. E." It seems unaccountable why nothing distinguished this spot until the Prince of Wales visited Cawn-

pore in 1876; in fact, it was by H.R.H.'s desire that these stones were set up.

Although mutiny had broken out at Delhi among the native troops, all seemed well at Cawnpore. Balls and festivals continued in which Hindus and Europeans alike took friendly part, unconscious of the hidden volcano.\* Impending signs of trouble began; mutinous soldiers met; excited crowds gathered in the bazaars; some European bungalows were fired by natives applying torches to the low thatched roofs (*now* there are only two thatched roofs in Cawnpore). Officers, awakened by guns firing over their cots, could obtain no explanation from their men. *Chuppaties* were circulated amongst the soldiers, which were holy cakes blessed by *fakirs* (native priests); in breaking these the oath to the British Government, or to the East India Company, was considered to be broken, and, on June 6, 1857, the storm burst.

The great man of the district, a Hindu, Nana Sahib, advised the general to gather the Europeans in a safe place, assuring him that the Sepoys would do no harm as they passed. General Wheeler proposed the magazine and ordnance storehouse, but Nana objected to both as being "too dangerous, should the rebels fire upon them." So the general, selecting the open plain, where there was no cover or concealment for the enemy, caused a ditch to be dug and earth thrown up all round as a low wall, with spaces for guns; and invited all Europeans on the station to "bring

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\* Both Hindus and Mohammedans imagined that an insult to their respective religions had been offered because, in lubricating a new kind of cartridge, a grease made from beef and pork was used, and in biting off the ends they were defiled; *i.e.* "lost caste", thus cutting them off from their relatives in this world, and incurring perdition in the next. It was vainly explained to them that the ends could be pinched off instead. The Sepoys believed that Government meant to ruin them, body and soul, by forcing them to taste the unclean thing, and that their officers conspired to deny the truth, and so, losing faith in their chiefs, the panic spread.

provisions for a few hours into the entrenchment, whilst the rebels marched by on their road to Delhi."

But mark the treachery! By the time the British were ensconced the mutineers (already one day's march away) were again starting to Delhi, when they were recalled by Nana, "as the Europeans were safe within the enclosure." Returning at once, they surrounded the little garrison, with eleven heavy guns bombarding the bungalows for eight days. Seventy families, who took refuge in the church (believing it would be held sacred, like the Hindu temples and Moslem mosques,) were massacred. Outside the entrenchments stands a well, now enclosed in a garden, and surmounted by a large cross. On its left is a bungalow, from which the rebels fired upon any who attempted to draw water from the other well within the entrenchments. Captain Jenkins occupied the opposite bungalow with sixteen men, and kept up a constant fire to cover the burying-parties, who each night brought the dead to be thrown into the well. Cholera, small-pox, sunstroke,\* slew many. Mr. Lee graphically described how, at dusk, those within the entrenchment waved a handkerchief as a signal to Captain Jenkins, who then prepared to guard the way whilst they carried their dead, under cover of darkness, across to the well outside. He commenced to read the inscription on the cross,

"In a well under this cross were laid, by the hands of our fellows in suffering, the bodies of men, women, and children who *died hard*——"

but the recollection of that awful time choked his voice, and he requested us to continue—

"died hard by, during the heroic defence of Wheeler's entrenchments, when beleaguered by the rebel Nana, June 6th to 27th, A.D. 1857. 'Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But our eyes are unto Thee, O God the Lord.'—Ps. cxli. 7, 8."

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\* The soldiers had no *topees*, only Glengarry caps.



MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.





Brave Captain Jenkins and his party, overwhelmed by the rebels' numbers (there were 8,000 against 200 Europeans and 500 natives), were compelled to retire into the entrenchments, where he was killed and his body thrown into the well. Other crosses are dedicated to different officers and men; one to a *whole company*, of whom only one man escaped.

Reinforcements were besought from Lucknow, but its garrison was besieged also, and even if free, communication was impossible, owing to the bridge across the Ganges having been blown up.

After a week's bombardment, finding the *feringhis* (English) still protected by the projecting roof of a bungalow, the rebels collected a large bonfire, heated round shot, and fired into the thatch, so that only four bare walls remained to shelter the hapless refugees. Then the men dug holes in the ground for shelter; but as this caused violent small-pox, the ladies and children were removed as a last resource to the ditch, their only protection from the guns being the tiny four-foot earthwork, and from the pitiless rays of the midsummer sun, garments hung on sticks across the ditch, so low that whoever was beneath was well-nigh suffocated. Mothers took turns to shelter their babies. One young lady found her darling roasted alive by the sun.

After a siege of twenty-one days, a native woman appeared near the Redan battery, waving a flag of truce and holding up a letter. Being a woman, she was allowed to enter the camp. It was an offer from the Nana to provide boats to take every one to Allahabad on condition of surrendering all arms and ammunition. The general, old (seventy-two), weak, and ill, inclined to accept it, for the majority were women and children, and they had neither stores, medicines, shelter, nor water; but both civilians and ladies said, "No; we would rather live and die here—let us fall into God's hands rather than into man's;" for they had seen the Nana only the previous day

commanding the rebel cavalry, and distrusted his promise of safe conduct, although they did *not* know that he had already massacred 130 men, women, and children, who, escaping from Futtygurh in boats, were lured to land at Cawnpore. Considering, however, their weakened condition, it was decided to risk treachery and accept the offer on condition that the British officers might first examine the boats. They reported that all was right except provisions, but these were promised to be put on board during the night. Great was the rejoicing as the noble little garrison made their preparations "ready to depart on the morrow." At the well (now surrounded with trees) mothers and children gathered eagerly, drinking and enjoying the buckets of water thrown over them by husbands and fathers; for neither bath, nor comb, nor change of dress could be had all those weary weeks. Every drop of drinking water had been purchased at the price of blood on that scorching treeless plain. A tablet in the church recalls the story of David's "mightiest" men: \* "To the memory of John Robert Mackillop, ... who was killed, on or about June 25th, 1857, in his thirty-first year. He nobly lost his life *when bringing water* from the well for the distressed women and children. His death was deeply lamented." This well bore the marks of shot and shell till 1887, when they were cemented over to avoid "hurting the sensibilities" of the rebels' descendants.

Next morning Nana sent a palanquin for the general, and bullock-carts (*hackeries*) to convey the sick and wounded to the boats, saying that the baggage must follow, as he could not obtain sufficient boats. It was pathetic to hear how the ladies wished to linger to collect treasures or find suitable dresses in which to appear at Allahabad, so trustful, alas! were they. While the men loaded up the baggage, their wives hastily made coarse flour cakes, for time was short, and no fuel

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\* 1 Chron. xi. 16—19.

to be had, except by breaking off bits of charred framework from the bungalow. Even this half-cooked food was a luxury. Meanwhile the rebels swarmed around. Being asked, "Is the Nana coming to see us off?" one native replied, "Do you remember about eighteen months ago I told you that the natives of India would like to have the Europeans make *chuppatties* for them? Good morning, sir; the day is come."

The advance sounded "Quick March!" General Wheeler in his palanquin led to the Suttee Chowra Ghat,\* one mile away. The natives turned out to see the *feringhis* pass. Urged on by their priest, women, carrying babies, rushed after them, crying, "Come on, come on; there'll be fine sport with the Europeans at the river this morning."

We drove down to the Ganges, and on the steps of the temple heard the rest of the story.

When the general reached the river, he noticed that he had been brought to a Hindoo temple above the steps of the Zenana ladies' bathing-place, and asked the officers if this were the spot where they examined the boats last night? *It was not*. The boats had been five hundred yards higher up, at the Government landing-stage. The general's lips quivered, he raised his eyes despairingly to heaven but walked down steadily to the river-brink, followed by his staff, and saluted the Nana. The rebels swarmed for miles on both sides of the Ganges. The general ordered the women and children to get quickly into the first boat. Instantly the Nana and his officers drew their swords;

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\* Where Hindu widows burned themselves upon their husband's funeral pyre (before Government stopped the practice), believing that—

"If an Indian wife did so,  
Her love shall give her husband's soul  
For every hair upon her head a crore  
Of years in Swarga,"

and many years of punishment and suffering would be remitted to him.

a cry of "*Treachery!*" and a terrible heart-sinking spread through the fugitives clustering on the banks behind. Then the Nana's officers consulted as to who should be allowed to proceed in the boats and who remain. Twenty-eight boats were filled with elderly people, ten armed natives having charge of each boat. Three more boats, tied together, were brought for the British staff, but they refused to embark till all the rest had left. When these last boats were filled it was found impossible to haul off, for bamboos had been secured to the sides and rammed into the sand. At length they were floated off. A small boy hoisted a flag on the top of the temple; immediately all the natives jumped out of the boats and swam ashore. Then a murderous fire of grape-shot and musketry poured from each bank on the helpless fugitives, the massacre being aided by a battery of four guns concealed under branches of trees. The thatch-roofs on many boats ignited, and thus sick and wounded, and helpless women, were burned to death. The rebels fired on those who still remained on the steps; Nana and his officers, rushing upon the aged general and his staff, slaughtered them. It is said that Nana offered to save General Wheeler more than once, but he chose rather to die with his people. Boat after boat sank under the heavy firing. Those who tried to reach the opposite shore were mown down by the enemy as they gained a footing on the bank. Only one escaped, a Private Murphy, who, later on, became custodian of the Memorial Well.

Then the ladies and children were captured and locked up in the Assembly Rooms, with another party of 120 fugitives caught at Soorajpore, and placed in charge of a Begum related to the Nana. Twenty officers, imprisoned in Sevada, Nana's own house, were fastened elbow to elbow, each man's hands being tied behind his back, and his throat cut the next day. Near the Assembly Rooms is a well into which a brave girl jumped, having first killed her captor with

his own sword. The surviving Englishmen were confined in another bungalow, about thirty yards off, for eighteen days, until within a few hours of General Havelock's arrival. No tongue can describe the tortures inflicted upon those defenceless women and innocent children in sight of the brave soldiers, who were powerless to protect them. The rebels' band played loudly to drown their screams. One courageous woman held a book in her hand, and said to Nana, "Come! I will read you a parable. 'With such measure as ye mete it shall be measured unto you again.'"

Meanwhile Havelock's relief column was fighting its way from Delhi to relieve Cawnpore—a little handful of 980 English against 60,000 sepoys. Reaching the Pundit Nuddie, they were delayed by the enemy having blown up the bridge and removed all boats. The prisoners could hear the roar of the British artillery, but no deliverance was destined to reach them. Nana, galloping back to Cawnpore, ordered that every man, woman, and child should have their throats cut next morning. On hearing this, the Begum begged an English lady for her little baby, and, taking it in her arms, went before the Nana, who was holding a council of war, hoping that the sight of the tiny, helpless creature in its white robes would touch his heart;\* but, refusing to listen, he motioned her away.

At ten o'clock on July 15 the massacre began. As it was "against caste" for Hindus to touch the foreigners' persons, they declined to cut their throats, so the bugle sounded "Fire!" and 200 rebels with 200 rounds of ammunition fired for hours upon the prisoners, but only killed two. Then Nana, dismissing those men to fight the English Relief, sent cavalry soldiers into the bazaars to force the Moslem butchers to come. They refused to slay women and babes, but, under threat of being themselves cut down by the cavalry, five, who belonged to the low gipsy caste,

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\* This kindly woman now receives a pension from Government.

seized knives and hatchets and went in; the remainder absconded. From 5 a.m. till 10.30 on July 16 they cut and hacked till very few victims were left alive.

When, two hours and ten minutes later, Havelock's Highlanders arrived at this "House of Massacre," in ignorance of these events, what a sight met their eyes! The well was choked with human victims, dying and dead: children almost unhurt having been tossed in with the rest. What were their feelings as they read the inscriptions written with charred sticks and blood on those prison walls? Havelock, turning to Neil, told him to act, and awful vengeance was taken. Imagine the rage of those British lions when they found themselves too late to rescue. Do you wonder that as many as they caught they were ready to tear limb from limb? and yet to feel that all vengeance was useless, for the past was beyond recall, the anguish could not be allayed nor the dead brought back!

We dimly realized something of the horror, and the anguish seemed to penetrate our own inmost being when we saw this stalwart soldier, who had fought through all that campaign and won five medals, break down and weep like a child whilst merely narrating the *memories* of that scene after a lapse of thirty-four years. He described English ladies going barefoot to the little white cross that stands on the site of the "House of Massacre." On a slightly rising ground close to it stands the Memorial Well. Tread softly on the close-mown grass. Within that circle stands a pure white angel, his holy face shadowed with sorrow and wrath. In each hand he holds a palm of victory. Round the pedestal is a wreath of innumerable hearts entwined (to which our soldier guide pointed, saying, "A picture of what *theirs* had been"), and this inscription:

"Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel named



Dundoo Punth, but commonly called Nana Sahib of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, 16th day of July, 1857, and in graves close by."

A British soldier now guards the spot, and no native foot is allowed to penetrate within the enclosure.

A large flower-bed, railed in, with nothing to mark it as a grave, was to us quite the most pathetic spot, for there those rough soldiers had lain with tenderest hands the fragments of flesh and bones which they collected with reverent care from the bungalows. The Rose of Old England blossoms in profusion over all.

That awful burying employed Havelock's men four days and nights. Each body was shown first to the doctors, and if any signs of life remained was taken inside. They sometimes identified mother and child by the tight grip the mother had of her babe's frock.

Around the altar in the Memorial Church are ranged tablets inscribed with the names of those who perished. Many children, alas! were carried away to the imprisonment of Moslem harems, and sad tales are told of glimpses still caught of white faces in guarded palanquins. You may guess with what feelings we looked on a fair-haired English baby after this in a black ayah's arms, and recalled Pope Gregory's words, "*Not *Angles*, but *angels*!*" Mr. Lee adopted a little boy found in a basket under a bridge, who is now a schoolmaster in the Deccan.

There is another side to this awful picture on which shame forbids us to dwell—a dark, dark side of Wrong to the natives—for which, alas! heavy retribution fell upon the Innocent.

### XIII.

#### LUCKNOW TO ELEPHANTA.

Crossing the Ganges by a splendid iron bridge, we proceeded to Lucknow. As you know, the Ganges is the most sacred river in the world to the Hindus, for it flows from the head of their god Siva, in its icy cradle in the Himalayas, for the cleansing of all their sins: millions of pilgrims come to its bathing *ghats* in life, or (after cremation on the burning *ghats*) to have their scattered ashes borne on its broad bosom to the realms of the blessed. To die at Benares on the banks of the Ganges is the ideal of a Hindu's happiness. He thinks he will go straight to heaven from there, and mothers commit their children's bodies to it "in sure and certain hope" of their bliss. In courts of law the oath is administered to Hindus upon Ganges water, just as with us Christians are sworn upon the Testament. And Benares, (which was the Holy City of the Brahmans twenty-five centuries before Christ) is also sacred to Buddhists, for here, having obtained enlightenment, Sâkya Muni commenced to preach. His first five disciples were converted in a deer forest near Benares; these became the first missionaries, sent into all the world to preach *Righteousness*: and to-day five hundred millions, *i.e.* one-third of the human family, are still influenced by his teachings.

The beautiful city of Lucknow is full of interest.

Of course we went to the Residency, so renowned for its gallant defence during the Mutiny, and its relief by Havelock and Outram. The ruined walls, riddled by cannon-balls, are veiled by a perfect glory of red poinsettias and purple bougainvilleas. We saw the spot where Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded, the room in Dr. Fayrer's house in which he died, and the cellar below where fifty ladies and children were concealed. Thence we visited the little cemetery, and saw the grave of General Neil, who fell at the assault of the Neil Gate, and the simple slab of pure white marble with the few but pregnant words.—

"HERE LIES

HENRY LAWRENCE,

Who *tried* to do his duty.

May the Lord have mercy on his soul."

Not many days before, reading on board ship some of the good Archbishop Tait's last words, we were much struck by the similarity in the childlike humility of these two great souls. "I am worn out," said the aged man, "but I have worked hard.... How I have failed and fallen short God knows, but I *did try* to preach the plain gospel, and to make others do it too; and at Rugby I *did try* to preach the gospel to the boys.... That is what I *have tried* to make the basis of my work."

General Gordon's last letter from Khartoum, December 14, 1884, said, "I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have *tried* to do my duty."

A monument to the faithful native regiments, is inscribed in four languages—English, Persian, Hindu, and Urdu. Without doubt, but for their loyalty, our gallant countrymen must have been annihilated.

"Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!  
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful  
and few,

Fought with the bravest among us . . . . .  
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew!" \*

Higher on the hill stands a small ruin. No stone marks the spot, no record tells the passer-by of the brave deed of a soldier who here sacrificed his life that others might be saved. During the siege the treasure had been placed here, and it was arranged that while the English women and children were escaping, the soldier in charge of the treasure should fire a train of gunpowder to divert the enemy's attention from the fugitives. He did so, and perished in the explosion. You can imagine with what deep interest we descended into the vault under the Banqueting Hall, where another company of 250 were hidden; we picked up stones as relics from the floor, which in those days was covered with marble. Fancy the horrors of that time passed in darkness, for the windows were barricaded against shot and shell.

It was here that the Highland girl, Jessie Brown, lay wrapped in her plaid, when suddenly she started up, crying, "Dinna ye hear them coming? 'Tis the slogan of the Highlandmen, the distant skirl of the bagpipes."

"The sweetest of all music  
The pipes at Lucknow played." †

And the Campbells fought their way through the bazaars, where "every house was a loop-holed fortress" filled with Sepoys, who shot down the Britons as they entered to deliver the besieged. The brave Scots and Sikhs rushed into the Residency and caught the children up in their arms, kissing them in the intensity of their relief to find that they were *in time* to avert a second Cawnpore!

As we wound our way up the turret stair into the clear sunshine, a native whistled "Auld Lang Syne;"

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\* Tennyson.      † Whittier.



CRABE TIGHLANDEES RESCUING THE BAIRNIES.





and it carried us back in thought to that anxious little group, who, filled with sickening fears during a siege of *eighty-seven* days, heroically battled with famine, fell disease, rats, vermin, and demons who continually sprang explosive mines; and who spoke with calmness of poisoning their weak and helpless ones and blowing themselves up, rather than fall into the hands of such a foe, should strength not hold out till relief came! You must read the whole of Lord Tennyson's splendid poem of the "Defence of Lucknow," where he describes so vividly how——

"Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,  
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,  
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-holes around,  
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,  
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew!"

The bazaars at Lucknow are well worth visiting. They give one such a good idea of Oriental life. We went through them in the late afternoon, in middle day, and between six and seven in the morning. It was most curious to see the natives sleeping on the mud floors of their windowless huts rolled up in blankets, stretched on a rude bedstead or on a shake-down of straw. A wattle fence divided the back from the front room or was chained across a shop front. Entering the courtyard of a native hostelry, we saw in the centre the country "hackeries" laden with market produce. All round were cells, for which the charge was two *pice* a night if a bed be provided; if not, one *pice*. It recalled the scene at Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago, when "there was no room" for the Lord of glory and His mother in a two-*pice* inn, and we grasped something of the depth of His poverty. In the parable of the Good Samaritan it is said, "He took out two pence, and gave them to the host."

In these bazaars, or streets of shops, the traders congregate together, such as makers of gold and silver

embroidered shoes, clay modellers, jewellers. The jewellers' bazaar was particularly interesting, and not the less so from a notice that "*Elephants and camels must not pass through*" after certain hours. In the open shops, or rather mud-hovels, they sit and make the fairylike silver filigree work—coffee-pots, sugar-basins, etc.

The early morning hours were terribly cold, and no people look more pinched and starved than the unfortunate Hindus in their miserable mud huts, huddled in blankets, trying to extract warmth from a few embers. We noticed that instead of wrapping the body they pile extra wraps *on their heads* to keep out the cold!

Lady Dufferin's Hospital for Women is splendid. The sufferings of the 130 millions of Indian women (*twenty-four millions* of these being *child-widows*) are indescribable, as they are never allowed to see a man-doctor. You know, they put their tongues through a curtain when ill for a doctor to inspect. Of late years good English women have been trained in medical and surgical work to help these Indian sufferers. A Maharanee, having experienced the comfort of such skilled aid, begged the lady doctor to tell the Queen Victoria, the Princess of Wales, and English ladies how much sick women in the zenanas suffer. "For," she urged, "the Queen is so good and gracious, that if she only knows she will feel for us and help us."

The Maharanee made the doctor write this message very small, put it into a locket, and promise to wear it always till she could give it into the Queen's own hands. And Queen Victoria at length received the locket and the little prayer, and sent this message back, "We should wish it to be generally known that we sympathize with every effort made to relieve the suffering state of the women of India."

We went over a beautiful palace belonging to the late King of Oude; and were fortunate in seeing a Christmas *fête* to some 2,000 Sunday scholars, in Wing-

field Park near Secunder Bagh. It was something of a procession! Picture riding to a school-feast on the backs of camels and elephants. Some came in the identical old-fashioned palanquins (*dhoolies*), which conveyed the fugitives from the Residency to Alem Bagh. In the blazing midday sun young people were swinging in a remarkably dangerous-looking swing—a set of buckets which revolved like a gigantic water-wheel. It is called *hindullah*. We shall not soon forget the scene within a large marquee when all these children, before receiving their prizes, united in the grand coronation hymn, “All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name.” Can you picture the loveliest of flower-beds—tulips, hyacinths, irises? That will give you a faint idea of the carpet of human flowers—blue, pink, crimson, orange-satin caps, tunics and blouses, brilliant hues, sparkling jewels, like a moving mass of lilies; and then the sea of uplifted eager dusky faces with liquid gazelle eyes! At the words, “Let every kindred, every tongue, on this terrestrial ball,” even men were affected to tears, and one remembered the words, “They shall gather from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south in the kingdom of My Father;” “and they shall be Mine in that day when I make up My jewels.”

“Who are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life’s dark journey through,  
Now have reached the heavenly seat  
They had ever kept in view?  
“I from Greenland’s frozen land;  
I from India’s sultry plain;  
I from Afric’s barren sand;  
I from islands of the main.  
“All our earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
We’re together met at last  
At the portal of the sky.”

A lad, observing a gold filling in F.’s front tooth, inquired what it meant? This sounded an odd query, but the Hindus paint eccentric marks, lines, and

circles on their forehead with ashes in different colours, to signify the sect to which they belong, or to show that they have attended a certain temple or are following in Vishnu's footsteps. Thus the lad naturally thought F.'s gold mark must have a peculiar significance!

Being Christmas week, the entrances to European houses were festooned with garlands of marigold, alternate leaf and flower, the Indian symbol of a *festa*. A Hindu pointed out a mosque where he said the Mohammedans kept their Christmas. We exclaimed, "Oh, but they have *no* Christmas!" "Oh yes," he replied; "not same day as Christians, but same sort of day, when all wear fine clothes and eat good dinners."

Some men look quaint with beards and whiskers dyed red or blue. It means that they are *Hadji*, i.e. have taken a pilgrimage to Mecca or that they are newly married. This was the origin of the story of "Blue Beard."

In the museum are models of Indian life, done in the clay for which Lucknow is renowned. One of a marriage procession was very curious. First came the players on musical instruments, then a *charpie*, next the presents, after this the bridegroom on horseback, and, last of all, the bride in a closely curtained palanquin.

One meets another queer custom all over the East—betel-chewing. The betel-nut with lime is neatly rolled in a green leaf, and when chewed stains the gums and teeth bright red, giving a painful appearance of blood. The care all Orientals bestow on their teeth is most commendable. Chinese, Malayans, Cinghalese, Hindus, are busily occupied, even in the streets, in this most necessary duty. The consequence is beautiful rows of pearly teeth well repay the trouble spent on them by enhancing their owner's good looks.

The horns and necks of donkeys and bullocks are

ornamented with strings of bells, brass, shells, or beads. One often sees an animal wearing two or three necklaces, in cold weather they have sackcloth covers or richly embroidered cloths with a place for the hump. The splendid Government transport bullocks wear a handsome frontal of fringed cord. Most of the rows between Hindus and Mussulmans arise from the latter having killed a bull, or from a Hindu having intruded into a mosque. Brahmini bulls stray down the streets or into the fields, and are permitted to help themselves off the stalls or from the corn. They may even chase any one they please without interference, for *they are sacred* to Siva.

A lady told me that in a temple at Benares they roam about with dangerous freedom, only the previous day one had killed a worshipper without remonstrance.

The wells are very deep, and approached by long sloping platforms, down which two bullocks (or an equivalent of four pairs of men) slowly march to draw up the water. On the large circular threshing floors oxen tread out the corn.

Pretty little zebus trot gaily with *ekkas*, two-wheeled carts with an egg-shaped roof, seat four people, riding with their feet outside on the splash-board. Other oxen draw huge lumbering waggons, with gigantic wooden wheels. Dainty white bags are attached to the milch goats. Here a snowy slab under a tree, with a white flag or various handkerchiefs waving round, designates a fakir's or holy man's grave. There is a platform mounted on four high poles, sometimes covered with a straw shelter; these are *matchanas*, where living "scare-crows" perch, armed with slings and stones to guard the corn and keep off birds and beasts.

*Bheesties* are most picturesque, carrying water in a hairless skin, inflated to the shape of the goat. They clang cymbals when offering the water for sale, and pour it from the nozzle into the mouth of the

thirsty, so that no defilement, infection, or loss of caste can ensue from his lips touching the vessel. As a work of charity people often hire a bheestie to go round and offer water to "whosoever will," - without money and without price." We did not encounter any snakes, but heard of an officer being stung by one hid in his tennis shoe; and of another who, while driving, felt a prick in his heel, but discovered nothing till the dog-cart was being washed at home, when a cobra's head was found; the wheel passing over the snake, its head was jerked up on to the box!

At one station a venerable Hindu looked into our carriage, and courteously inquired if we had any objection to his entering? Rather astonished at being asked such a question, as the carriage was empty, we said, "By all means, pray come in!" The old man, full of apologies for his intrusion, explained that as English people object to "natives" travelling in the same carriage he always avoided doing so, but to-day, as there was no room elsewhere, he was unwillingly obliged to seek a place in ours. Further on another Hindu gentleman came up to the window, and the first told him that he was "so fortunate in being allowed to take a seat in this carriage, and finding kind English travellers who made no objection to him." The latter replied that *he* had bought a first-class ticket, but finding an English lady and gentleman in the car, he had taken a seat in the second class. I cannot tell you how heartily *ashamed* we felt to hear such things, and to think of the natives of the country having to ask leave from foreigners before using their purchased rights!

Our fellow-traveller proved a highly cultured, charming person, holding an official position under the English Government. True he had a dark-brown face, and wore a massive turban, but his heart \* was full of good and true and beautiful feelings, and we greatly

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\* "HE fashioneth their hearts alike."



enjoyed conversing with so enlightened a man. He was so interested in hearing about our Queen's learning Hindustani, and having Hindu attendants, and said, "Very kind of her Majesty, I am sure."

From him we learned much to interest us about the "original primitive religion" of the Hindus, how its primitive simplicity was marred and debased by man's selfishness and greed, how the old Vedic hymns, sung in antiphonal chants, spoke of the great loving Heaven-Father, the one God and Creator of all, and how gradually the simplicity of this truth had been forgotten and distorted, and men began to separate the attributes of God, and, accommodating them to their different temperaments, worshipped them and deified them. "Many names, but all the same God; there cannot be more than one God," he said.

In like manner the Scandinavians worshipped Odin and Alfadir, who was known in Asgard, the city of the gods, as Odin, but on earth by twelve names.† So also Zeus was only one of the many names by which the Greeks tried to grasp the Infinite, the "great Reality which lies beyond all shadows." In the "chorus of Agamemnon" these words occur, "*Zeus, whoever He is*, if this be the name by which He loves to be called, by this name I address Him. For if I verily want to cast off the idle burden of my thought, proving all things, I cannot find any on whom to cast it, except Zeus alone."

One of the Vedic hymns says—

"Be easy of access to us as a father to a son. . . .

"Who is the God to whom we shall sacrifice? He who brightens the sky,

He who makes firm the earth, He who measures the air. He who looks over the water-clouds,—

He who through His power is the only King of the breathing and awakening world;

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† Cf. the Jewish Shewbread—or *Bread of the Faces*: a loaf for each of the twelve tribes

He whose power these snowy mountains, the sea and distant  
rivers proclaim—  
He is the God to whom we will sacrifice."

The Brahmans taught that man was brought through sin into collision with Brahm, the Uncreated source of thought.

Hear the Litany, a thousand years before Christ, rising by the shores of the Ganges—

"May our sin be repented of !

Have mercy, Almighty!

If I go along trembling like a cloud:

Have mercy, Almighty!

Thirst came upon the worshipper in the midst of the waters;

Have mercy, Almighty!

Through want of strength, Thou bright God, have I come to  
the wrong shore:

Have mercy, Almighty!

Whenever we break the law through thoughtlessness,

Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!"

"Every prayer which is uttered finds its way to the ears of Keshada."

"I," says Krishna, the Divine Power (an incarnation of Vishnu, who came to deliver men from Kali, the cruel Goddess of Death, Destruction, and Misery), "I am the sacrifice, I am the victim, I am the Father and Mother of the world, I am the road to the good, I am the comforter, the witness, the asylum, the Friend." And then follow words to be pondered reverently by all missionaries who ignorantly trample upon the religion they should rather seek to purify: "*They who serve other gods with a firm belief in so doing, really serve Me.*"

Listen to another prayer to Agni, who was not only the God of gods, but also "the Marvellous Friend." What a title! "Oh, let us abide under Thy far-reaching protection. If we have committed sin against Thee through human weakness, through thoughtlessness, make us sinless before Aditi. O Agni, loosen our misdeeds from us on every side."

"Where life is free—in the third heaven of heavens,  
 Where the worlds are radiant, there make me immortal!  
 Who will restore me to Aditi (*i.e.* the Infinite) that I may  
 see father and mother?" \*

The world is indebted to a Catholic missionary, Father Calmette, for the discovery of the key to unlock the treasures in these ancient sacred hymns, which were concealed in the forgotten Sanscrit tongue, and handed down from generation to generation, without knowledge of their meaning, till early in the xviii<sup>th</sup> century. He wrote, "We have extracted texts which serve to convince them (the Hindus) of those fundamental truths that must destroy idolatry; for the Unity of God, the qualities of the true God, and a state of blessedness and condemnation are all in the Veda. But the truths which are to be found in this book are only scattered there *like grains of gold* in the sand." †

It is for the interpreters of God's Evangelium to discover all the truths men hold in common, and thence point upward to Him who is the Highest conception of all. "St. Paul," says a former Archbishop of Canterbury, ‡ "did *not disown* that Altar to the Unknown God."

It only needs a little reflection to bring to mind the progressive revelation of God, as illustrated by the varied names through which He revealed Himself to, and was worshipped by, the Old Testament peoples. "God spake unto Moses, and said unto him, I am the *LORD*: and I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of God Almighty, *but by My name Jehovah* was I not known to them."

Elohim ("the gods") was used in the earlier account of the Creation in Genesis. Jehovah, (*i.e.* Yahve "the *Breath*"), was considered too sacred by the Hebrews to be pronounced, so they reverentially substituted Adonai. In the concordance which is bound up with

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\* *Rig Veda*. † "Physical Religion," Max Müller. ‡ Benson.

Bagster's Bibles, this fact is most strikingly shown under the heading of "The Names, Titles, and Characters of the Son of God, Jesus Christ our Lord, in their variety, as found in the Scriptures."

Let us never forget that all Truth, whatsoever its aspect, comes from Him who is The Truth; that all love is from the King of Love; that all Light, however dim its glimmerings, can only proceed from Him who is the Source of Light; that good, however imperfect its form, must derive its being from the Good God. "If a son ask bread of any of you that is a father," although it be in the famished cry of the speechless babe, "will the *Father* give him a stone?" And Jesus came to *reveal* the heart of the Father, and to teach the children, when they pray, to say, "*Our Father*, who art in heaven, give us to-day our daily bread."

It was this God who "so loved the world" that "He sent His Son from the bosom of the Father."

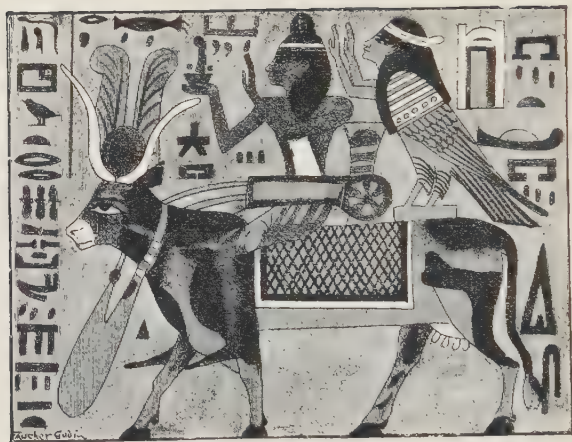
But centuries of darkness have veiled the Father from His Indian children, and now they are sunk in gross superstitions, and even worship tigers and monkeys. A touching fact was mentioned of mothers who offered cocoa-nuts and flowers for their sick children to the locomotive—thinking it must be the Fire-God, for it was so "strong and helpful." \* Not long ago, at a medical mission in Burmah, the patients were found worshipping a new god—rows of cholera-medicine bottles. The medicine had done them good, and, with the spirit of the Samaritan leper of old, they showed their thankfulness as best they could—"feeling after God, if haply they might find Him." During the Mutiny the Sepoys cannonaded the Engines, ignorantly believing them to be the powerful helper of their foes.

Hindus worship "Our Mother the Cow," "for she gives us milk and *ghee* (the clear Indian butter), manure for the fields, and fuel for our fires." (Used

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\* Psalm lxxxix. 19. "I have laid help upon One that is Mighty."





THE GOOD COW HATHOR CARRYING A DEAD MAN  
OVER THE DARK RIVER.



also by the Red Indians, hence the name Assineboines : "those who boil the pot with stones," given by the first explorers). As Hindus swim the rivers by hanging on to a cow's tail, so to them the cow is synonymous with Charon's ferry-boat, which takes spirits over the Dark River into the unseen world. Hindus never eat beef, and think that if any one kills a cow he will go straight to hell ; but our companion argued, "If this be the case, what becomes of the whole English nation who kill and eat cows? Would they not long ago have been swept off the face of the earth? In like manner, English people come and tell the Hindus that if they do certain things they will be despatched into the same place of torment. Such teachings," he added, "arose not from the original faith, but from the priests." \* The cow is typical of docility, gentleness, and meekness. Also in the Norse *Edda* the cow is "Audumla" the Nourisher; and in Egypt Hathor, the Mother goddess, had a cow's head.

Elsewhere we had asked an intelligent Hindu guide which of the gods he worshipped? and in a tone of hurt surprise, he said, "Oh, madam, there is only one God, who made all this," stretching out his hand across the cloudless Indian sky—"who made all this, and you and me. Mohammedans say 'Allah,' and Hindus say 'Bhâgavat,' but all One same God."

The Island of Elephanta in the Bay of Bombay (to which we made a delightful expedition one glorious afternoon) swarms with venomous snakes, and we were warned to keep on the wide paved path, within low stone walls, and not stray into the wood. Of course by so doing any snake would be visible; but they are timid creatures, and usually glide away from men. This island is noted for its jewelled beetles, of inconceivably brilliant glowing colours. Children offer them for sale enclosed in fusee boxes. But the chief wonder of Elephanta is its cave—an immense temple,

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\* See Appendix XIX. also "Temples," pp. 77, 387, 399-402.

whose enormous pillars are hewn out of the solid rock. In the dark recess at the extreme back of the cave a most startling group meets one's gaze—a titanic God sculptured in bold relief out of the living rock, with a triple head, (as it were three in one: \* "And yet they are not three Gods, but one God.")

Brahm, the Incomprehensible Ineffable God, being too far above men's comprehension, even to be spoken of or worshipped (like the Japanese Buddha, whose name is unpronounceable.) Brahmans pronounce the Name only in silent thought, or in a reverent whisper. Plato also spoke of this Supreme Being as "the One who is worshipped in silence" as the Egyptian Pthah—was "adored by silence." The Hindu Trinity † is subdivided into Brahmâ, Siva, and Vishnu, who may be approached by sinful men. There is no idol of Brahm, the Most High God, throughout India. Brahmâ is the Creator; Siva, the Lord who is both male and female, Father and Mother. One could not but recall that hymn—

"No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother e'er so mild."

Little Hindu girls who desire a happy marriage pray to Siva, for he is the best of husbands, and from his sweat the sin-cleansing Ganges flowed. Siva is the Destroyer. He has power over all serpents, and they obey him. Round his right arm is entwined an immense python, which he is paralyzing with his central eye (he has three eyes). It was almost overpowering to see this unexpected sight, and to remember certain old promises from an ancient Book, beginning in Eden: "He shall bruise thy head" (to the serpent); "As Moses lifted up the (brazen) serpent, so must the Son of Man be lifted

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\* Athanasian Creed.

† God in His threefold character—Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer; the Trimurti, or Threefold Face. (see Note, p. 273.)

up;" again, "The Son of God came to destroy the works of the devil;" and in the Apocalypse, how "the Dragon,\* the old serpent," is destroyed—"He struck Death powerless." Being the Destroyer, the Hindu sinner prays to him in these touching words: "O Siva, Thou God of fire, mayest Thou destroy *my sins* as the bleaching grass of the jungle is destroyed by fire. It is through Thy mighty breath.... men received life." Siva is also the Producer and Regenerator.†

Then Vishnu is the Preserver, the goddess mother, (the counterpart of the Japanese Kwannon). She, too, carries the lotus in her hand.‡ Now, what can be the significance of this lotus or lily flower?§ In Japan we found it in the hand of Amida Buddha, him who represents boundless Light. ("God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.") In India it blossoms in the grasp of Vishnu. The Greeks represented it as the sceptre of Zeus, "*the Sky Father.*"\*\* In Egyptian temples Osiris held it as a scourge-sceptre 4000 years before Christ. From it the Sun was born; and it was sculptured upon the brow of the Great Sphinx. But, most remarkable of all, in the Catacombs it is visible in the hands of the Holy Child Jesus, being also represented as His throne; whilst later on, in the Middle Ages, Italian painters placed it in the hands of the angel of the Annunciation, who brought the tidings of the miraculous birth to the Blessed Mother. (Of course these last instances recall the scripture, "I am the Lily of the Valley.") Whence came the first thought of the lily, with its message of peace and love and purity? We cannot answer the question, but are convinced that some deep truth of heavenly meaning must underlie a symbol of such

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\* The Chinese counterpart of this serpent is the dragon.

† "Siva Purana." ‡ *Ante*, pp. 87, 107.

§ In Assyrian sculptures (British Museum) priests offer lotus-flowers.

\*\* Kaffir: Umkulunkulu, "the Father of all the fathers."

world-wide prevalence. It is worth while to seek for it. "Consider the lilies," and look for "the Jewel" lying concealed "in the lotus." Certain it is that the lotus is the emblem of calm and purity, and that its calyx being a triangle and its base a circle, was considered emblematic of eternity and tri-unity.

The Portuguese, in their zeal for destroying "idols,"\* placed cannon before the cave of Elephanta, and bombarded the images with shot and shell. Under the British Government this most ancient temple is preserved, and once a year it permits a very curious Hindu service to be held. The priest kills a lamb and sprinkles its blood upon a stone, and at the same time puts a patch of red paint upon each of the idols in the cave, to be seen by all visitors "as a memorial" from year's end to year's end. It is impossible not to think of the lamb offered by Abel, and by the Israelites,† nor to wonder at the extraordinary vein of thought which pervades not only the Old and New Testaments, but also the sacred writings and traditions of the whole human family.

We heard a suggestive Buddhist allegory anent the lotus blossoms. In the western heaven there is a lake covered with all the varieties of fragrant lotus flowers—blue, red, yellow, rose, white, and their heart-shaped leaves. Each flower represents a soul who is still struggling in this lower world,§ but whose thoughts are turned to the Land of Enlightenment. The very first longing after Amida's Paradise produces a flower in the celestial lake, and daily, as the soul is victorious over evil, or the reverse, his lotus

\* Greek Eidolon shadows or shams: unrealities.

† Gen. iv.; Exod. xii. "There was one more symbolical rite in that early Easter Sacrament, the mention of which is often suppressed—a lamb was offered on the altar, afterwards cakes in the shape of a lamb."—"Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church," by Edwin Hatch, D.D., p. 300. Hibbert Lectures, 1888.

§ Read Hans Andersen's "*Story of a Mother*."

blossoms into more heavenly flowering, or fades away and perishes. So the soul who advances in holiness, and never turns back, may be already a dweller in the Land of Enlightenment.\* In Christian sacred allegories the baptismal cross is depicted as losing its lustre or shining brilliantly on the forehead in token of the spiritual condition. When visiting a rescue home belonging to the Salvation Army in Ceylon, we noticed on the walls an unfamiliar motto from the Book of Daniel: "He knoweth *what* is in the darkness," and from the drawer below the Captain took out two cards, one *blue* and the other *red*. She explained that when the converts leave the home (being unable to write) they are provided with these cards, which they send from time to time to their Captain, and acquaint her of their progress. The blue signifies, "There is failure or sorrow," whilst the red means "There is victory."†

Another remarkable figure is that of the God of the Firmament supporting the clouds on his shoulders, as did Atlas in the story of Perseus, the Greek hero. The dimensions of this rock-temple are so vast that living men and women are quite dwarfed; groups of dancing holiday-makers appeared like marionettes. Behind the principal idols a long passage winds through the rock, by which it is supposed the crowds defiled after they had worshipped. The hiding-place was pointed out beside the great idol, whence the priest uttered his mysterious oracles.§

Being New Year, the shipping was gay with flags, and, as it was also "Proclamation Day" (the anniver-

\* In the Japanese Scriptures the sinful soul is said to be shut up in the calyx of the lotus—away from the Vision of God. "The Pure in heart shall see God"—

† In Egypt the colour of the sacred lotus was blue, but in India *red*, said to be dyed with Siva's blood when Love wounded him with his arrows. Appendix XX.

§ We saw a serpent from an Egyptian temple in Cairo Museum formerly used for the same purpose.

sary when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India), there was a brilliant parade of troops, and Sepoys joined with British soldiers in three lusty cheers for the Queen-Empress.

A Parsi gentleman, of whom our driver had asked the way, courteously greeted us as her Majesty's fellow-subjects, and wished us a good New Year.

A very novel experience awaited us in the Pinjrapôl, a hospital endowed by a wealthy Parsi for aged, blind, infirm, and suffering animals. Here were cows on three legs, or footless, "rescued from the butchers," pigeons, kites, goats, fowls, sheep, foundling calves; monkeys kept in cages, "lest they should tease the others, because they are so mischievous," says the kindly Hindu guardian. Another pen is full of puppies—"no father, no mother—orphans," he explains, with tearful eyes. We ask why some of the poor suffering creatures are not killed to put them out of their misery? He replies indignantly, "You do not kill a man when he is sick and suffering. We think animals are equal to men. It costs a thousand rupees a day to keep them, and to buy from the cruel Mohammedan butchers and poulterers. Our duty is to save life. We have two other refuges, and at last we send animals into the forest, where herdsmen are paid some thousands of rupees to look after them. But I wish I could behold all the Mohammedans," he added quite savagely.\*

A horrible suspicion crossed our minds as to whether these poor beasts' fate was not a modern edition of "The Babes in the Wood?"

At six a.m. we visited the market—a series of magnificent halls. Boys followed to collect the purchases, and, as their baskets were filled with cheese, butter, poultry, etc., crowned the whole with a branch of bananas and a bouquet adorned with tinsel paper. We observed many varieties of dried fish, Bombay

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\* There is deadly enmity between the Moslems and Hindus.



ducks, and the shells and bodies of prawns being sold separately. Bananas (twenty to thirty varieties, of which the *red* "thumb" sized is the choicest), oranges, egg-fruits, peaches, vegetables of every sort; the curry-stalls arranged with some fifteen different condiments, pepper, cocoa-nut, capsicums. The buyers take a pinch of each for their "curry." At the poulterers' stalls, small birds are tied in half-dozens by the legs; chickens, pigeons of all ages from squabs, quails (for fighting) are all sold alive. It is "an act of mercy" for a Hindu to buy and release these.

Children are carried astride on the hip and shoulder, and adult natives lie about and sleep anywhere, even across the threshold of one's room. "Boys" are summoned by clapping hands.

Our last drive was round by Malabar Hill, among the radiant flowers, looking down upon a sea of palms and the bay beyond.

At sunset the richest Parsis alight from their carriages along the Rotten Row by the seashore, and pray before the outward and visible signs of the God of Heaven—the Sun and the Ocean. After death Parsis are borne up to the top of the beautiful Malabar Hill, where stand the five Towers of Silence.\* The mourners (each pair carrying a handkerchief between them) follow the body to the temple, where prayer is offered before the undying Fire, and thence it is taken alone through the garden to the tower and laid under the cloudless sky to be consumed by vultures, in obedience to their religion.

At the gatekeeper's lodge we saw a valued ornament—a large coloured handkerchief with the portrait of Queen Victoria.

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\* See "Temples of the Orient," p. 137, note 3.

## XIV.

### THE LAND OF MYSTERIES.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

TENNYSON.

"Falsehoods which we spurn to-day  
Were the truths of long ago;  
Let the dead boughs fall away.  
Fresher shall the living grow."

WHITTIER.

ONCE more afloat—this time on the Arabian Sea—for five and a half days ere reaching the Straits of Bab el Mandeb, the Gate of Tears; so called from the many ships lost at this dangerous entrance to the Red Sea. Not a little diverted were we to see the incomparable Taj Mahal being sketched *from memory!* At last we anchored off Aden, with its diving Somali boys (whose woolly hair is dyed red), and curly-headed Jews selling ostrich plumes. This barren rock in the rainless zone is key to the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, as Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean. In Marco Polo's time Indian cargoes of pepper and spices were brought to Aden, and after seven days on the Red Sea, were borne on camels for thirty days across the desert to Alexandria. At night we roused in time to see Perim Island with its two lighthouses. We pass the Dædalus lighthouse (the first built in the Red Sea), nicknamed the "Dead-lies," because of the dangerous white coral reef on which it stands. In 1890 the *Deccan* ran straight





SUEZ CANAL—THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN ASIA AND AFRICA.

on to it in daylight and sank within four hours. "The passengers' Mount Sinai" is pointed out on the left; the real one being invisible, this one was substituted to satisfy the curiosity of travellers!

It was a surprise to find a cloudy sky and slightly chilled temperature in the deep blue Red Sea.

*January 9th:* The first Sunday after Epiphany, and Isaiah li. the appropriate lesson—about the Arm of the Lord making (when there was *no way*) "the depths of the sea *a way* for the ransomed to pass over." Before service 320 sailors line the deck for "inspection," and look charming in their clean muslin smocks tied with brilliant sashes—Lascars, negroes from central Africa,\* and Zanzibari, some in turbans, others in various embroidered caps, and all manner of ornaments. As the commander and chief officer pass all salute, then at the shrill sound of a whistle disband.

Arabia on our starboard, and the mountains of the Dark Continent, Abyssinia, and the Nubian Desert on the left. Reaching Suez in the twilight, we found, all flags half mast on account of the Khédive's death from influenza. Tewfik was a good man, and the mourning was genuine. Although a Mohammedan, he had but one wife; and when a Christian Bishop was presented to him he said, "I am always glad to welcome the ministers of religion, for if a man is a faithful servant of his heavenly King, he is likely to be a loyal subject of an earthly sovereign." At his funeral camels followed laden with bread, oranges, and money, and ten bullocks to be killed for the poor.

Whilst awaiting our turn to enter the Canal, it was most curious to watch other ships coming down, flashing the electric light from the masthead. Troop-ships are not allowed to enter at night as they do not carry the search-light. When our turn came to pass between the red and green lighted buoys, being

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\* These alone can endure the heat of the furnaces in the Red Sea.

unwilling to lose anything of a new experience, three ladies agreed to sit up on deck and see all that could be seen, notwithstanding (as usual) many warnings that the Canal was *most uninteresting*—nothing to see but a big ditch! Never allow any one to deprive you of sights when travelling by this most stupid dictum. Make a point of seeing all you can, hearing all you can. Never be ashamed to ask questions, and increase your stock of information; then jot down in a note-book all the "topics" that have come under your notice. And last, not least, be always ready to communicate to others any bits of interest you can.

Well were we repaid for our nocturnal watch! Our search-light, of 40,000 candlepower, produced a bewildering effect upon the desert sand, illuminating the whole scene, as if by the most powerful moon; every object stood out in startling distinctness, and the sand appeared like new fallen snow, glistening with millions of diamonds or fire-flies, under the beautiful electric beams. Every now and then we lay to in a siding while another vessel crossed, and the combined lights were quite magnificent. The pace is very slow, about three miles an hour, excepting through the Bitter Lakes, when full speed is used. Occasionally we hear a jackal's wail or an ass's bray. Wonderful to realize! on one hand lies Asia, on the other Africa, two vast continents divided by a ditch!—a canal old as the Pharaohs and Herodotus, resurrected through Napoleon III. and M. de Lesseps in our own century. From 1845 until this Canal was opened in 1865 those who preferred the Overland route to the long sea voyage round the Cape to India, crossed the Isthmus of Suez with the Mails in two-wheeled vans drawn by Arab horses, their luggage going on camels—the "ships of the desert."

Next day the sun seemed to have lost his power. How we longed to turn back and meet him! Bitterly cold blew the north wind. Even the commander wore



a fur cap, and we could not find wraps enough to cover our shivering frames! Still there was much to see -the Bedouin tents, strings of camels along the sky line, Arabs shouting from the banks, rosy flamingoes, and hundreds of white pelicans, making the lake white as with breakers; marvellous flights of birds, recalling the Roman augurs; large stone cannon filled with fresh water; huge dredgers, which are for ever working to clear out the drifting sands. M. de Lesseps wished to construct the canal wider and deeper, but no one ever dreamt the enterprise would succeed.\* But 3,500 vessels pass through year by year, and about thirty to forty large vessels daily, and their heavy dues keep the Canal in order. Last year's receipts were 490,000,000 francs, whilst in 1890 they only amounted to 270,000,000 francs. Has not cold water been thrown upon all the great enterprises which eventually turned out so successfully? Recollect Columbus, and the transit of the Rocky Mountains.

Now we pass the *Malabar* crowded with sun burnt soldiers homeward bound; then a French vessel with soldiers for Tonquin. Here the cutting is so deep and the banks so high we cannot see over them; there the desert stretches away and away in golden red on the Libyan side, a greyish white on the Syrian. The colouring is so quiet, so harmonious, so restful, blending with the blues of sky and water in beauty all its own. Strangely fascinating, albeit so monotonous, this weird, silent, wistful expanse! At length a lovely lake is sighted on the horizon, rocky islands, calm lagoons, and palm-girt shores; pure white domes and gilded minarets betoken an Oriental city, encircled by blue mountains. While lazily dreaming over the scene, some one inquires, "Have you seen the view, Madam?" "Yes, indeed! I have just been admiring it;" and he responds, "That,

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\* Indeed, it was gravely suggested that "Providence had wisely ordained these obstacles to prevent man from doing too much!"

do you know, is the *mirage*!" I was so pleased, for it was lovely, and never was illusion more complete.

A Bedouin flies past on a splendid Arab steed. Presently we reach Kantara, "the bridge of nations." Innumerable telegraph-wires are the only noticeable point about a very ordinary ferry, across which loaded camels and asses are passing. And yet this simple ford has seen the most wonderful events in history! This ford was the greatest highway in the ancient world. Abraham crossed there when he went "down into Egypt." Across it the Ishmaelites took the captive Joseph with their camels bearing "spicery, balm, and myrrh." Hither came "the sons of Israel, carrying Jacob their father, and their little ones, and their wives in the waggons which Pharaoh had sent to carry him;" the Queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts to hear King Solomon's wisdom; Jeremiah, and the princes of Judah. And here too passed the Young Child with His mother, fleeing into the land of Egypt, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet: Out of Egypt have I called My Son." \*

Rich in memories is this *uninteresting* Canal! Turning away from these quiet scenes, we hear the din of war, the tramp of armies—"Pharaoh and all his host," Sennacherib and the Assyrians, Darius and the Persians, the Greeks with Alexander the Great, Roman Cæsars, Saladin and his Saracens; the German Friedrich Barbarossa, the French S. Louis and the British Cœur de Lion with the Crusaders; the Napoleons "*partant pour la Syrie*."

On to Port Said, the largest of coaling stations, its one fascination—photograph shops!

After a night in a French inn, we return down the Canal in a launch, charmed to make its closer acquaintance as far as Ismailia, whence by train to Cairo. Stations are designated in French and Arabic.

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\* See Edward Long's picture, "*Anno Domini*."

Troops of donkeys replace *calèches*, jinrikishas, and gharries. To the left is the site of Pithom, the old treasure city. Then comes Tel-el-Kebir, where Wolseley defeated Arabi's rebels in 1882, when the Arabs, frightened by the Highlanders in the garb of old Gaul, exclaimed, "If the women fight like this, what must the men be!" Close to the station are the graves of those who fell in battle. Then the Sweet Water Canal, probably cut by the Israelites under Seti I.

The unchanging East! The only incongruity in the scene is the luxurious crimson leather-cushioned railway train, with its prison and post-office vans locomoting through the land of Goshen!

Description fails—the graphic Bible phrases alone crowd to mind, and, as each scene flits by, we jot down rapidly, "A well-watered land;" "the garden of Egypt;" "There was corn in Egypt;" "Go down into Egypt for horses;" "He shall send His messenger to prepare His way before Him;" "He girded up his loins, and ran before the chariot."

"Flocks and herds;" "camels, sheep, asses;" "a kid of the goats;" "Saddle me the ass;"—describe the large Syrian sheep, the long-eared kids, the troops of donkeys. "On the housetops," among its broken potsherds, are the snowy pigeons, "as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." "Black as the tents of Kedar" are the wandering Bedouins' flat-roofed tents, made of camels' hair with a broad black stripe. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," as we see their muzzled mouths. "The flesh-pots of Egypt," "the cucumbers, the melons, the leeks, and the onions;" for the Egyptian onions are still the best. "Fill up the water-pots." Here, in this Arab sheikh, we recognize the venerable Abraham; there in a brown-limbed, dark-eyed lad, munching sugarcane, an Ishmael or a Benjamin.

If in Japan we found the very fans and porcelain

animated, surely in Egypt the Old Testament springs into life, so true to nature are its descriptions. The primitive ploughs and the *shaulûfs*, are the same as in India and Japan.

A somewhat rude awakening from this dream of the past awaits us at the crowded railway station in Cairo, with its rows of omnibuses, and crowds of guides and hotel porters, crying in deafening chorus, "Cook! Cook! Gaze! here Gaze! Shepherd's Hotel! Hotel Continental! de Rome! du Nil!" etc. And a trifle disappointing is it to see the fashionable boulevards and gay shops of a Paris or Geneva, instead of the Oriental scenes one expected in the city of the "Arabian Nights" and Haroun-al-Raschid, the "Mother of the World,"—"grand Cairo!" But beyond are the fascinating bazaars, or streets, of the goldsmiths, booksellers, perfumers, tent and saddlemakers, embroiderers,\* carpets, red morocco peaked shoes, pottery from Assûan, the beaten-out brasswork and inlaid coffee-tables. The Mushrabiyyeh work, carved as much by the toes as by the fingers of the Arabs. The chief charm of Eastern streets lies in the fact of the actual making of the things being carried on in view of the passers-by. The narrow streets; the harem ladies taking their airing on a trolley (having clubbed together for this treat); the water-carriers (like Hindu *bheesties*), crying the gift of God, and offering "cups of cold water" to the thirsty, or pouring water over hot hands; veiled ladies riding astride on asses; mothers carrying babes on their shoulders and water-jars on their heads; finger-nails dyed red with henna; tattooed chins and upper lips; children, most dirty and untempting-looking, all more or less suffering from sore eyes; high blank walls, with gates guarded by black eunuchs, behind which

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\* A beautiful motto is sometimes inscribed on the face of these embroideries: "I do this for you;" and on the reverse, "This I work for God."

lie palaces in thirty and forty acres of garden; baskets of golden eggs, coloured by being boiled in an onion's outer leaves. Through an ancient gateway, where sits the holy man to whom women confide their secrets, (hanging up mementoes of hair, teeth, or keys) to the mosque of El Azhar, where some 10,000 study the Korân. Very quaint they look, bowing themselves to and fro, learning aloud, and writing from right to left on tin slates, or being shaved by barbers at the gate.

On to the citadel, to view the Pyramids and the Nile. This citadel was occupied by the great Saladin\* (1166), the generous foe of our Richard Cœur de Lion. You recollect how the height was seized by Captain Watson with 40 men after Tel-el-Kebir. Another day we were so fortunate as to witness the young Khédive, Abbas II., make (according to the French newspaper) "*son entrée dans l'histoire.*" It was strange to see him in a European carriage, amid the shouting, leaping, and dancing Orientals, who cried, "*Effendi!*" in the Eastern fashion. At the palace F. saw him receiving the allegiance of the grand officers and sheikhs.

Marco Polo relates that in the Xth century a caliph greatly desired some cherries; forthwith pigeons were sent flying from Baalbec to Cairo, each bearing a cherry attached to its leg!

Just opposite Cook's office we were greeted by the well-known Yankee voice which had so amused us in Ceylon. "Waal, I declare! -- of all the cir-cum-stances!"

We crossed the Canal, which is opened with great ceremony when the Nile rises, and from July to September its height is proclaimed in Cairo by criers. The ancients called the very *land* of Egypt the gift of the Nile, and worshipped Nilus as divine, for (flowing from the melting snows of Ruwenzori, the

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\* At his splendid feasts a crier used to exclaim, "Saladin the Great *must die!*"

Cloud King, in the mysterious heart of Africa) as a river of Life it scattered blessings far and wide, for ever fighting and conquering the encroaching deathly desert sands.\* Its water tastes very sweet. It is the longest river in this world next to the Amazon.

Picturesque as the camels look with their fresh loads of emerald green clover, crates of oranges, blocks of building stone, bales of sand or cotton, — they are most disagreeable animals, moaning, grumbling, snarling, girning over the slightest load; the heavier it is apparently the less discontent, as in many human instances. "The dog out hunting does not notice its fleas." *Chinese Proverb.* The camel's favourite trick is to lie down and roll as soon as all the furniture has been securely packed on his back. According to Herodotus, the Egyptians were as famed for their extreme cleanliness and for their contrary ways of doing things as the Japanese are to-day. They too shaved their heads "to harden the skull;" they used mosquito nets, and saluted by letting the hand fall down as far as the knee.

One Sunday afternoon we went to the Boulak convent, and obtained the bishop's permission to visit the priest and two nuns who had escaped from Khartoum after nine years' imprisonment—ever since the murder of General Gordon. Had the relief only reached Khartoum two days earlier he would have been saved;

\* Once more we learn it does not do to be too positive of our own opinion. Herodotus failed to learn why the Nile overflowed at the summer solstice. He says, "The third way to resolving this difficulty is by far the most specious, but most untrue. For, by saying that the Nile flows from melted snow, it proves nothing, for this river flows from Libya through the middle of Ethiopia and discharges itself into Egypt; how, therefore, since it runs from a very hot to a colder region, can it flow from snow? . . . the inhabitants become black from the excessive heat, and the cranes, to avoid the cold of Scythia, migrate to these parts as winter quarters. If, then, ever so little snow fell in this country through which the Nile flows, and from which it derives its source, none of these things would happen, as necessity proves." But now we know that Ruwenzori is 20,000 ft. high and crowned by 30 miles of glaciers!



but, alas! his head and shoulders were cut off and exhibited as a trophy, and his body cut into small pieces. "Il était trop bon," was every one's verdict. The archbishop vainly sent various sums of money. All these long years only *rumours* from the outer world reached these poor captives shut up in Khartoum. At last a sheikh arrived to arrange their escape during an *émeute*. There were seven altogether, but as all lived apart here lay the difficulty. However, one died, and thus two met unexpectedly at her deathbed, and their escape was effected. Eight persons escaped upon four camels on Sunday, November 29, including a little Arab maid who, if left behind, would have betrayed them by saying "the Sisters have fled." Disguised as natives, they rode on night and day until Thursday, sixteen camels and Arabs following in hot pursuit. "Surely," they said, "it was the hand of the good God protecting us which enabled us to hold on without ever dismounting!" They could only account for the Arabs not overtaking them by the fact that fatigue compelled them to rest. An Egyptian traveller\* thus describes a camel's paces, from which you can judge what these frail nuns endured: "He has a short walk, like the rolling of a small boat in a chopping sea; a long walk which dislocates every bone in your body; a trot that reduces you to imbecility, and a gallop that is sudden death. One tries in vain to imagine a crime for which the *peine forte et dure* of sixteen hours on camel-back would not be a full and sufficient expiation."

The fugitives took a different route to the usual lest their white faces should be recognized, and on Thursday arrived on the banks of the Nile opposite Berber. Here an unexpected obstacle arose—the boatman refused to ferry them across. But his two boys made signs to "Wait till father sleeps;" and when, at eleven p.m., the time came, great was their

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\* Miss M. B. Edwards, "One Thousand Miles up the Nile."

dread lest the camels, who always moan and murmur when entering a boat, should awaken the boatman. Marvel of marvels! without a sound these beasts entered the boat, and lay down meekly, *comme les moutons*.

Listening breathlessly up to this point, we could not help exclaiming, "Just like Daniel and the lions!" "Yes," they replied; "the good God sent His angel to shut their mouths."

Does not this bring the God of Daniel very near to us in these latter days?

On they went, till after *sixteen days* (not sixteen *hours* as above) they reached Assûan and the boat Monsignor had provided to bring them down to Cairo. Their privations had been terrible: "Like a nightmare," one said. They could not now realize that they had indeed been through it all. Simple, sweet Italian women these sisters Caterina and Elisabeth of the Sacré Cœur; their faces, so bright and cheerful, resembled angels, illuminated with the peace of God. Monsignor told us that the elder had nearly died on her arrival, having fallen off her camel from exhaustion, and both were terribly inflamed and bruised. The delicate Austrian priest, Father Ohrwalder, had suffered badly from scurvy, and was quite an invalid. Small wonder when he had been thankful for food from the horse's nose-bags! He said, "If England would only occupy Khartoum everybody would rejoice!"

It was on the day that the news of David Livingstone's death reached England that Gordon started on his first mission to the Soudân to break the slave trade, prepared to bless that dark region by his beneficent rule as he had already done in China. And that brave lonely figure still stands out against the dark background "*faithful unto death*," betrayed by his own Government, but mourned by his Sovereign and her whole people, in these very words--"That the promises of support were not fulfilled which I so frequently and constantly pressed on those who asked



## IN MEMORY OF GORDON.

*Daily Graphic, Monday, December 5, 1898.*

"I hope," said Lord Kitchener at Cardiff, "that by this time next year we shall have a train running into Khartoum." If all



goes well we may hope that shortly after the arrival of the locomotive the walls of the Gordon Memorial College\* will have sprung up among the ruins of the city; and that the spectacle of a young Baggara undergraduate taking a hansom in order to be in time for his lectures may be less remote a possibility than it appears in the fanciful picture of a *Daily Graphic* artist. But in order that these things may be, it is necessary that the Sirdar's £100,000 shall be subscribed; and if ever there was a case in which the old Latin proverb applied, this is one where he gives twice who gives quickly. It is well to remember that there are only three days left. Once again to quote Lord Rosebery's admonition, "The

*By the kind permission of the proprietors of the "Daily Graphic."*  
KHARTOUM IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Cabby: "Where to, sir?"

Student: "Gordon College!"

Sirdar goes back to Egypt on the 7th. Send him back happy!"

\* The foundation-stone of this College was laid by Lord Kitchener of Khartoum in the winter of 1902

him to go, is to me a grief inexpressible—indeed, it has made me ill. What I so keenly feel is the *stain* left upon England by your dear brother's cruel but heroic fate." \* But even in death he won that dying blessing which you may read inscribed on the black marble slab that covers Livingstone's resting-place in Westminster Abbey (his *heart* lies buried on the shore of Lake Bangweolo), "All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's richest blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world." †

You would enjoy the expedition to the Sakkarah Pyramids, sailing down the Nile past the nilometer, which registers the rise of the river, and is inscribed with a verse from the Korân about "the water sent by God from heaven." On the left, the vast quarries in the mountain of Arabia, where the blocks were hewn for the pyramids, and far below a little train rushing through the Desert, brought the ages of remote antiquity and the present into curious proximity. On landing, a crowd of *fellaheen* assailed us, offering their donkeys, and naming them according to the traveller's supposed nationality. "Yankee Doo—yes, Yankee *Doodel*, he very good donkey, best donkey in Cairo." "Telegraph-telephone; you like him?"

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\* Queen Victoria's letter to Miss Gordon.

† Even the newspapers which recorded yet another heart broken for Africa—the great Cardinal Lavigerie—were full of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' great scheme which brings within measurable distance a telegraph whose wires flashing "away across the Zambesi, across Lake Nyassa, beyond Tanganyika, through the heart of preserved Uganda, through Wady Halfa," will link Cairo with the Cape of Good Hope and deal the deadliest of all blows to the slave trade. "It is all very breathless work, but it makes the blood run quicker."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, November 30, 1892.—Sufficient material has now (1895) been sent out to build the line from Blantyre to Ujiji (where Stanley found Livingstone); and the children who read these pages will doubtless travel by rail from the Cape to Cairo; or from Algiers across the Soudân to South Africa.

"Ginger—yes, *poor* Gingère—the *number one* donkey!" How this reminded us of the Japanese *ichi-ban* for everything that was A1, first-class, or first-rate. Chattering the oddest pigeon English about "any somebody" and "a very nice something," they steer the donkeys by their tails, and it is ludicrous to see the whole party entirely at the donkeys' mercy, going exactly at the animals' own pace, now in front, now far behind, jolting, trotting, jogging, ambling, cantering, amid shouts of laughter from the riders, and cries of "Backsheesh!" from every passer-by, who, however, are pacified by the jocular promise of "*Bookra rîl mish-mish*" ("To-morrow when the apricots ripen"), which is equivalent to saying, "When Sunday comes in the middle of the week," for in Egypt the apricots never do ripen; they come from Damascus!

First, in a grove of grey-green palms, we dismount at a colossal statue of Rameses the Great, or Sesostris, which Herodotus says was placed by the king as a memorial of his conquest "at the portal of Vulcan's temple facing the north wind."

Rameses the Great oppressed the children of Israel and the same historian mentions that he "employed the multitude of prisoners whom he brought from the countries he had subdued in the following works. These were the persons who drew the huge stones to the temple of Vulcan; they, too, were compelled to dig all the canals now seen in Egypt by their involuntary labour."

Strange to picture Jacob and Joseph on this spot, and Moses and Aaron "standing before Pharaoh," delivering their message, "Let My people go!" To found the city of Memphis, Menes, first historic king of Egypt, turned aside the course of the Nile, probably two thousand years before the time of Abraham. Authentic records of his reign date back to 5000 B.C. That it must have been a wondrous city one gathers from the glimpses given by Herodotus of its enormous artificial lake. Moeris, in the centre of which stood



two gigantic pyramids, each crowned by a colossal statue, and a labyrinth which he says "surpasses even the pyramids," with its 3000 rooms under and above ground. To Memphis Paris fled with Helen of Troy, and to its priests at the temple of Vulcan the Father of History repaired to gather information.

One story they told him will interest you. Sennacherib, King of Assyria, marched against Egypt with a large army, but the Egyptian warriors refused to fight. The priest-king of Vulcan (or Ptah), Sethon by name, being reduced to a strait, entered the temple to bewail before the God his lamentable plight. He fell asleep, and the God appeared to him in a vision, bidding him be of good cheer, for He would Himself send helpers. So Sethon ventured forth with only a motley crew of Egyptian tradesmen and mechanics, and encamped in Pelusium, the entrance to Egypt. When the Assyrians arrived "a number of *field mice*, pouring in, devoured their quivers and bows and the handles of their shields, so that next day, when they fled bereft of their arms, many fell. And to this day a stone statue of this king stands in the temple of Vulcan, with a mouse in his hand, and an inscription to the following effect, 'Whoever looks on me let him revere the gods.'

Here it was that the tame crocodiles wore earrings and bracelets, and were mummied along with cats and ibises.

Ruins, and a marshy lakelet amid palms, now mark the site of ancient Memphis. "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

On we ride through fields of springing corn towards the rocky Libyan mountain, the vast burial-place of old Egypt, the city of the dead. In one pyramid, when the entrance was blown up by its discoverer, the footprints of those who laid the mummy to rest three thousand seven hundred years ago were still visible in the sand.

Our old nursery favourite Cinderella is connected

with another pyramid. A fair young Grecian, bathing in the Nile, was surrounded by the birds of the air, who were attracted by her beauty. An eagle flew away with her shoe; but as he was flying across Pharaoh's palace, startled by a noise, he let it fall at the king's feet. Pharaoh ordered a search to be made for the wearer of the tiny slipper, and when found, he wooed and won pretty rosy-cheeked Rhodopis, the intimate friend of Æsop, and raised a pyramid to hold her dust.

Funeral boats, on which the Eye of Osiris, all seeing God, was painted,\* conveyed the dead across the river Nile to Amenti, the realm of the sunset, the "land of the Hereafter," the mourners chanting—

"In peace, in peace to the West:  
Oh! praiseworthy one, go in peace.  
If it please God when the eternal day cometh  
*We shall see thee again*, for thou goest  
To the land where all men are equal."

The rocky tombs and pyramids were intended to preserve the body, perfect and incorruptible, until the last day, when Osiris would awaken it out of sleep and re-unite it to the soul, which meanwhile had been following the golden barque of the sun, (for "the soul may not be imprisoned") though at times it returned to comfort the sleeping body with the assurance of "the Life of the world to come."† Herodotus states that the Egyptians were the first to assert the soul's immortality, teaching that when the body perishes the soul enters into some other animal, thus constantly springing into existence

\* The good Eye against the evil one. Remember the eye on Chinese junks; and the Chaldean Ea, "the God of the Holy Eye."

† Consequently the coffin was named "the chest of the Living," and death—"awaking!" (as in Assyria the Tree of Life was pictured on the coffins) and, the mummy cases are painted with the deceased's portrait having the eyes *wide open*. (See British Museum.) "When I awake—I shall be satisfied."—DAVID.

immortal; hence the sacredness of all forms of life.

The hieroglyphs represent the soul with a human face and a bird's body.

We ride on to the Serapeon, the burial-place of the Apis or sacred bulls. Would you not have liked to be present when Mariette Bey discovered the mummy of the very Apis that was stabbed by Cambyses, recognizing it by *the wound in its thigh*, which the infuriated Persian monarch had inflicted in his rage at the Egyptians' feasting over his defeat by the Ethiopians? But you can read a most graphic description in the pages of Herodotus.\* The air within was intensely dry, and burning hot like the tropics. On the tombs of the bulls is written in the old picture language of Egypt the story of the time during which the bull lived. A Frenchman, Champollion, first unravelled the mystery of these hieroglyphs, and enabled us to translate their meanings by means of the Rosetta Stone, 1797. (British Museum). If a bird faces to the right it means the writing reads that way, or *vice versâ*. A slug is letter F; a cross surmounted by a circle, the house of light or learning.

Thence, returning to Cairo in a steam launch, we watched the moon rise brightly over Rôda Island, just as it smiled millenniums ago upon the little Hebrew baby in his bulrush cradle. In the museum we saw the mummies of Seti I. (the father of that princess who rescued Moses), King Solomon's sister-in-law, and an Egyptian queen, whose tiny mummied infant lay at her feet. Rameses the Great also sleeps there "with one eye open": (if this be the Pharaoh who chased the children of Israel into the Red Sea, the ruling passion is strong even in death;) his hair, teeth, and nails still visible. The fine linen, the jewellery, the seeds, the blue lotus garlands—the "four-

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\* Sir John Lubbock's "Hundred Books." (Routledge).

leaved clover" \* buried with these mummies still preserve their colour.

Space fails to tell of our torchlight visit to Ti's wonderful grave, with its vivid pictures of the old world, the sowing and reaping, the fishing and trading, the farming and domestic life, so like our own, for on the walls of such tombs the earthly life was pictured; for, says the Book of the Dead, "He is in the midst of these things as he was on earth;" † and just as with the Indians, the Japanese, Malays, Chinese, and great Akbar himself, the dead was surrounded by the emblems of the life he had quitted, servants and possessions—all to be his again in the next world. § Even now in Egypt the Moslem women visit the graves on Fridays, and tell the dead of all that has passed of joy or grief.

And of Ghizeh, where Napoleon fought the battle of the Pyramids in 1798, encouraging his soldiers by bidding them remember that "*forty centuries* looked down upon them," just under the shadow of that Great Pyramid which was *hoary with age* in the days of Job and Abraham—what can I say? Like the German students whom we met trudging barefoot, because they were "too poor to come any other way," I can only urge you, *Go and see for yourselves*. Yet for all that I still am true to my allegiance to Kheops, Nature's great pyramid in the Rocky Mountains.

More ancient than Kheops' pyramid is the Sphinx, with its wistful, unearthly, and weirdly fascinating smile gazing ever, ever, as it has done for over five thousand years, East, watching with eager expectancy

\* According to Pliny it frightened away snakes.

† "For they love spear and chariot and horses even as they loved them upon earth."—The *Aeneid*. "I marked the mighty Orion driving the wild beasts together over the mead of asphodel, the very beasts that he himself had slain on the lonely hills."

ODYSSEY.

§ The *Times* stated that the "Shakespeare" which was the companion of Lord Tennyson's dying hours was buried in his coffin.





THE GHIZEH PYRAMIDS FROM THE NILE.



for the Dawn. The "secret of the Sphinx" has been the mystery of the ages. There seemed to be a kinship between its expression and that of the Dai Butsû in the far away Land of Great Peace, and methinks a not quite idle fancy lies in the comparison of a description given by old John Bunyan—"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened *towards the sunrising*. The name of the chamber was Peace;"

"Sunset on earth,  
Sunrise beyond earth's sea,  
God's peace o'er all;"

or, in its half human, half animal form, typifying perhaps the whole creation waiting for the Redemption, "the Desire of all nations, who shall speak peace unto the heathen."

The study of the Egyptian faith is intensely interesting, but I can only sketch a brief outline to encourage you to investigate it more fully for yourselves, indicating a few leading points to show how wonderfully the same spiritual ideas are dovetailed into the inner thoughts and devotions of all thinking nations.

In the Ghizeh Museum there is an old stone carved with hieroglyphs (picture writing), which when deciphered, disclosed a hymn at least three hundred years older than the song of Moses. This hymn, addressed to Amen-Ra, knits into one all the varying titles by which this great God, the first of Gods, the Creator of all other gods, was known and worshipped: Lord of lords and King of kings, the Living One.\*

The God Amen (or "hidden")† was father of the sun and Lord of the mysterious land in the East whence the gods came—the one Unseen but all-pervading God, "who listens to those who pray to Him"—a different version of the same thought of One

\* "The God of all gods." Psalm cxxxvi:2. P.B.V.

† "Canst thou by searching find out God? Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"—Job.

universal God. The good Spirit who dwelt in the Sun, was the Author and Giver of life, daily renewing and sustaining it. Ra was his title when he shone in mid-day splendour; Haremkhû, as he rose on the horizon; Tmu, at sunset; and Ptah, the nocturnal sun in mid-night gloom, still shining though invisible. The Sun-god was always combating evil and wrong, darkness and untruth. Loving Right and Truth and Light, he eternally struggled against the Prince of Darkness, clouds and mist and storms. Sometimes this conflict is represented as a battle between the sun and three crocodiles (or with a serpent); and the ancients traced the same struggle among the starry constellations.

As the Hindu Indra smote Vritra, the Enemy or Great Dragon who shut off the rain, and brought drought on the earth; and as the Greek Apollo slew Python; and the Chaldean Oannes smote the Seven Headed Serpent or Hydra; and Merodach, the "Lord of Goodness," the Spirit of Light, chased the Demon of Darkness with his thunder bolts; and as Garuda, the sacred Fire-Bird of India devoured Serpents, and guarded the Black Gate which separates the earth-life from the Heavenly, and S. Michael conquered the Dragon, so between the God of Light and the Prince of Darkness there was everlasting enmity. Nightly the great dragon, Apepi, swallowed him up at sunset, and, as in the story of Hiawatha, a three days' mortal combat ensued; but, just as Nahma the king of fishes disgorged Hiawatha, so in the end Ra always conquered, every morning rising again in glory, thus suggesting a living hope of the Resurrection of the dead.

The temporary victory of the evil over the beautiful, the good, the true, was typified by the death of Osiris. For Osiris, as an incarnation or manifestation of the Divine Life (like Sâkyamuni), came down to earth, and after living a noble life for the sake of men, He, the meek-hearted,—He, the "revealer of good," was slain by the adversary Typhon; but in order to justify the souls of the dead, He identified

Himself with them, and, descending to the darkness of the under-world, passed through its trials, fought with evil and vanquished the darkness; henceforth, reigning over Hades, the Lord of death and of the resurrection, He acted as Mediator and became "the Light of those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death." In the Hall of Truth, He was both the Judge and the Justifier, and the dead "lived unto Him."\* A copy of the wonderful "Book of the Dead," the Egyptian Bible, is to be seen in the British Museum: a papyrus roll of it (like Bunyan's pilgrim's roll), was buried with every pious Egyptian. Parts of it date from before the age of the Great Pyramid.

Osiris with Isis, the divine mother, formed a triad, and it is significant that the Athanasian Creed, which enters minutely into the nature of the Christian Trinity, originated in Egypt. Several years ago a terrible disaster happened; through the flooding of a mine in Wales, the unfortunate miners were imprisoned for days in darkness; some died, and it was told of them that they had found comfort in singing this beautiful Welsh hymn—.

"In the dark and dreadful waters  
There is none to hold my head  
But my only Saviour Jesus,  
Who once suffered in my stead.  
He, a Friend in death's dark waters,  
Holdeth up my sinking head;  
By His light I go rejoicing  
Through the regions of the dead."

As sunset meant the death of the sun, so sunrise

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\* Curiously, in the crypt of Worcester Cathedral is a bas-relief representing the weighing of hearts, just as Osiris did in Egypt. Sometimes Osiris placed Himself in the scale beside his servant, adding His own merits. In the British Museum is a Sarcophagus with a very clear presentment of the boat of the Sun, and Osiris holding the sign of Life, presiding over the weighing of souls, "the Lord of the passages of the tombs." On the Chaldean creation tablet Ea is called the Lord of the under-world—and all live unto Him.

of course is his rising again from death, the triumph of Right over Wrong. How lovely to know that even in the darkest hour of midnight and storm the sun was shining all the time! How full of radiant comfort!

"Never turned his back, but marched breast forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break;  
 Never dreamed, though Right were worsted, Wrong would  
 triumph;  
 Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
 Sleep to wake."

R. BROWNING.

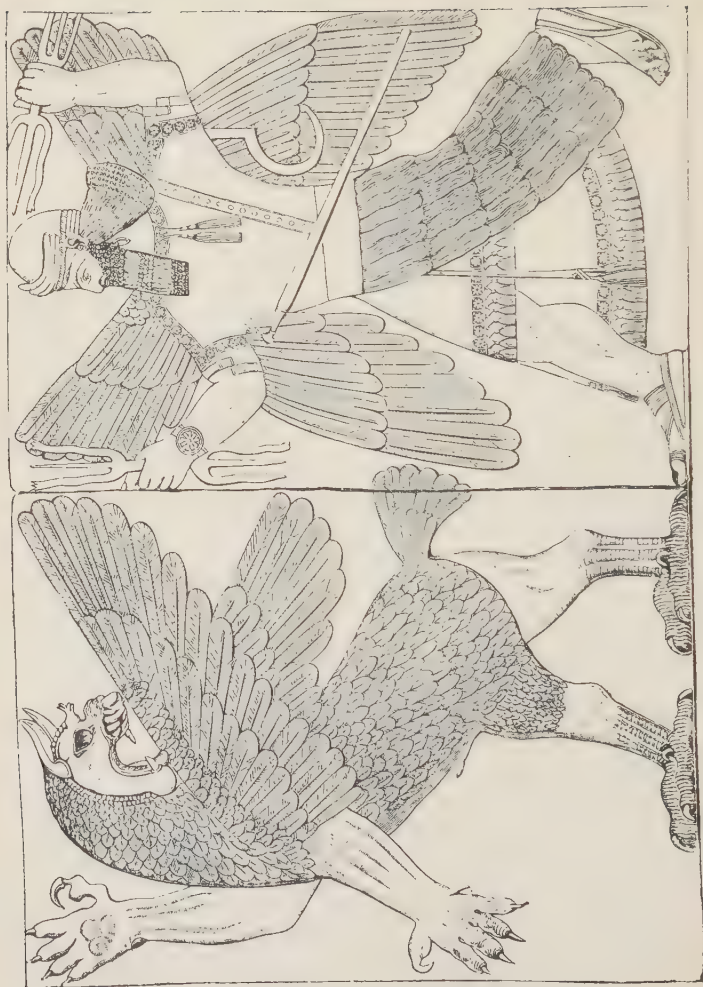
The disembodied spirits of the righteous followed the boat of the Sun across the celestial ocean, in their turn becoming (as stars) light-bearers and light-spreaders, "*sowing joy and not sorrow*," and so continued to aid him\* in his hourly fight against darkness by shining in the night when he was invisible to men, and "saw the face of God every morning." Among the Babylonian inscriptions a similar thought occurs: "in the Land of the Silver Sky" the dead see the beautiful Face of Anu, the God of Heaven, receiving from Him the bread and water of life, and radiant vesture in place of their funeral garb. Is not this the echo of our Lord's words about the little ones whose angels do always behold His Father's face; and the righteous who shall shine forth as the sun in His kingdom; of Daniel's prophecy that those who are wise, and turn many to righteousness shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, as the stars for ever and ever; and of St. Paul's commission, "Delivering thee, I send thee to *open their eyes*, to turn them from darkness to light?"

Did you ever hear of the negro preacher's sermonette? "First," he said, "my friends, the world is upside down; secondly, the world has got to be turned right side up; and thirdly, my friends, *we* are the men

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\* "Workers together with Him."





FIGHT BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARKNESS.  
(British Museum.)



to do it!" This fight between Chaos and Order began as early as the creation.\* That it is a daily, hourly conflict any of you shall find who try to keep things straight, to right the wrong, preventing waste,†dirt, and disease, falsehood, idleness, ignorance, and superstition. Nevertheless the command is "Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King,—else, *wherefore born?*"

Day by day God still proclaims, "Let there be Light," through the discoveries of Science in nature, in the old languages, the ancient monuments, the old-time religions; and that Light ever shining in the darkness (though the darkness comprehends it not), will continue to illuminate the darkest problems, "more and more unto the perfect day," when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," and He shall be known by the "least to the greatest" as the One God, and His name—ONE.

In God's great world there are many different kinds of vision—long sight and short, clear and dim, and many, many varied perspectives, divers aspects of the same Truth, but the Truth is always One.‡ Much depends on the observer's standpoint. The horizon is limited only by the cabin port-hole, the mast-head, or the mountain-top.§

From the sun-worship came the thought of the King being his visible representative on earth, the leader of national worship, and him to whom all reverence and loyalty and obedience was due. We trace the same ideas in Mikado's position to-day in Japan. He alone enters the inner shrine of the Shinto temple on great festivals, and as the Child of the Sun offers up his people's prayers. It is old as the days of Melchizedek, who was priest of the most High God as well as king.

\* Genesis i. 2, 3.

† In Hebrew "a man of Belial" signifies a wasteful man.

‡ "And Right is ever one." SPENSER.

§ "The cause of Niagara is only a difference of level. EMERSON.

Very startling was it to stumble across another ancient stone in the museum, on which was roughly sculptured the *Tree of Life*, and in its midst a figure of Hathor (a form of the goddess mother)\* pouring out the living water; and looking up the following Sunday in the middle of service in the Greek church,† see just overhead a picture of the Virgin mother and the Infant Saviour *seated upon the triple lotus*, from whence flowed a double stream of the water of life, to heal the lame, deformed, and paralyzed beings who crowded round.

Close by that church (situated in old Cairo, called New Babylon by the Romans) is a very ancient Coptic church (dedicated to the Lady Mary), with a venerable crypt, so dark that a light is necessary to discern the recess said to be the hiding-place of the Holy Family when they fled from Herod into Egypt. A rock-hewn basin is shown where the Virgin washed her Baby's clothes; and beyond is a deep font where infants are still baptized by trine immersion. It was pretty to see fresh flowers laid by reverent loving hands on these sacred spots. And how beautiful to realize that she whom an Archangel hailed as "blessed among women," and whom thousands of Christians reverence as the Mother of God, was not too "high" and thought it no "menial" task to wash her infant's soiled clothes! What a gospel of cleanliness and of the nobility of work does not this reveal? Legend says that where the drops fell on the sand as our Lady rinsed them bushes of healing balsam grew! Freshly baked holy bread was presented to us - a small round loaf stamped with the cross and an

\* The same as Isis, "All that was, and Is, and is to come;" or the Assyrian Ishtar who, you recollect, lighted the rainbow in the sky; and the Greek Demeter whose lovely statue is in the British Museum.

† This church contains the tomb of S. George, the patron saint of England, who fought the dragon.

inscription supposed to be the equivalent of "In hoc signo vinces;" or more accurately Isis, Horus and Set: I.H.S. with which the cakes to the Queen of heaven Jer. vii. 18, were stamped: the bûn of Babylon - the survival of the early Christians' Agapé, or love-feast. Coptic churches always face east. The priests celebrate barefoot, in imitation of Moses at the burning bush; thus preserving the most ancient usages of Christian worship.

'Tis deeply interesting while passing through the narrow tortuous streets of Mizraim, to recall the past of those two Babes whose lives were fraught with such wondrous possibilities (though none but the mothers guessed it), for here, too, was the home of the little Moses before he was exposed on the Nile among the bulrushes of Rhode Island, whereon stood the palace of the princess, Pharaoh's daughter.

Those streets are probably little changed, but there is nothing romantic about the island now; the bulrushes have disappeared, and the crocodiles are scared away right up to the Second Cataract by tourist steamers; only the Nile, the river of Egypt, still flows on, and on its opposite shore one beholds those wonderful pyramids of dateless antiquity.

Not the least remarkable sight in Ghizeh Museum are groups of Isis and Horus, the beautiful mother-goddess of the myriad names (*Myrionymus*), nursing her Divine child who pierced the serpent's head. No one knows their age, but they date back to the cradle of the world's infancy, and indicate the veneration accorded by the earliest men to the Divinity of motherhood and the sanctity of childhood. When face to face with a cabinet filled with these time-worn relics of the old world, one recalls the mediæval masters' lovely pictures—Raffaëlle's and Murillo's Mother and Child, and Perugino's "Blessed Virgin adoring her Divine Son;" and glancing back to distant Japan and her thousand-handed Mother of

Mercy, Kwannon,—one asks again, "*What does it all mean?*"\*\*

In Egypt Thoth is the counterpart of the Japanese god of writing and learning, and I wondered if Anubis, the jackal-headed god, who watched over the dead, had any affinity to the Japanese fox-god? or to the Greek Cerberus by the river Styx; or the dog whom the Parsis bring to take the last look at their dead?

In an old-world hymn to Osiris† these words occur, "God of many shapes, God of the unknown Name. Thou who hast many names in many provinces, or countries:" and in another chant Amen is described as "so high that man may not attain unto Him, dwelling in the hidden place, Him whose image no man has beheld," "The Father of all fathers and the Mother of all mothers." And again, He is the giver of the green herb for the cattle, and corn for the use of men—and

"Even for the rats to their hiding holes,  
The sun bringeth food, and to the nestlings of the birds."

Who can think, after reading such expressions, that to any one race has been given a monopoly of Truth? In one temple Osiris was represented as the *Door*, § and through that Door the Sun always shot his rays into the darkest recesses of the sanctuary ("God hath shined into our hearts to give the light.")\*\* To be "like Osiris" was the pious Egyptian's desire in life; in death, to fall "asleep in Osiris" and hereafter to "awake satisfied with His likeness." Osiris wrote their names upon the Tree of Life.

\* The arms of the see of Salisbury—the Virgin crowned with the moon in a star-spangled robe—bear an inexplicable resemblance to the figures of Isis. The Child's head is surrounded with the sun, His hand grasps a cross-like sceptre surmounted by a *fleur-de-lys* (lily).—Debrett's PEERAGE.

† XIX and XX dynasty, dating from the time of the Bondage.

§ Wilkinson's "Ancient Egypt." \*\* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

This is what we may thankfully recognize as the *bright side* of heathenism, wherein we trace the features of the same beautiful story of the love of the Father to His creatures (manifested in the Eternal Son, Who overthrows the power of darkness), coming down to us through the centuries, taking its colouring from the different lands and races and minds through which it passed, adapting itself to human needs in each succeeding age, till it evolves itself into the higher revelation we now enjoy. And if the story means anything at all we can certainly rejoice in the fact that when the prodigal was yet "a great way off," the FATHER saw him, and ran to meet him, and bade him welcome; and that at least heathenism and atheism are *not* synonymous.

Another most singular coincidence is that the key (the symbol of Life held by the Egyptian gods) is the same as that which opened the gate of heaven at the birth of the radiant sun. The cross *Swastika*\* of the Indian Buddha is identical with the hammer of the Scandinavian Thor with which he smote the great serpent (who lay curled round the Tree of Life, for ever gnawing its roots in hopes of undermining it); and broke the ice of the frost-giants' *Hel*; but, still more remarkable, it is the only cross found in the Christian catacombs in Rome. And the Egyptian *Tau* doubled, is the *torii* of Japan. "I am He that liveth, and was dead, . . . and have the keys of death and hell." †

I should like to transcribe for you a prayer of the Pharaoh Rameses who, at the battle of Kadesh, surrounded by two thousand five hundred chariots of

\* Under its shelter, as the Red Cross—the heathen Japanese nursed sick Chinese prisoners, and brought out the wounded under fire in the late war.

† In the Vulgate Jerome thus translates Ezekiel ix. 4. "Et Signa Thau super frontes virorum gementium."

See frontispiece—Rev. i. 18. "The church of Sante Croce at Florence is in the form of a Tau." RUSKIN.

war, cried thus to the great God Amen in his extreme peril in the midst of the battle—

"Where art 'Thou, O Amen, my Father?  
 Hath the Father forgotten His son?  
 Behold, have I done aught without Thee?  
 Have I not walked in Thy way,  
 And waited on Thy words?  
 Have I not built Thee temples of enduring stone,  
 And dedicated to Thee sacrifices of ten thousand oxen,  
 And of every rare and sweet-scented wood?  
 I call upon Thee, O Amen my Father.  
 Behold, I am alone, and all the nations of the earth are  
 leagued against me.  
 My foot soldiers and my chariot-men have abandoned me!  
 I call, and none hear my voice.  
 But Amen is more than millions of archers:  
 More than hundreds of thousands of cavalry,  
 Than tens of thousands of brothers and sons.  
 The might of men is as nothing;  
 Amen is greater than all!"

Swift comes the delivering God:

"O Rameses, I am here! It is I, thy Father.  
 My hand is with thee, and I am more to thee than hundreds  
 of thousands.  
 I am the Lord of Might, who loves valour; I know thy daunt-  
 less heart, and I am content with thee."

Is not this a brilliant light from a heathen lamp?  
*God and one are always a majority.*

This poem has been called the Iliad of Egypt.

Consider for a moment how within this last century the Vedas have been unveiled, the Babylonian, Hittite, and Egyptian inscriptions deciphered, and why? To assure us that God hath *not* left Himself without a witness through the uncounted ages, but that His light lighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

By train (passing Ramleh, where the tomb of Cleopatra has been recently discovered) to Alexandria, built by Alexander the Great, famous for its university and library, the wonder of the world, with its



14,000 students and 700,000 volumes, full of marvellous learning, but destroyed as "*heretical*" by the Archbishop Theophilus; its granaries, and its Pharos, 590 feet high, erected by Ptolemy Philadelphus, dedicated "to the Saviour gods for the protection of those who travel by sea."

Few cities can boast such a cluster of historic names—Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony, Pompey, and Cleopatra; the persecuting Diocletian; Euclid, Strabo, Archimedes among the schoolmen; S. Mark, who here suffered martyrdom, and Athanasius, who wrote the creed; Hypatia, familiar to us through Canon Kingsley; Napoleon, Nelson, and the battles of the Nile and Aboukir Bay, with which our childhood's friend "*Casabianca*" and the song of the little "*Powder Monkey*" are linked. Strange memories of the past cluster while rattling over the very ordinary paved modern streets in a ramshackle omnibus to the wharf, where all flags are flying half-mast for the lamented Duke of Clarence.

Once more we embark, spending three days on "the Great Sea," the Mediterranean; a night at Brindisi, the Brundisium of Virgil, and where never cocks crow more unceasingly! Another two days and a night in the train, skirting the Adriatic's lovely shores, amid palms and soft silver-grey olives. Past Turin, through the Mont Cenis, thinking of how Hannibal and Napoleon the Great crossed the Alps. The cascades were hushed in icicles, intensely blue was the sky, profound the stillness in those solitudes. By Aix-les-Bains in Savoy, with its beautiful lake; crossing the Rhone; past Paris and the Seine; Amiens, Boulogne, Calais, Dover—back again, after three and a half blissful months, to the capital of the empire on which the sun never sets, and which had for seven days been wrapped in appalling darkness—the "*City of the Mid-day Lamp*."

Truly "it takes all sorts to make a world;" and the prayer for "all sorts and conditions of men" assumes an entirely new meaning as we remember the various tribes and races, peoples and languages scattered over the face of God's earth, who in varied ways seek—and find—Him, and commend them all to His Fatherly goodness, and the guidance of His good Spirit.\*

"Wilt Thou not make, Eternal Source of good,  
In Thy long years, earth's broken circles whole?"†

"May all orders of being be happy! may they all be free from sorrow, disease, and evil desire! May all men, whether they be priests or laics—all who are suffering pains of hell, be happy! I pray with every variety of prayer for those who differ with me in creed, that they may with me attain unto everlasting life.

"The welfare of all people is *Something for which I must work!*" §

"So the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the  
Throne of God." \*\*

\* See Appendix XXI.

§ Buddhist prayer King Asoka.

† Whittier.

\*\* Tennyson.

## APPENDIX.

### I.—Page 15.

This letter was addressed to the *Times*, October, 1891 :—

“SIR,

“It may perhaps be of interest to place on record the fact of the tour of the world having been made in sixty-three days. I have just received particulars of a letter having accomplished this. Same left Yokohama (Japan) by s.s. *Empress of Japan* on August 19 last, bound for Vancouver, and thence by Canadian Pacific Railway and s.s. *City of New York* to London, where the mail was delivered on the morning of September 9. The letter left London September 11, *viâ* Brindisi, and arrived in Yokohama on October 20 last.”

(Twenty-one instead of forty-three days! The route by sea and land being 800 miles shorter to the East, and lies entirely through British territory.) The *Times*, in a leader of September 4, 1891, stated that “the delivery of mails in London within twenty-one days of leaving Yokohama is a feat never before accomplished, sufficiently remarkable in itself, and pregnant with untold issues for the future of the British Empire.”

### II.—Continued from page 24.

“London, England, October 20, 1891.

“Arrangements have just been completed between the Canadian Pacific and the British director of transports for a trial of the Canadian Pacific as a route for the carriage of Imperial troops. The trial takes place in December,

when detachments of about 700 marines and sailors, each with officers, will be exchanged between Halifax and Vancouver, and *vice versâ*. The Imperial authorities accepted the company's terms to-day, and the necessary preparations will be made forthwith. This is the first full and formal recognition of the C.P.R. for Imperial military purposes, and is sure to attract world-wide attention to the route as a British highway to the East and a rival to the Suez Canal.

"The force to be transported westward through Canada will comprise the usual reliefs for fleets on the Pacific and China stations, and that coming eastward will comprise men whose term of duty on foreign stations has been completed."—Telegram to *Winnipeg Daily Tribune*.

### III.—Page 29.

"A Blackfoot Indian, when arguing with a Christian missionary, thus described the difference between his own religion and that of the white man: 'There were two religions given by the Great Spirit, one in a book for the guidance of the white man, who, by following its teachings, will reach the white man's heaven; the other is in the heads of the Indians, in the sky, rocks, rivers, and mountains. And the red men who listen to God in nature will hear His voice, and find at last the heaven beyond.'—*'The Indians, Whence Come They?'* by Mallian. p. 301.

### IV.—Page 36.

"In 1792 the first steps were taken to form a society in England for promoting missions to the heathen. With that enterprise the name of Dr. William Carey is imperishably connected... Some friends of the cause of foreign missions endeavoured to draw from the General Assembly, 1796, an expression of approval and sympathy; but the majority of the Assembly dismissed the proposal, and a leading elder, in great excitement, stigmatized missionary societies as wicked and treasonable."

"After Fifty Years." Rev. Professor W. G. BLACKIE, D.D.

## V.—Page 40.

## UNEXPLORED CANADA.

In a paper recently read before the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club by Dr. G. Dawson, it was stated that the unexplored and unoccupied regions of Canada present an aggregate area of nearly 1,000,000 square miles. A good many of the districts included, however, lie to the north of profitable agriculture, which Dr. Dawson defines as the isothermal line, 60° Fahr. in the month of July. The following are the tracts which await the explorer:—The country between Alaska, the Porcupine River, and the Arctic Ocean, 9,500 square miles; between the Lewis and Yukon rivers and Alaska, 32,000 square miles; between the above rivers, the Stickeen, and the coast ranges, 27,000 square miles; the territory between the Pelly and Mackenzie rivers, 100,000 square miles; between the Great Bear Lake and the Arctic Ocean, 50,000 square miles; between the Great Bear and Great Slave lakes and the Mackenzie River, 35,000 square miles; a tract of 81,000 square miles, bounded by the rivers Stickeen and Liard on the north and the Skeena and Peace on the south; 75,000 square miles between the Peace, Athabasca, and Loon rivers; 35,000 square miles to the south of Athabasca Lake; an area of 7,500 square miles between Bathurst Inlet and the Coppermine River; and a territory of 31,000 square miles between Black River and the Arctic Ocean. There is also a vast region made up as follows:—An area of 178,000 square miles between the lakes already mentioned and the western shore of Hudson Bay; an extent of 22,000 square miles between Hudson Bay and the rivers Severn and Attawapishkat; an area of 15,000 square miles between Lakes Trout and Seul and Albany River; and about 35,000 square miles south and east of James Bay. Finally, almost the whole of the interior of Labrador, estimated at 289,000 square miles, is *unexplored* country.

## VI.—Continued from page 61.

“Put in an earthenware dish a layer of moss and your yarn in plaits, the ends loose; then lay on suds of soft soap and cover with water, place on the stove, and let

it steam for two days. It must be watched and turned, and the water renewed as it evaporates. Then squeeze it, and hang it out to dry, rinsing the moss out well. This dye never washes out, but gets brighter. Moss off tamarack fir trees gives a bright green; moss off stone walls a seal-brown.

"In order to ascertain different shades, steep the moss with alum, soda, or cream of tartar.

"Wet the flannel all through or it will spot, and as it must be quite free from grease or soap, soak it first in hot water, wring it dry, and hang up to drain before putting it into the dye. Then take two sticks, and keep lifting the flannel all the time. Stems of golden-rod or yellow pansy and copperas make a dye. Grey lichens give yellow tints."

## VII.—Page 64.

In a speech at Victoria, Lord Dufferin said —

"Such a spectacle as this coast-line presents is not to be paralleled in any country in the world. Day after day for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 2,000 tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories, and peninsulas for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever-shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier, and snow-capped mountain of unrivalled grandeur and beauty. When it is remembered that this wonderful system of navigation, equally well adapted to the largest line-of-battle ship and the frailest canoe, fringes the entire seaboard of your province, and communicates at points, sometimes more than a hundred miles from the coast, with a multitude of valleys stretching eastward into the interior, while at the same time it is furnished with innumerable harbours on either hand, one is lost in admiration of the facilities for inter-communication which are thus provided for the future inhabitants of this wonderful region."

Valuable timbers are exported hence to China, Australia, and South America.

The Douglas spruces are unequalled for length, straightness, and strength; for ship-building, masts and spars, frames



and bridges. Hemlocks reach 200 feet, cedars 150 feet high.

From the varieties of wild fruits it is easy to see what a vast orchard the province will become under cultivation—cherries, plums, bilberries, cranberries, four kinds of raspberries, and two of mulberries, currants, and gooseberries. Strawberries grow wild on the prairies, nearly as large as garden ones.

Round Yale and in other districts they say, “The great trouble is to keep the trees from breaking under the weight of apples; they bear so heavily they have to be propped up.”

All kinds of apples, pears, peaches, grapes, cucumbers, apricots, nectarines, do well in the open air. Tomatoes yield two crops a year, and melons weigh up to 32 lbs. The flora includes spirea, lupins, syringa, and orchids, and amid fertile fields there are mammoth trees and giant ferns six to eight feet high. The hops grown here are finer than those in Kent; sugar-beet cultivation “would be a great success if *cheap labour* could be secured.”

This is the cry everywhere in this vast Dominion. “Only two things interfere with its developments—the dearness of labour and the limited population.” Again, “As a rule here, as elsewhere, the applicants for *clerkships* and *soft situations* are in excess of the vacancies, though, generally speaking, few persons have any reason to be idle.” And China is prepared to take possession of the labour market with her swarming hordes.

#### VIII.—Page 71.

When the “*Victoria*,” the first ship that went round the world, reached Seville, Sept. 5<sup>th</sup>, 1522, Eleano her commander was astonished to find that, notwithstanding his careful reckonings, it was really the 6<sup>th</sup>. A famous astronomer, Contarini, then discovered that this was the natural result of voyaging with the sun. Drake, the English circumnavigator, experienced the same thing in the “*Golden Hind*.”

#### IX.—Page 131.

This remark, alas! holds good with as great force in Christian England in Anno Domini 1903,—for whereas, since 1886, a woman has sole right to the contents of her purse and inanimate chattels, her children may be torn from

her by an autocratic husband, *after the age of 12*, for no better reason than to gratify his own caprice, or to wound his wife in the tenderest part.

Women of England! this law *must* be changed without delay, and fathers and mothers be given *equal rights* over their children.

#### X.—Page 131.—SECONDARY EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

An instruction, partly mandatory, partly advisory, was issued a few weeks ago by the head of the Education Department in Japan to all teachers of the intermediate State schools—the establishments, that is, which approximate to our secondary schools, as they ought to be, and to enter which a boy must have passed successfully through the compulsory primary course.

While in London a responsible Minister of Education did not scruple to agree with the principle that the public money of this "Christian" people should be employed in teaching the tenets of atheism to the children of such parents as hold by that negation of creeds, in Tokio the corresponding Minister was earnestly impressing on his subordinates the tremendous importance of sound ethical teaching in the development of character.

By this rescript it is laid down that first and second year scholars are to be specially instructed in the subject of duty and its practice in relation to "personal sanitation," "the spirit of study," "home life," "business life," "social life," and "citizenship." With regard to the last four order of duties, special emphasis is directed to be laid upon truthfulness, the sacredness of promises, and other obligations to others, and the value of mutual assistance. This recommendation replaces that clause in the old official instruction, which ordained the inculcation of "correct etiquette." Teachers are further urged to make self-respect the guiding principle of their pupils, that the next generation may more completely throw off that spurious ideal of mere physical courage and bluster, which in the present transition of time remains as a legacy of the pre-revolution days of licence and violence.

In the final years of the intermediate course this moral teaching is to be further amplified and detailed into a close survey of special duties:—1. Those owed to self. 2. To the

family. 3. To the community. 4. To the State. 5. To humanity. 6. To all things.

Under Section 3 are expressly included the mutual obligations of masters and servants, and of men towards women. It is no exaggeration to say that in this last clause lies the most wide-reaching influence which the "instruction," if wisely interpreted, is likely to exert over the youth of Japan. As the *Japan Times* points out, the Minister deliberately sets himself "to countenance and encourage the tendency of our women to assert themselves." In other words, for the first time, the Western ideal of an equality of the sexes, which yet claims from the man all that is summed up in the expression chivalry, is officially, directly, and categorically laid down as that to which all students must be guided by the faithful teacher. The importance of this attitude with all that arises out of it in the future social life of Japan, it would indeed be difficult to over-estimate. It sweeps away at one blow the unwritten code of feminine degradation which up to twenty-five years ago found universal acceptance in Japan, and which, though dying steadily owing chiefly to the work of the female mission schools, has yet, up to the present, never suffered public and emphatic condemnation.

Finally, the rescript directs that the Japanese student be in his last year closely instructed in those duties of citizenship of which our own young men are often so lamentably ignorant. The laws of the country, patriotism, military service, taxation, and the rights and privileges of every subject of a free country, are placed by the minister in the forefront of those matters with which a soundly educated lad must be thoroughly conversant when he leaves an intermediate school. How does the educational standard of civilized and Christian England compare with the requirements of her "heathen and barbarous" ally?—*Pall Mall Gazette*, April 15, 1902. By permission.

#### XI.—Pages 134, 176.

"Much scandal has been caused in Japan, where trade is still regarded as degrading by the upper classes, on a report that some officials on board a Japanese man-of-war, which recently visited Australia, had endeavoured to sell certain curios they had brought with them. On the return of the vessel to Japan, an inquiry was held to investigate the matter, which was deemed to 'seriously affect the

national reputation.' It was discovered that one of those on board had offered some fans, lacquerware, and *saké* (rice wine) for sale. The offender was thereupon severely reprimanded for conveying merchandise on board a man-of-war. Overwhelmed with shame, and (to quote the quaint phraseology of the Japanese papers in recording the event) 'being a man of fiery disposition, and scrupulous about maintaining his honour untarnished, the transgressor proposed that he should atone for the disgrace he had brought on the ship and the national flag by disembowelling himself.' It is stated that his friends had great difficulty in restraining him from carrying out his purpose. Stray incidents such as this serve to show how, despite the veneer of Western civilization, the old spirit still lingers in Japan." —*Daily Graphic*, 1892.

Thirty-five years ago a Japanese student compiled a vocabulary in Japanese, English, and Dutch, picking up his knowledge from chance talks with the foreign seamen, who rarely at that time landed in Japan. One winter's night, overcome by toil, he fell asleep poring over the pages of his finished work; and awoke to find the fruit of his long seven years' toil reduced to ashes in the *hibachi* into which his weary hands dropped it when asleep.

Instead of yielding to despair the noble fellow stuck to his purpose, and toiling for another three years, succeeded in rewriting the whole of his tri-lingual dictionary *from memory*.

In the *Times* (Sept. 1. 1891) the Tokiō correspondent relates how another poor man in Tokiō has succeeded after 12 years' unceasing labour in adapting Pitman's phonetic system of shorthand to the Japanese language—so that the official reports of the debates in Parliament noted in shorthand by his pupils are published *verbatim* (and more accurately than those of any other Assembly in the world), appearing in the Official Gazette next morning.

Mina moto Kōki refused all offers of rewards or honours, even declining the post of Director of the Reporting Staff of the Japanese Houses of Parliament, recommending instead one of his pupils. "He has worked for Japan; his work has been successful, he is satisfied."

(Abridged from "Yamato Damashi-i, the Spirit of Old Japan—" paper read before the International Congress of Orientalists, Sept. 4, 1891. by Arthur Diosy.—)

Another instance of this "Never mind me" spirit has

just occurred during the Korean war (1894). An aged woman urged her son to go to the war, although he, being her youngest, was exempted from the conscription and allowed to remain at home and support her.

Seeing his reluctance to desert her—the brave mother took poison, having first inscribed the following note to her son. “Do sacrifice yourself for the sake of the nation, as your ancestors did. Poor mother’s life will be ended now, for you shall have no heart to be divided!”

The youth overcome by grief obeyed his mother’s dying behest, he tarried not to bury her, but let the neighbours do that—while he hastened to Tokiō (two days’ journey), arriving just as the troops were embarking. In the defiles of Ping-yang he fell pierced with arrows; desperately fighting like a second Leonidas, having first slain 200 Chinese with his own hand and cleared the way for his countrymen!—What shall the future of a nation imbued with this heroic spirit be?

## XII.—Page 158.

“No funeral sacrifices are offered for children who die at an early age, and none of the ceremonies practised at the funerals of adults are performed at their tombs, for it is believed that infants have no hold upon earth, or upon terrestrial affections. . . . The law forbids us to honour them, because it is *irreligious to lament* for those pure souls who have passed into a better life and a happier dwelling-place.”—*Plutarch, “Ad Uxorem.”*

## XIII.—Continued from page 162.

“Taking oaths.” Two forms were in use—the Japanese and the Southern, Barbarian, or foreign oath. The former was taken by persons who had embraced Christianity and desired to renounce it. In the Japanese oath “the gods of the sixty-four provinces were invoked to witness the sincerity of the confession.”

Rewards of from fifty rye (dollars) for laymen, \$100

for deacons, and \$200 for priests, rising to \$100, \$200, and \$300, were offered and posted throughout the empire. These were open even to Christians if they turned informers. *Very few did.*

A certificate from a Buddhist temple called "Tereuke Shomon" had to be produced in proof of orthodoxy for the suspected man and his household.

The foreign form of oath was drawn up by the noted Itakura Shigemune, and it is still extant:—

"I hereby declare that though since the — day of the — month of the — year of — I have been a Christian, on this — day of the — month of the — year of — I renounce the Christian faith, and that I am a member of the — sect" (here the name of the Buddhist sect to which the person belongs was inserted). "I repent of having believed the Christian religion, and promise that neither I, my wife, children, nor connections shall ever accept the Christian creed again. I promise that even though a man come and exhort me to confess my sin in renouncing the Christian religion, I will pay no attention to him. This document shall henceforth testify that I never intend to relapse into my former belief. If I break this promise, may the punishment of God, the Virgin Mary, and the Holy Angels fall on me; while I live may I be afflicted with leprosy, both of white and black; when I die, may I be seized by the devils of hell, and be subjected to the five cold and the six hot tortures.

"Dated this — day of the — month of the — year of—."

#### XIV.—Page 187.

In St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, on the great Marquis of Montrose's tomb, are inscribed these lines, written by himself with a diamond on the window of the prison-cell the night before his execution—

"Scatter my ashes, straw them to the air.  
Lord, since Thou knowest where all these atoms are,  
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,  
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just."

#### XV.—Page 211.

"This terrible misery among the submerged in England," resumed General Booth, "this misery, my dear sir, need



not exist, and therefore must not and shall not exist. That is the faith which I have brought back with me, confirmed and strengthened from over-seas. But don't let anybody suppose that the only thing needful is to collect the submerged into shipfuls *here*, and dump them down *there*. No, no; the present system of emigration is all wrong. Everywhere I saw the same curse. Over and over again, in my journeys, I was reminded of the old illustration which first occurred to me when I was in the thick of my book. You know the look of arable land—a patch here and a patch there. And then in the corner of the fields you see the cottage and its garden; and in the garden all is fertile. And what makes the difference? Only work. So in Australia I rode thousands of miles up and down your country—so I said to them in Melbourne—and the only patches which I saw really cultivated belonged to the Chinaman. And what is the secret of the Chinaman, the secret which will make him dispute the mastery of the world yet with the Anglo-Saxon? Only work. And the secret of misery all the world over is want of work—want, sometimes of the opportunities of work, sometimes of *the habit of work*, sometimes of both. In over-crowded London, in densely populated India, in the Australian wilds, it is only work that is wanted. And yet, at one of my meetings in Australia, a labour representative came up to me and said, 'But, General, when you have sent out your colonists, do you mean to make them work?' 'Do I mean to make them work? That is the whole of what I do mean.'"—*Pull Mall Gazette*, February 16, 1892.

#### XVI.—Page 212. Continuation of Note \*.

Warriors from Fiji, troops "from the Land of Sinim," for the first time in history, marched together in the Coronation procession of the British King, 1902.

#### XVII.—Page 215.

"With rare exceptions, more liberal-minded than their fellows, the missionaries adopt an attitude of *implacable hostility to all native religions and ethics*, ignoring alike their virtuous aspects and influence, the all-powerful hold which

they have acquired upon Chinese character, and the sanction lent to them by a venerable antiquity. Particularly is this the case with regard to ancestral worship, with which they decline all parley; although a rare retort would appear to be open to a Chinaman in England, who accidentally found his way into Westminster Abbey. Such iconoclasm, in the eyes of many critics, could only, even if successful, lead to two results, both equally to be deplored—the complete disintegration of the Chinese social fabric and the collapse of Chinese morality. While thus warring with the most cherished beliefs of their hoped-for converts, the missionaries have not agreed among themselves as to the Chinese word to express the single Deity whom they preach, and for whom the Jesuits, the Americans, and the English have each coined or employ a different title, with the result of complete bewilderment to the native understanding, ill able to cope with the subtleties of theological logomachy. Still less do they coincide upon the form of religion itself, which is promulgated by the divines of a score of different schools, each claiming the sole custody of the oracles of God. To a Chinaman a separate sect is indistinguishable from a separate creed; and between Jesuits, Lazarists, Trappists, Russian, Greek, Protestants, Churches of England, Scotland, Canada, and America, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Free Christians, and all the self-accredited polyonymous missionary societies, he finds it hard to determine who are the true and who the false prophets, or whether any are true at all. The unedited and ill-revised translations of the Bible, and particularly of the Old Testament, that are printed off by the million and scattered broadcast, are another cause for stumbling, and, instead of being aids to the spread of Christianity, are employed as arguments against it, as the experience of the Hunan publications sufficiently showed. Neither is the intrinsic abstruseness of Christian dogma easy of interpretation in a manner that conveys enlightenment to the Chinese intellect. Finally, the religion, whose vehicles of diffusion I have discussed, is disseminated in many cases by a number of irresponsible itinerants, of whom each is a law unto himself, many of whom disown communion with any Church, and whose single-minded fervour is dearly purchased at the cost of the doctrinal confusion entailed.

“Finally, there are the practical charges brought against the work, arising partly from the missionaries’ own conduct, partly from the gross superstitions of the people. Of the former character are the allegations that are so frequently made, not without apparent justification, about the *personnel* and surroundings of the missions, particularly in the Treaty Ports; about the lack of personal aptitudes, inseparable from a career that has already in some cases, especially in that of the American missionaries, come to be regarded as a profession; about the well-appointed houses, the comfortable manner of living, the summer exodus to the hills, the domestic engrossments and large families (encouraged by a liberal subsidy for each new arrival from the parent society); also about the arrogance and tactlessness sometimes displayed in the selection of sites for churches or private dwellings.

“Such, briefly summarized, is the main body of the indictment that is brought against the Protestant missionaries in China. Whether it be true or false—and upon the proportion of truth or falsehood disagreement will be wide—there seems, at least to my mind, to be small doubt that the cause of Christianity is not advancing in China with a rapidity in the least commensurate to the prodigious outlay of money, self-sacrifice, and human power. To many it appears to be receding. Such, of course, is not the impression that will be derived from missionary publications. But, if we accept their own figures, which in the year 1890 showed a total of 1,300 Protestant missionaries (women included) and only 37,300 native converts, or a fold of less than thirty to each shepherd, and a proportion of only one in every 10,000 of the Chinese population, it must be admitted that the harvest of half a century’s labour is not large.”—*Times* Correspondent, January 1893. See DR. ROBERT CUST’S valuable book on “*Missionary Methods*” 1894.

#### XVIII.—Pages 234, 246.

On August 12, 1902, over 1000 troopers, gathered from every race of India, stood reverently and silently, almost awe-struck, before the Sanctuary in Westminster Abbey, gazing at the Chair where the Great Sabib had been crowned. The Stone of Scone appealed specially to their mystic sense

with its Ancient Legend of Destiny and its being the pillow whence Jacob beheld the Ladder of God with the Angelic Hosts. Evidently impressed by the awesome contiguity of the Stone, as well as its imperial associations, the Indians with sharp, sudden abruptness, drew themselves up *and saluted*, and then filed past the Chair, each man again saluting as he went by.—(*Vide Daily Telegraph and Daily Express*, August 13, 1902.)

### XIX.—Page 277.

#### AN ACCIDENT TO A HINDU, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The Indian papers report that some time since, in the neighbourhood of Tyzabad, a man of the Ahir, or cowherd caste, was carrying a young calf home on his shoulders, when by some accident it slipped down and broke its neck. The Brahmins declared him to be outcast, and sentenced him to the severest form of Hindu excommunication for six months. They further told him that he could not have committed a greater sin than causing the death of a cow, but, taking into consideration that he was an uneducated man, they had dealt very leniently with him. During the period of excommunication he was ordered to lead a life of mendicancy, and, with a rope round his neck, and a portion of the calf's tail on his shoulder, he was to perform pilgrimages to different Hindu shrines. The members of his family were forbidden to supply him with either shelter or food under a penalty of undergoing similar excommunication. The Ahir recently returned to his village, but until the purification ceremonies are over he must live in a temporary grass-thatched house which has been erected for his residence. It remains for a man of one of the lowest and most degraded castes to purify him. A barber, after having shaved the delinquent, and paring the nails of his hands and toes, will make over the hair and nails to the low-caste attendant, who will burn them, and also set fire to the hut. After this the Ahir, being covered with cow-dung, will take a plunge into the river Sarju, and come out purified. But his troubles are even then by no means at an end. After he has feasted fifty Brahmins and one hundred of his brethren, he will be readmitted into caste-fellowship.

## XX.—Page 281.

The keynote of the Sikhs' morning and evening prayers is—Victory!

## XXI.—Page 312.

"If we listen attentively we shall hear, in all religions, a groaning of the Spirit, the struggle to conceive the Inconceivable, and a longing after the Infinite, a love of God."—*Professor Max Müller*.

"What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh; from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian."—*St. Augustine*, "*Petr.*," i. 13.

"There is an Infinite Being which existed before heaven and earth. How calm it is! how free! It lives alone, it changes not. It moves everywhere, but it never suffers. We may look on it as the Mother of the Universe. I—I know not its name. In order to give it a title, I call it Tao. When I try to give it a name, I call it Great. After calling it Great, I call it Fugitive. After calling it Fugitive, I call it Distant. After calling it Distant, I say it comes back to me."—*Laotze*, founder of Taoism in China (quoted in "*Introd. Scientific Religion*," *Max Müller*).

"The God, the Father, and the Founder of all that exists, older than the Sun, older than the sky, greater than all time, than every age, and than all the works of Nature, Whom no words can express, Whom no eye can see... What can we say concerning His images? Only let men understand that there is but One Divine nature; but whether the art of Phidias chiefly preserves His memory among the Greeks, of the worship of animals among the Egyptians, a river among these or a flame among those, I do not blame the variety of the representations... Only let men understand that there is but One; only let them love One, let them preserve One in their memory."—*Maximus of Tyre*, "*Dissert.*" 38.

"Be wise, and see the heavenly in its earthly pattern.

Hear the voices from the skies, and translate them into the language of men."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"OTHER SHEEP I HAVE WHICH ARE NOT OF THIS FOLD."—  
*The Christ.*



## XXII.—Page 337.

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Under Legends, 7th line, after "incarnations" read Buddha's Tooth, 234.

Line 26, after "bergs, 70," read Kohinor Diamond, 246

Line 43, after "Red Indian, 25," read Stone of Destiny, 234.



## CHILD CULTURE.\*

Whatsoever things are true, honest, pure, lovely, just, and of good report—think on these things.—St. PAUL.

IN a recent number of a popular magazine we came across this cruel libel. The writer observed, "The children who find any pleasure in learning are so few and far between that they may be passed over, and the fact may be taken for granted that the only time for pleasure to an ordinary child is when lessons are over for the day."

Not long ago, talking over the subject of "Children's Books," we incidentally mentioned the great delight and interest evinced by some very little people (under eight) in Kingsley's ever-fascinating story of "The Heroes," and a lady, turning round to her own children, of the mature ages ten to thirteen, remarked, "Oh, *we* should hardly call *those* sort of books 'stories'; *we* think them *quite* lesson-books—don't we, dears?" and forthwith proceeded to descant on the transcending charms of "Carrots," "Five Minutes' Tales," &c., which *she* always read aloud in the children's hour.

Now, without for a moment disputing that these and kindred books are very delightful to child-readers, I do contend that there is not sufficient substance in them to nourish children's minds. Experience rather shows that, as the mind grows by what it feeds upon and assimilates, so the tendency of books which are written *down* to the (supposed) low level of little children is to deteriorate and atrophy their minds, and is also an insult to their mental powers.

Be it remembered, one is speaking chiefly of the books that a parent reads aloud, and not of those read by the children among themselves. A better exercise for an older child than to read to "the little ones" from some simple easy book can hardly be devised. Many charming child-stories will suggest themselves; and (*pace* to the aforesaid Mamma and Author!) intelligent children can be so brought up that they will not recognize any difference between "lesson-books" and "story-books." The Mammals and Governesses have only themselves to blame if this be not the case. Children who have not had the silly phrase, "Oh! that's only a lesson-book," inoculated into them by foolish companions will take a far keener interest in reading "The World at Home," or Hughes's Standard Story-books, than they do in mere nursery tales.

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\* It has been thought that the author's article on "Child Culture," as it was the direct cause of the Founder of P.N.E.U.'s request for the volume "*Clear Round*" to be written, would be acceptable, and it is reprinted now from the *Parent's Review* for November, 1891.

"Come, children!" says another mother, taking up a book which lies beside her, "if you will sit still I will read to you." "All right," replies Ernest; "but let it be something sensible; don't read that book; I'll fetch my dear old Star Reader." "Well, what do you call something sensible?" "Oh, a book that tells us all about forests, and animals, and travellers who discover—" "Yes," chimes in Freddy; "and I sinks *sensies* are men wot travel and shoots aminsals. Those are *my* sensie stories." "Stories that have really happened," adds the eldest, Cathie, thoughtfully, "and not horrid fib-stories." "What do you mean by fib-stories?" "Stories made up that haven't really happened." "Then what kind *do* you like?" "Stories that are put in the form of not really true stories, but really are true, 'cos it teaches us to know things without being bothered with nasty things. When I was at — they would make me listen to a book called 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' I could not understand it; it was all about 'Rome' (i.e., Roman Catholics) and running away, and somebody being stabbed, and angels coming down into the room, just like *ghosts*, and that kind of thing; not nice things, but all that sort of *rubbish*." "Well, which books do you care for?" "Like 'The World at Home.'" "But that is a *lesson-book*?" "Yes, mother, I know it is; we count it as a lesson, but we take it in as—you know—a nice little story being read to us to keep us quiet and *occupied*."

"Occupied" and "occupation"—these are the delightful terms little Cathie has learned from the kindergarten, where no tears are ever shed over spelling-books and the like; but all is happy, healthful ingathering of mental food and nourishment.

So, also, Freddie, after a few weeks' absence from "lessons," in consequence of illness, exclaimed on finding his exercise-book, "Oh, here is my dear old copy-book again!" and kissed it; and Ernest, seeing a map of the route in the S.E.R. carriage, in which he was "having a little travel" to the seaside, would not be content without his "geography lesson"!

A map to Ernest is like a picture; opening a new book and being asked, "What place is that?" he looked carefully for a minute, and answered, "America," adding thoughtfully, "I know it by that isthmus," pointing to Panama.

Asking Cathie what are her favourite books? she replies, "*Real* stories, but not too dull—something laughable—stories of what really happens." "Froggie's Little Brother" has fascinated her ("Water Gipsies," by L. T. Meade, is a similar book), and she likes to read aloud to her maid whilst she brushes her hair.

Boys of four and five will listen with breathless attention to H. M. Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," if carefully read to them, substituting simple words for the hard ones, *translating* as one goes along, but reading fluently the while, letting one's eye run on ahead and missing out whole sentences, here and there, without an apparent break.

A charming game called "Stanley's March across the Dark Continent for the Relief of Emin Pacha," accompanied by a splendid map, can be obtained at the Soho Bazaar, and another of "Quadruped Quartettes," in which the names of animals are printed in four languages; also "The Scotch Express," being a race

between the three great railway routes to Edinburgh from London. "In Darkest Africa" has provided many an outdoor game; way-side bushes have been transformed into "jungles," puddles into rivers and lakes; whilst ever and anon an enthusiastic explorer will call out, "Come here! Miss Lodel, here is an object-lesson!"

Indoors, the game goes on in darkened rooms, while "Stanley and his black boy" grope about in the forest; thus overcoming natural timidity of the dark, and cultivating, besides, the delicacy of their sense of touch.

A bit of wood covered with luminous paint does good service as a "lantern," "glow worm," or "lighthouse."

Lord Macaulay's "Spanish Armada" at a similar age will evoke an enthusiasm never aroused by the good little tales of the "infant's pap" description which are thought to be so suitable for the nursery shelves.

As for Kingsley's "Heroes," the grand heroic thoughts therein expressed in forceful Saxon are themselves an education, teaching the child to love the best English writers; from the perusal of such books he will not readily descend to inferior tastes. Children's tastes are more pure and accurate than those of their elders, where untampered with; and the exquisitely written fairy tales of Hans Andersen, so full of poetry and imagination, will please them better than the coarsely expressed and feebly written fairy books with which the market teems.

Quite little ones will evince, in a perfectly natural, childlike way, a lively interest in seeing photographs of, and hearing about, all the "funny" (*i.e.*, interesting) places in foreign lands. For instance, a child of five to six will recognize models of the Forum at Rome, the Coliseum, the Arch of Titus, the Piazza in front of St. Peter's, with its cross-surmounted obelisk brought centuries ago to the Circus of Caligula from the City of the Sun in Egypt (where Joseph and Moses lived); round which the martyred Christians, clad in skins of beasts saturated with pitch, served as torches for Nero's midnight walks; ages later (when the Cross had triumphed) removed to its present position of veneration; and will love to hear how that very soil is formed of the ashes of the saints, and impregnated with the blood of martyrs "who loved not their lives unto death." And again, of Brescia, the "disobedient sailor," who when, at the raising of that obelisk, the ropes were giving way under the strain, broke the breathless silence and at the risk of leath cried, "Acqua alle funi!" (throw water on the ropes); the workmen acting on his advice, the monster moved and settled on its base, and Brescia was rewarded by the Pope's promise that henceforth his little native village of Bordighera should have the privilege to furnishing the Easter palms to St. Peter's!

Then, journeying on in spirit to Florence, they can make acquaintance with the city of Savonarola, of Dante, of the shepherd boy Giotto's Lily Tower, and the "Blessed" Angelico, who, in those stormy Middle Ages, lived in "such perpetual peace, realizing a Paradise begun in the white-blossomed olive woods of the Val d'Arno; seeing angels walk under the cypress avenues, finding them at his bedside on waking, hearing their songs at vespers, and seeing their wings in the sunset glow" (Ruskin), and

thence painting his lovely visions, never retouching them, for he believed they came straight from God.

A lovelier chapter could scarce be found than the eighth in Mrs. Oliphant's "Francis of Assisi," which pictures so graphically the tender-hearted simplicity of that gentle saint, and his childlike communings with his Father's creation, and tells us how from the humming-bees to the fierce wolf all came beneath his loving spell.

Hans Andersen's "Improvisator," Longfellow's poems on "Travels by the Fireside," "Amalfi" and "The Old Bridge at Florence;" George Eliot's "Romola," Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence," with the little book, before reviewed, "How Dante Climbed the Mountain," and Augustus Hare's varied "Walks" in Italy, may all be read with exceeding profit and delight, educating alike in religion, history, geography, and art.

But, as Kingsley wrote, "Mere reading of wise books will not make you wise men; you must use for yourself the tools with which books are made wise, and that is, your eyes, and ears, and common sense. Using your eyes or not using them is a question of doing right or wrong. God has given you eyes; it is your duty to God to use them. The more you try now to understand *things*, the more you will be able hereafter to understand men, and That which is above men."

There are many beautiful descriptions of our own English life, and character, and scenery, exquisitely written in "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," &c., which read aloud by a mother in the "translating" way before indicated cannot fail to educate her child and enlarge its horizon.

In the current number of the "Fortnightly Review" (Sept., 1891) is an account of the old Greek explorer I'ytheas, who in 320 B.C. sailed round the Spanish and Gallic coasts to Kent, traversed Britain on foot, and visited the "Crystal Ocean," or Frozen Sea, where earth, water, air, and all things seemed to be intermixed in supernatural confusion, and where the ebb and flow of the tides were brought about by the immense sea monster who dwelt there and took six hours to draw in his breath and six hours to let it out. Of the Phenicians who, in the days of Herodotus, "long before Vasco de Gama was thought of," circumnavigated Africa, and described the sun as having been on their right hand, "a thing incredible." Of the discovery and colonization of America by the Northmen, and of the statue Columbus found in the Canary Islands five hundred years later with its finger pointing westwards (as the ancients were wont to keep the routes in remembrance by erecting statues to serve as finger-posts to remind future generations). Ernest (aged six), when hearing this mentioned at luncheon, interrupted with the eager question "*Forgotten?*" "Exactly so, America had been forgotten and was re-discovered by Columbus, though known to the ancients as Atlantis." Then, what interest gathers round that marvellous Cloud-King in Central Africa "Ruvenzori," and the mountains of the Moon, known to the ancients, as were the "Fountains of the Nile" which Livingstone sought and almost found; the little dwarfs and pigmies known to Herodotus, and re-found by M. du Chaillu and Stanley in spite of all the unbelieving scoffs!

Livingstone's "Last Journals" may be read with scarcely an omission, and the children taken from the picture of the lonely grave in the African forest (where he fain would lie) to that grave in Westminster Abbey, where beneath the forest of Gothic arches he rests, and as the sun glints through the many-coloured windows and falls in fretted shadow on the slab, they will read his prayer that "God's choicest blessing might rest on whosoever should strive to heal that great open sore of the world"—the slave-trade in Africa.

"Ellen, what are you going to do with your life?" This question, asked of a very young girl, proved to be the thought-kernel that influenced the whole future of the Mrs. Ranyard whose mission amongst the London poor by means of "Bible-women" is such an untold power for good, long after its author has passed away.

And so let us take every means to impress upon the minds of the children the fact that they have been sent into God's world to do a work for God which *nobody else* can do; for "the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race for ever" (Ruskin). Literature, such as we have described, is one of the most effectual means of enkindling this enthusiasm in their little hearts.

The Religious Tract Society publishes a good set of books upon the Children of other Lands ("Children of Madagascar," "of India," "in Chinese Homes"), which are calculated to arouse the sympathies of English children.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We may make our lives sublime,

and "Lives that speak" like those of Mackay of Uganda, Bishops Steere and Hannington, J. G. Paton of the New Hebrides, Bernard Palissy the Potter, and Lord Shaftesbury in "The Children's Champion and the Victories he Won" (Nelson), will awaken a thrilling interest. Palissy, Hannington, Livingstone, and Mackay can all be obtained in a penny form, well illustrated.

No seed-thought is lost: everything we learn is for some purpose (whether from books or from experience), although years may elapse before it is called into service. Inspire, therefore, the children with the idea that all their "lessons" are to prepare them for fulfilling this LIFE-WORK in the best possible way, and you give them a stimulus to exertion, and clothe their "dull studies" in beautiful and attractive forms, investing them with a new interest.\* Educate their tastes—i.e., draw out their individuality, their originality, their thoughtfulness, their criticisms, their sympathies, and their observation. Encourage them to have individual tastes, and to express and cultivate them. Try and ascertain not only *what* subject strikes them, but *how* it strikes them.

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\* Since these words went to press, Dr. William Duncan, in addressing the medical students at Middlesex Hospital, said: "Every hour spent on these subjects will be invaluable to you, not only now, but all your lives. Think of the immense strides that have been made in this department [of medicine] within the last few years, what new facts have been brought to light by the study of bacteriology, and what possibilities of magnificent discoveries still await deeper researches into the subject."



The great aim of their teachers should be not to fill their minds with the usual "mental accomplishments," but to develop their reasoning capacities so that they will themselves desire knowledge and work in harmony with their masters for the purpose of attaining it. . . .

A book of untold value and comfort to mothers themselves must not be passed over, for it throws a whole flood of transforming light upon the puzzles of everyday life.

It says: "Beyond all books, beyond all class-work at the school, beyond all special opportunities of what I call my 'education,' it is this drill and pressure of my daily task that is my great school-master. *My daily task*, whatever it be, *that is what mainly educates me*. Any other culture is mere luxury compared with what that gives. Yet—fool that I am!—this pressure of my daily task is the very thing that I so growl at as my 'drudgery'! We can add this fact—and practically it is a very important fact to boys and girls as ambitious as they ought to be—the higher our ideals the *more* we need these foundation habits strong. . . . It is the Angel-aim and standard in an act that consecrates it. . . . The universe is not quite complete without *my* work well done :

If my hand slacked,  
I should rob God—since He is fullest good,—  
Leaving a blank instead of violins,  
*He* could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins  
Without Antonio."

The book bears the strange title of "The New Beatitude,—Blessed be Drudgery!"



PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.



# INDEX.

**Note.**—This Index has been specially arranged to assist Mothers and Teachers in making Reading delightful to children; thereby *infusing* into them a love for true Literature—by making Art, History and Geography living and real to them, and finally *enthusing* them with world-wide sympathies!

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# “Clear Round”

## EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS OF FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS

*Scotsman, July 17th, 1893.*

A globe trotter's journal that differs in plan and purpose from the ordinary narrative of a journey round the world is Mrs. Gordon's "Clear Round!" It strives to be, and it is, in the best sense, educative.

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*United Service Gazette, June 29th, 1895.*

The work is so different to the common run that its introduction into our Naval and Military Libraries will be welcomed.

*Saturday Review, July, 1893.*

Few ladies can be better informed on history, geology, anthropology, etc. The little book is written in a tone that is religious, though far from sanctimonious. She was either singularly fortunate in her fellow-travellers on the Canadian Pacific, or else the New World must have been changing much for the better since it was visited by Dickens and Martin Chuzzlewit. She found the "New Worlders" equally agreeable and well informed; and they were communicative instead of being inquisitive. A great part of the volume is devoted to Japan, and neither human ingenuity nor observation can evolve anything new out of that often-described country. Still, we have read Mrs. Gordon's chapters with interest. She is strong in mythology and tradition, and she points out how Japanese poetry is inextricably interwoven with every-day life, so that the very names of the months are fanciful and romantic. . . . In China, among many other things, Mrs. Gordon was especially impressed by the self-sacrificing devotion of the Catholic missionaries. They seem to have come near to the fulfilment of the inspired precept *fo going among the heathen without purse or scrip.*

*World, 26th July, 1893.*

Travel far and wide *compulsé* for the benefit of young people who may take instruction on the imaginative side, is the clearest definition we can give of the character and purpose of "Clear Round!" The book is very well done, it ought to find pleased and appreciative readers of all sorts and conditions. The writer has taste, energy and an excellent style, and has, to the best of our mere book reading knowledge, selected from the vast fields of the "Far East" the very best "Seeds of Story" from other countries, seeds in this.

*Parents' Review, 1893.*

We have seldom met with a volume in which so many things pleasant to know strike the eye on turning over the leaves. If a child were able to write down his impressions of new places and peoples, we should have the sort of *naïve* freshness we find here. Every page is suggestive. More fertile in idea, and therefore more educationally valuable than all the Geographies that ever were writ.

*Leeds Mercury*, 23rd August, 1893.

A careful reader will learn more from this book, not merely as regards geography, but of general subjects, than from many special books on travel, and in no case does the story drag. . . As might be expected from a member of the Japan Society, there is much good writing on that very fascinating country. The writer's point of view is excellent, and young people should be more than ordinarily pleased with the book.

*Glasgow Herald*, 1893.

In the most impartial style she gives the history of the Jesuit missions, tells the Chaldean Story of the Deluge, sketches ancient Egyptian belief, while the rock-hewn basin in the Coptic Church in Cairo suggests. . . "a gospel of cleanliness."

*Journal of Education*, October, 1893.

This is a book of travel and something more—notes and impressions of countries visited in a voyage round the world, with various digressions, historical, geographical and religious. Mrs. Gordon has that intense and eager curiosity which marks the true traveller, from Herodotus downwards, and withal an eye for the picturesque and a lively style. Teachers who are taking up the geography of North America, for instance, will be able to cull from it vivid illustrations of the scenery and the settlers in the Far West.

*Methodist Recorder*, 26th November, 1893.

We can hardly imagine a better book for the reading-lesson of an advanced class of boys or girls. . . . This would be a capital volume for a Sunday School library.

*Elgin Courant and Courier*, February, 1894.

One of the brightest, cheeriest, and best accounts of a journey. "Around—Clear Round!" that we have met, or are likely to meet with, for many a day.

Mrs. Gordon dedicates her work to her children, and this dedication is never lost sight of.

*Black and White*, 12th August, 1893.

It has an element of interest, a peculiarity which in some measure makes it stand apart from the mass of globe-trotting literature. The author has been careful to note every legend and scrap of folk-lore thrown in his way, and the sub-title of his work, "Seeds of Story from other Countries," is well justified. Moreover, he has certainly seen some things we have not met with in the narratives of other travellers. . . The main interest, and claim to originality which "Clear Round!" possesses centres in its wealth of Eastern legend, poem, and anecdote.

*Catholic News*, Sept. 19th, 1893.

Chiefly remarkable is it to us from the fact that its writer, evidently a Protestant of some description, bears willing and hearty testimony to the good work of Catholic Missionaries in more than one land. Pages 43 to 50 tell of the Jesuit Missionaries in Canada, while pages 206 to 222, comprising a chapter headed "The Martyrs of the Morning Land," deal with the strange story of Christianity in Japan. The writer frankly admits that before her journey she had never heard of these narratives. It is a highly gratifying thing that she should be the medium of bringing a knowledge of them to many others, who doubtless have been as much in ignorance of them as she was herself. This is evidently a book for Catholics to recommend.

*North China Daily News and Herald, Sept., 1893.*

An ideal work of the kind, a most valuable handbook and more—a traveller's companion, and no one should go home by the Canadian Pacific route without this helpful work. Every page is luminous with brief historic facts, or notes of customs, dress, or religion. . . It is as fresh as spring and bracing as mountain air.

*The Eastern World (Yokohama), May 19th, 1894.*

A good woman has gone round the world and described what she saw in a simple and unassuming way, as she saw it, without prejudices or preconceived opinions, and dedicated the book to her children. The result is a work that reads like a good story, and will appeal to young and old with equal force, at the same time, in an unobtrusive way.

*New York Critic, Jan. 20th, 1894.*

By a lady who is well read in English literature and a student of the life of many nations. . . All through her pages are found exceedingly apt and suggestive quotations by which the religious and intellectual phenomena of Japanese life are correlated with those of English-speaking countries, or rather of all Christendom. In this respect her book is far above the average globe-trotter's record.

*Guild Life and Work in the Church of Scotland, January, 1894.*

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*Very Rev. A. H. Charteris, D.D., Emeritus Professor of Biblical Criticism, in the University of Edinburgh.*

*Inverness Courier, 13th March, 1894.*

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*Baptist Magazine, October, 1893.*

Charmed with novel sights and sounds, enriched with lessons which enlarge our minds and broaden our sympathies.

*Pall Mall Gazette.*

On the title page is quoted a Japanese proverb: "Send the child you love on a journey." This is not always practicable, and so the knowledge must be gained, so far as it can be, at second hand, and this book will serve the purpose very well.

*Moray & Nairn Express, 24th February, 1894.*

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*Lady's Pictorial, 2nd June, 1894.*

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*Aberdeen Daily Free Press, Feb., 1894.*

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*Dundee Courier, 16th April, 1894.*

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*Christian World.*

("The Early World Religion.")

This is a very remarkable book—one which should appeal with equal force to widely separated minds. The author, whose name is not on the title-page, but is well known as the Hon. Mrs. Gordon, takes the position substantially of Mr. Andrew Lang that the ancient religions, investigated up to their source, reveal a common origin in a primitive revelation of the highest spiritual truth, from which, as their after history shows, there has been a general degeneration. Her special fields of illustration are the latest discoveries in Egyptian and Sumerian antiquity. To all the great questions which, from the beginning, have occupied the human soul—questions of God and our relation to Him, of death and its significance, of the future life, of virtue and its rewards, of sin and its forgiveness, she gives us here the chorus of answers from that early world, and bids us note their marvellous harmony.

The volume is most valuable if considered only as a treasury of reference. On such subjects as "The Ancient of Days," "The Mother Love of God," "The Shadowed Vale," "The Path of Life," "Ancient Rites and Sacred Days," and "The Divine Lawgiver"—the common material, in short, of religion—we have most skilfully intermingled the utterances of the great Scriptures of the East, with the Bible as their centre. The book should give to missionaries a wider view of their vocation, exhibiting as it does Christianity as the reinforcement under new Divine sanctions of an eternal law of holiness and love that has been in the world from the beginning. It should be also an excellent book for doubters, for it shows that in the acceptance of religion's main thesis we are following that safe rule in reasoning, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. Christianity can never henceforward be studied or proclaimed as an isolated faith.

*Westminster Gazette.*

("Recent Theology.")

Mrs. Gordon's lively volume takes us into an entirely new atmosphere. Readers of her earlier volume, now published in a cheap edition, will be prepared for the wealth of practical knowledge concerning Oriental religions which this new book displays, and which is here used chiefly to illustrate Jewish and Christian ideas. . . .

The well-planned index gives a clue to what would otherwise be a mighty maze of mythological facts and fancies, and a great sense of religious brotherhood with the East is the necessary outcome of the study of these exceedingly interesting chapters.

*Church Times.*

"The Temples of the Orient" contains an extraordinary number of quotations from sources that are not easily accessible, and represents a vast amount of labour.

The author begins with a reference to the excavations of Dr. Peters at Nipur, the most ancient city in the world, situated on the plain of Shinar in the delta of the Euphrates and Tigris, and then goes on, by what is a somewhat new course of reasoning, to illustrate philologically the fact that the Bible is not the only nor yet the original source of revelation. . . . As may be supposed, the book is not one to attract the ordinary reader, yet to anyone taking an interest in Bible study it must be keenly interesting. . . . Like the Ark, which tradition says was studded with gems whose lustre supplied the light of which the earth was deprived during the Flood, this book is made to sparkle with gems of poetic thought culled from many varied sources. These prevent the book from being anywhere too dry a study, and add greatly to its interest; while the historical sketches are in themselves well worth a perusal.

. . . . "The Temples of the Orient" ought to be in the possession of every missionary to the Orient, and not in theirs only, but also in the hands of every student of Bible history. . . . As a book of reference, archaeologists and philologists ought to find it a valuable addition to their library. It may be mentioned that the authoress is a lady of great experience as a traveller. She is one of the few who, in their travels, have looked into the heart of things, and have found living facts where most travellers have been content with fancies. Her sympathies have been roused, with the result that personal knowledge of research have combined to produce a book such as one does not generally look for from the pen of a lady.

*London & China Telegraph.*

The object of the author is to protest against the narrow-minded and bigoted teachings of many missionaries in Oriental countries, and to convict them of their want of breadth and knowledge by a reference to the temple lore of ancient cities. To many Christian teachers the following sentence might be commended:—"Ere being so quick to instruct and preach to others, might it not be well for a God-fearing man to learn humbly what he can from those whose privileges are fewer and their light more dim? For in thus comparing his own and other creeds he would surely gain a more sympathetic knowledge of the Oriental mind and a readier access to its heart, and so be better prepared to set forth the truth in lore." This might have been penned by the late Sir Thomas Wade, whose often expressed view was that no missionary ought to practise in China until he had been ten years in the country, during which he should acquire facility with the language, and an accurate knowledge of the Chinese classics. Intending missionaries will certainly find much in these pages to broaden their vision, and while they may not be prepared to accept the author's conclusions, the message which he unearths from the temples of the Orient should at least help them to a more sympathetic and intelligent appreciation of the peoples of the East than many of them have manifested in the past.

From M. L'ABBÉ VIGOUROUX, Author of "La Bible et les Découvertes Modernes":—

SÉMINAIRE ST. SULPICE, PARIS,

Octobre 31, 1902.

MADAME,

Je vous prie d'agréer tous mes remerciements pour l'envoi de vos "Temples of the Orient and their Message."

Je suis émerveillé de la masse de textes et de renseignements que vous avez recueillis.

Vous êtes sans doute, comme vous le dites, une glaneuse comme Ruth,

mais vous n'avez pas recueilli seulement quelques épis dans les champs de Bethléhem ; vous avez fait une ample et abondante moisson dans toute l'étendu du vaste Orient et, plus encore, vous avez tout mis en ordre et rapproché ces faisceaux de lumière pour qu'ils éclairent tous les hommes sérieux et de bonne foi qui vous liront avec soin et avec réflexion.

Je prie Dieu, Madame, de bénir votre travail, de vous consoler dans vos souffrances, de vous donner assez de santé pour que vous puissiez continuer à travailler à sa gloire et de vous accorder la grâce d'amener beaucoup d'âmes à la véritable lumière, afin qu'elles se rendent dignes de la véritable vie d'au delà que vous leur montrez dans les croyances de l'Orient.

Veuillez agréer, Madame, tous mes hommages respectueux.

F. M. VIGOUROUX.

*Morning Post*, November 13th, 1902.

("Religions of Humanity.")

Mrs. Gordon became favourably known to many readers by her "Clear Round!" a book of travel full of historic facts and notes on manners, customs, and traditions in various parts of the world. This book was introduced by Professor Max Müller, who referred to its author's acquaintance with the practical working of non-Christian religions. . . . The body of the work consists of some four hundred pages of extracts from the sacred books of the East, commencing with the Sumerian inscriptions of El-Lil, "Lord of the spirit world," whose cult was practised in Nipur some nine thousand years ago, and including the Books of Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, India, China, and Japan. "Under different names," wrote St. Augustine of Hippo, "men adore the one divinity, whose eternal power animates all the elements of the world." To substantiate this doctrine is apparently Mrs. Gordon's motive in her present work, which bears evidence of great and intelligent research, of broad-mindedness, and of charity. Such a collection of texts from so many sources, and the many references thereto in the notes, should be of great service to students of theology, that term being allowed its widest interpretations.

LONDON

PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LD.

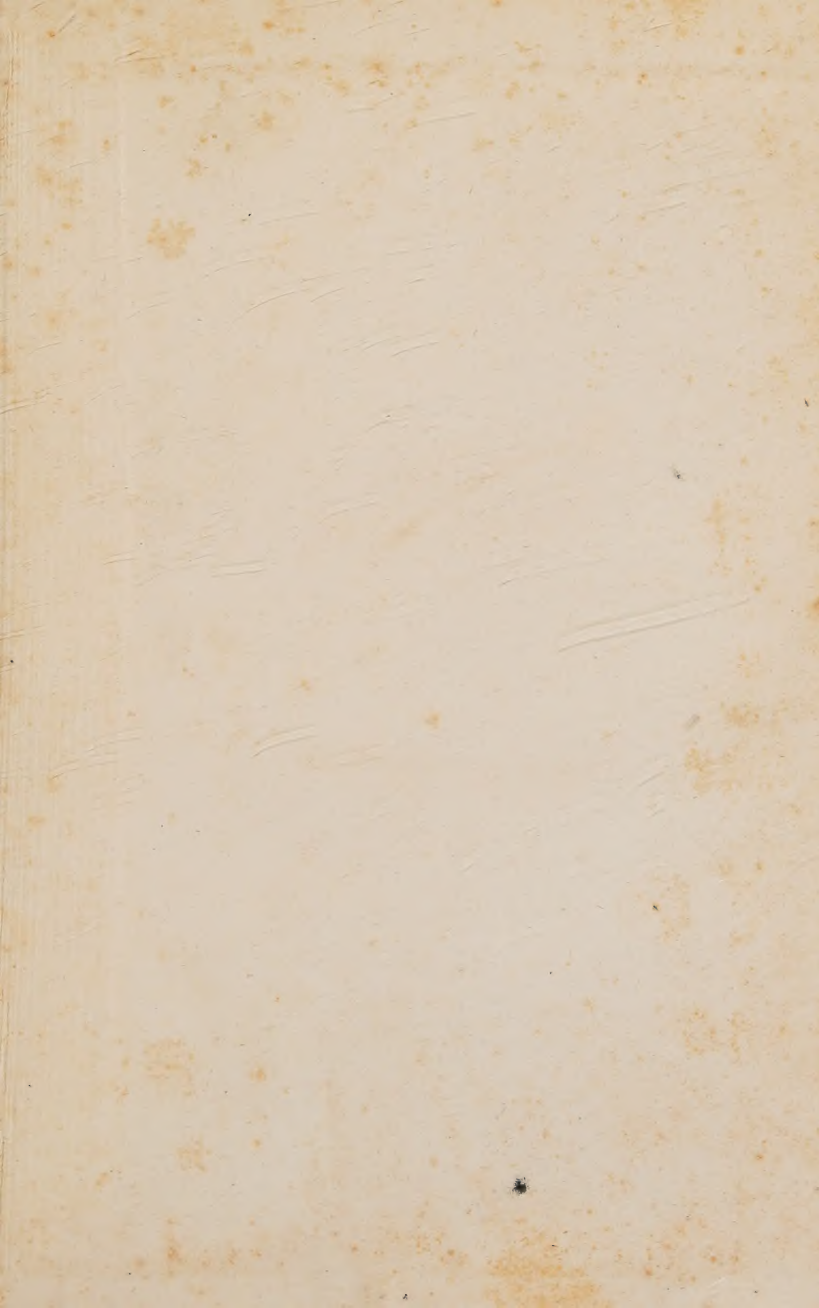
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